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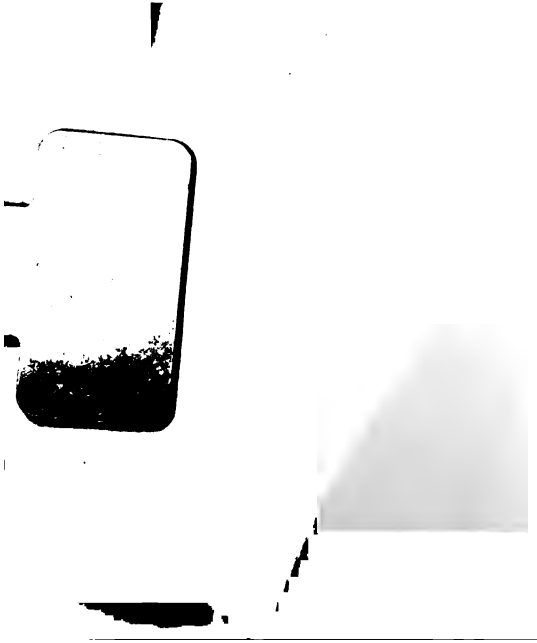

THE

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OR THE

LAST OF THE STUARTS.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE

OF THE

SCOTTISH PERSECUTION.

"I stand with reverence upon the spot where I trace the footsteps of our suffering fathers: it is to me sacred ground, yea, a holy land: it is rich in the memories of the great, and the good,—the martyrs of liberty, and the exiled heralds of truth."

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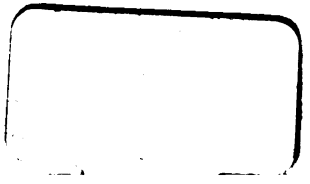

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THE

WHIGS OF SCOTLAND:

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THE

WHIGS OF SCOTLAND:

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CHAPTER XX

"'Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires.'—Thus Beelzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
By Satan ——"

MILTON.

THE PROPERTY OF THE NEW-YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY.

Next day Master James, and Bailey Wardlaw, together with Burleigh Stewart were in the library. Young Perth was not present.—The conversation turned on the scenes of the preceding evening. "I was na awaur that the rulers o' the nation do thus expose themsels lik the veriest brawling coofs in a kintry fair. My conscience! but last e'enin they were totally unmanned. And the haile scenes o' folly, blasphemy and nonsense if duly recorded wad out cavalier ony o' the English cavaliers, the very essence o' whase character is a compound o' blasphemy and blackguardism. Why, sirs, I tremble for the Scottish character. I fear we're in the way o' being nearly as bad as oor neebours!"

"We are fa'un on evil times, Bailey," said Master James, "Thae are the fashions and manner o' the times! The scenes o' last nicht's debosh are ilka day affairs—e'en mere common occurrences."

"I do hope," replied the Bailey, with concern, "that you magnify somewhat, Master James. If it's no sae—

then alas! for Scotland. The stern virtue, the auncient piety, and nobility of the Scottish character, hae suffered a waefu' fa'. It's degraded ayont hope."

"For the matter o' that," said James, "I'm no gaein to pronounce on what may be the consequences o' thae degenerate manners o' oor nobility, and the grand officers o' state—tho' indeed the wae-fu'est and maist eeriesome bodings are justifiable. The land o' steady habits, intelligence and virtue is fearfully overrun wi' Atheism o' ane unblushin' and infernal kind—whilk is to say—o' a French origin, that cam in wi' the king. And the profligacy, and damning vices o' the court—and of the effeminate apelings o' his majesty, spread ower the breadth and length o' Scotland, like the rushing and sweeping o' the wintry storm."

"And yet," observed the Bailey, "the Tory faction blin' and deaf to thae national evils, whence the prostration o' the Scottish liberty and character, emanates, do prate about the fanaticism, the rusticity, the whining, and canting o' psalm-singing conventiclers. The half witted gomerils! Was a nation ever destroyed by the *rusticity* o' *peasants*, wha' hae their moments o' rough merriment; or by the stern virtuoso, or the hotspurs, who are not too nice in their mirth at the over gentle, and waiting woman like lisping proud? Was a kintry ever ruined in its liberty and virtues by *prayers and fanaticism?* These prayers, and this ardour, lean they not to virtue's side? Was a kintry ever ruined by a virtuous and daring race of men wha tak the Bible and the fundamental laws o' Scotland, in ae haun, and the steel in the ither; and declare that liberty to worship God, and to sit under their ain fig tree, in ceevils—is the boon they *wull* hae, and *shall* hae; should it be at the risk o' e'en drivin' the coort—and a'their military oppressors, intil the straits o' Dover, or the Pentland Firth!"

"Why, Bailey," cried James, "wi' yer gude leave, you men o' Glasgow, wha are brought up in yer sober and religious way, dinna ken ought ava, o' the evils in the land."

"Laddie!" cried the Bailey with amazement, "can ye name waur than what thae een saw last night? Has Belzebub set up his coort here?"

"I assure you," replied James, "I hae witnessed scenes afore the members o' Cooncil, and afore yer mitred prelates,

that set a' ye hae seen, fairly, totally into the shade. What ye hae witnessed, were scene o' mere brutality; mair horrible, aiblins, than can be found amid the every day blackguardism o' the lower rabble. But, still, they were merely scenes o' brutality. What wad ye think o't, were ye to see knavery and hypocrisy lending their venal power to Machiavellian politicks and tyranny, to perpetrate the bludiest deeds, and overthrow the liberties o' their kintry? What wad ye say, if ye saw a' this brutality leagued wi' knavery and villany, in furthering a conspiracy against God and men?—I hae seen it. And the splendid banquets o' thae conspirators, seemed to me a *pandemonium*, whare deevils leagued wi' deevils damned! And hatch their unholy counsels to convulse God's gude warld!"

He was proceeding, in illustration of this, to detail the trial, and conviction of *James Mitchell*, (so noted in the history of this period,) in which, whatever may have been the man's guilt, there was exhibited the most revolting instance of cruelty and deliberate perjury, on the part of the council, that is recorded in history;—when they were interrupted by the entrance of young Drummond.

He was evidently struggling to conceal his distress:—"My friends!" cried he, "ye must mak yer escape, this instant. Nae influence o' mine can protect ye ony langer, frae the deadlie schemes o' that blude-thirsty priest Sharp. Haste ye: in a brief space, his blude hunds wull be here to seize ye,—e'en under the very roof o' my father!"

As master James hastily embraced Burleigh, he whispered to him that "he would meet him at the Houff, hard by the first mile stane." Drummond conducted the Bailey down stairs, and led the party to the street door, and pressing their hands he whispered:—

"Adieu, my dear Burleigh! And you, too, my worthy Bailey! Oor schemes, I fear, are a' blawn! My sunny days are a' over! My faither Perth has, wi' meikle ado, made my peace wi' the Cooncil, and he hath laid his soul under a great aith, that if I shall e'er, again, be caught in a Whig's family, or at a Conventicle, I shall be cut off, disinherted, and exiled for ever, frae has hoose! And weel ken I the fury o' a Drummond's wrath. I believe he wad rather see me a papist,—a Jesuit,—than a Whig!"

"Adieu!" cried Burleigh:—"And, Drummond, when

God sall send ye the estate o' Perth, ye wull pledge yersel, I dare say, to join the gude auld cause! Yer faither's estate, weel I wat, is ower meikle to pledge against Scotland's liberty, and the Reformed religion!"

Drummond bit his lip; and coloured to the brow: Burleigh went on:—"But courage to our kintry, and the auld cause: It wull prosper, comrade, though I, and you, young Perth, and Mauchlin, and Semple, and Annandale, and a' o' gentle blude, back oot! yes, though ilka green-headed noble in a' the land turn his back on his mither! There's nobility enough in her commons to stir them up, for her redemption. And the loss wad fa' on me and you; we should lose the honour o' being in to share her blessings, and her triumphs! The verriest coward amang us canna doubt o' victory. Scotland and the Kirk winna bear lang wi' the *incubus* that presseth on her breast, and on that o' her Kirk. She wull wauken! she *shall* wauken! And blessed shall her sons be, whase voice shall wauken her. And when she does wauken, she'll shake ye off, a' thae blude thirsty tyrants, and inhuman priests, as 'readily as the lion shakes the dew drops frae his mane.'"

Burleigh shook him heartily by the hand, and added in a sly and happy allusion to the armorial bearings, and motto, of the family of Perth:—"You are, my lord, *on a green mount, semè o' galtraps;* I red ye, tent it. *Gang warily, gang warily!*"

They parted. The Bailey had moved on, with a cloud of sorrow, and ineffable contempt, gathering on his countenance. And, on parting he simply waved his hand to the young nobleman, without uttering his usual Scottish benediction, or even a word.

"I tauld ye sae, Burleigh," said he after a long silence, as they moved through the crowded street. "I tauld ye e'en sae! *Sic transit gloria mundi!* Whilk is to say,—if I hae na forgotten my Latin,—sae pass awa the mune licht horns o' oor green nobility! There's nae relyin' on thae young nobles, and proprietors whase dams are Tories; and whase faithers' estates are thriving! Heaven's benison on us! Micht na we hae kenned better; and sae hae saved oorsels the bitterness o' sic a disappointment! Why, Bur, its sucked in wi' their dam's milk: It's bred i' their banes: And what's bred i' the banes, is, I tell thee, unco dour to come oot o' the flesh! I used to wonder, in leukin ower the

liturgy o' oor new come inpriests, why sae meikle was set doon to be prayed for the *nobles*,—*sub hoc nomine*. But I cease to wonder on the subject. The nobles o' Scotland, were a maist gallant, godly, and patriotic race o' men, in olden times, and ay,—God bless the sweet savour o' their memory,—they ay stood forth the very first for Scotland's laws, and Scotland's Kirk. Noo the race has deserted us! They show their coward backs to their kintry. Hence I du' wi' a' my heart and soul join, in the litany;—tho' in truth I hae nae inordinate luve to thae bits o' read prayers after a',—and I pray that 'a' oor nobles may be endued wi' grace, and wisdom, and understanding.' Heaven kens they hae meikle need o' oor prayers; for weel I wot they hae nane o' the three!—They arrange their armorial ensigns on the sides o' their escutcheons; they boast ye o' their descent, and their lineages; their noble blude is mellowed by *three* descents o' nobles on baith parental sides, into the perfect nobility o' the NOBILES MAJORES! Hech! but, my certie! they are lik Sawney Mc Daffin's garden patch o' potatoes: the best o' them are under the grund!—But come awa', laddie! There's enew o' us left frae Galloway to Banff. There's the Hamiltons, and the Stewarts, and the pride o' Scotland's names. They 're in ilka man's mooth. I needna name them. Ay, and Master James will sune be in wi' his youthfu' wisdom, and his soul o' fire. And afore the standard o' Scotland's covenant be torn frae his haun, when he takes it up frae his slaughtered forebears,—there will be gay days for Scotland.

"He may na see 't. Howsomever, you may, Burleigh.—But bide a bit—I hae some papers to communicate till ye. This beastly eating and drinking bout, was lik to drive it a' oot o' my noddle.—Let me see—Whare hae I stowed them?—Frae sic a bestial race o' gourmands, and guzzlers, as thae unsanctified prelates, and the united wisdom o' the kintry—"gude Lord deleever us!"—There—that's a swatch o' yer prelacy Beuk—anent whilk Scotland has gotten up a notable couplet o' poetry.

> 'Three things there be which Scotchmen do abhor,
> Erastian wigs, swine's flesh, and beuk o' Common prayer.'

But stop; here they are: and the inditer o't wull sune join us. I should hae delivered them when I met you at my Lord Perth's."

He handed a packet of letters to Burleigh,—who opened one of them and read as follows:—

"Maist worthy Bailey, and dear Bur,—We hae ascertained frae spies, and oor men, in deevers places,—and especially frae thae wha are watchin' the motions o' Sharp and Lauderdale, that evil ten-fold is conceived against us. In the conclave Sharp made a terrible vow that he should strain ilka nerve and muscle till they crack—in setting up prelacy and the absolute supremacy o' Charles! And Lauderdale replied to him by croaking oot—'*Sit thou on my reeht haund, until I mak thine enemies thy footstool.** And noo Scotland's to be a huntin' field;—no quarter to a Whig;—the indulgence whilk was a trap for oor feet,—and created discord and divisions among us,—is to be put doon,—as sune as they hae established prelacy and absolute power. The Cooncil, in deep consultation, hae calculated their chance o' ane o' twa things certainly falling oot. *First:* They will crush the Whigs incontinent; and sae wull bind Scotland in chains.—Or *Secundlie:* They wull drive the kintry red wad. And then Scotland will rush to airms, and tak the richting o' her ain affairs in her ain haun. This last that crafty man o' blude Graham o' Claverse says, he wad *devoutly wush* ——"

"Humph!" cried Bailey Wardlaw, interrupting the reader, "Hear till him, the crater! Just as if he cauld be *devout* for ony thing. —— But gae on."

"For in that case, he says, he wad hae them in the open plain, a' afore him, for fair scuddin' and skelpin'—just like twa three toddlowries, frae the caves o' their retreat, afore a pack o' yelpin hounds."

"May be sae,"—cried the impatient Bailey—"But toddlowrie fairly on the bent, wad gie him het play!—Oor lads lang to try whether Claverse be a man o' his word;"—Added the Bailey as he laid his hand, wi' a rap, on the hilt o' his sword." Burleigh went on.

"Then, having made radical work o't, Claverhouse thinks the haile laund o' the South and West wull be theirs by a general confiscation. Hence, in driving the nation into a state of phrenzy the Cooncil wad be mortified, even unto

* Those who are acquainted with Scottish story, know, that this effusion of Lauderdale, is *no fiction.*

death, if none o' the nobles, and landed gentry, and sma' proprietors wad join the flag o' the Covenant.

"Weel, dear Burleigh, and you the rest of o' oor associates, the result o' oor deliberations on thae news is this: We hae resolved to separate, for the present intil sma' parties; or pass, e'en individually, in deever's courses, a' ower the laund, frae Galloway to Banff; and frae the East sea, to the West sea: to establish through the kintry a regular correspondence; to collect resources o' war; to stir up by a' fair means, spirit and zeal in the gude auld cause: that for this purpose Master Stewart shall pass up Clyde, to Clydeslaw; and thence over Tweedale, and Annandale: that Bailey Wardlaw, and his fair daughter our patroness and treasurer, be requested to concentrate the leal power o' Glasgow, and to aid, and support the wanderers.—Each district has its ain agent. This for your careful perusal, Bailey Wardlaw, and Master Burleigh Stewart.—Oor rendezvous is C******d C****s; VIII. neist May. To be there, time and place, wi' a' yer friens, fail ye not.

Richt trusty friens, your's, &c.

ROBERT HAMILTON, C. C. C."

The pint stoup had been aince, and again replenished by Kimmer Mc Kleekit, of the Howff, wi' the best o' her last browst, and still Master James did not make his appearance. Meantime their situation was becoming perilous. It was during the hot days of the persecution. Parties of the military were continually passing and re-passing; some in search of conventicles; others returning from these expeditions; and driving before them numerous small parties of the sufferers, male and female; bare headed, loaded with chains; some on horse back, their feet tied, in a cruel manner, under the horse's belly; and occasionally,—some distinguished minister, or an officer of the Whigs, mounted, with his face to the horse's tail;—all about to be delivered over to the inquisitors of his Majesty's Council.—Now and then a parent was seen moving on with a child or two;—sometimes a husband, marching, in irons, by the side of his wife, shedding bitter and unavailing tears;—and leading their children barefooted, weeping and hirpling alang,—their tender feet, cut by the flinty road; and marking the stones with their young blood.—Had our heroes been seen

CHAPTER XXII.

"Gaze on, while yet thy gladden'd eye may see;
A morrow comes, when they are not for thee:
And grieve what may, above thy senseless bier,
Nor earth, nor sky will yield a single tear!" BYRON.

OUR party pursued their journey, long after the sun had sunk behind the western wave: and the protracted twilight had vanished away. They had reached the high grounds beyond Whitburn; and approached the Kirk o' Shotts. At length they alighted at the inn kept by James Stewart, vintner, at the sign of the *Ass and the twa colts.*

"We're a' gude Stewart's men," cried the Bailey, grasping the landlord's hand: "but hoo is't, Jamoc, that thoo hast sic a daft lik sign ower thy head? Has a Kirk o' Shott's man nae livelier a fancy than this, that he canna invent a mair kenspeckle sign than that affair? Huts, man! ane *ass and colts* are nae sign ava, in a place whare ye meet wi' naething but *asses and colts!*—But, hoo 's the wife, and a' the bairnes?"

"Brawly, brawly, my worthy patron: and they're meikle the better for yer kind speein' after them: And hoo's a' wi' you?" returned the host, a large, raw boned black a viced man, with a huge proportion of cheeks, and very jolly chowks; and whose eyes kept watch, nearly up at the top of his brow;—leaving the specimen of a vintner's face, wha bade defiance to the possibility o' getting drunk,—if the existence o' brains, to be operated on by liquor, be essential to the getting drunk!

"Odd! Bailey, but it does one gude to see ye, how gleg ye streek off sae mony lang miles at your time o' life"—

"Mony lang miles, Jamoc; hast got the second sicht? I hae na been sayin' ony thing aboot a lang journey."

"Weel a weel, I was speering what ye wad drink after yer lang march. I hae a' o' the best o't."

"Jamoc, keep yer tongue straught—wha spak o' a lang march? Harkee! we are a few leal and canny men.—Just slip us intil ane o' yer quietest rooms;—as we hae business o' some importance. And yer hostler, hear ye, Jamoc,

wull hae oor horses in prime order, and their saddles and housings in trim. For aiblins we may hae to ride at a moments' warnin', this night yet.—And just let the gude wife ken that we hae been on short allowance this day; she'll ken what that hint means. And mine host, to help us to the exercise o' patience,—as weel as to gie ane edge to oor stammochs, just bring us in a stoup o' claret, or some o' yer last browst, whilk ye can, wi' a safe conscience, recommend best!"

"Safe conscience! Bailey; it's ane easy matter wi' Jamie Stewart o' the Stewart's Howff and the sign o' the asses—to deal wi' safe consciences. Every kind and quality o' my gudes and gear are a' o' the best o't. I can recommend baith to you, Bailey. And baith ye sall hae. I'll render ye reasons strang as haly prufes."

"Weel, weel-awa' wi' yer prufes.—And hark ye, mine host," continued the Bailey, "It's no canny to drink strong drink on an empty stommoch. The best corrective is gude aiten, or mashlum cakes; or a farrel o' beer-scones.—Hech! man. but yer Englishes ken nae better, when they content themsels wi' wheaten bread, or bits o' laives!"

"In troth, Bailey, ye support the character o' ane o' the maist orthodox men in a' the laun'; that I ken;"—said the host as he brought in the vivers.

While supper was being prepared, Master James proceeded to detail what happened, after the party had left him. He stated that they had scarcely reached the street, and mingled with the crowd, when officers came to seize—by order of the Council—'Mr. ——, commonly known by the name of Bailey Wardlaw, and Burleigh Stewart,'—whom they had ascertained to be a son of the late Lord Provost Stewart.

Shortly after they had disappeared, Perth entered my chamber, and commanded me to leave the premises incontinent. In as weel set phrase as I could, I pleaded my innocence o' any conspiracy, or intention to disturb his peace. "My Lord! I hae dune my duty to you and your's. And the great day wull reveal it." He alledged that "I had corrupted the morals o' his son, and had instilled into his mind damnable whiggism; and he mentioned as his proof that that copy o' Latin verses—*the Lament o' a deein'*

WHIG was certainly composed by me: And that various circumstances did reveal a conspiracy against the peace and honour o' his hoóse, by seducin' his son into a hatred, or mistrust o' prelacy, and *the divine right and supremacy o' the king*."—I made him my low bow, and retired. Sae fareweel rest and literary pursuits," added James, with a tone of deep and intense feeling;—"Thae men drive furiously, when little drivin' wad du. I hae arranged my sma' affairs, and left my beuks and papers wi' a canny frien in the Cow-gate. And sae here's to the trau cause o' Scotland. Victory—or a gibbet! Or," he added in deep solemnity, while the light of a joyful anticipation, not without a dark cloud, shone in his blue eyes;—"AIBLINS, BAITH!—For the words o' father Cargil hae fastened their deep roots in my soul. I could neer forget them in the loneliness o' my native glen; or in the privacy o' the library o' Perth, or in the dazzling splendour o' his withdrawing room. '*Whare I dee—thoo wult dee!*' And the instant he spak thae words,—there flashed on my mind the lang iron pole, and the bleached skull o' the immortal JAMES GUTHRIE! But High Heaven grant me only this,—that I may see the standard o' my kintry floatin' triumphantly on the ramparts o' the foemen; and, Oh! contentedly shall I dee in the trenches,—THE LAST MAN STRICKEN BY THE FOE!"

After supper, during which the Bailey complained much of the want "o' *his Glasgow callops, and matchless saumon*," they proceeded to communicate the plans of their future proceedings to those of the party who had not seen the circulars.—The Bailey then withdrew to bed; postponing his journey until morning. "Because," said he very earnestly, though there was no opposition to the measure—"it's by nae mainer o' means very halsome to ride after a fu' meal, and in the raw nicht air—and ane may be zealous enough in the gude auld cause, withoot tempting haly providence by nocturnal excursions."

It was a beautiful moonlight night; and some of the party had strolled out to 'snuff the caller air,' as the Bailey had recommended to them o' warmer blude, to do, while he threw himself into bed, and rolled himself up in the blankets.

But they had not been absent half an hour, when they returned, and stated to those who had remained within doors,

that the kettle drum was distinctly heard on the ear of night. And as they listened, under the stillness of the eve, it evidently grew and improved on their ears: they were certain, therefore, that it was approaching the inn.

They resolved not to alarm the Bailey, but to contrive with the host, some means of saving him from the soldiery. The host, at length, concluded, after several plans had been rejected, to pass him off as one of his own family—and thus save his worthy patron and friend.—Meantime the Bailey was fast asleep, 'and in the land of dreams.' For he used to say that no man gat more easily asleep than he;—and nae man e'er slept sounder. "But, then,"—he wad add—"ilka man disna ken the blessings o' a sound conscience!"

The youthful portion of the Bailey's party,—and this included them all, were armed with dirks, and pistolets, together with swords;—the implements of honour, which each gentleman wore in those days, as a necessary part of his equipment, and clothing gear. They lost no time, in throwing around them carter's coats, and shepherd plaids, as chance presented them;—and they strolled about the tavern as if they were carters tarrying over night; or idle herd callans frae the neibouring clachans, and cottages. It would have been folly for them to provoke a quarrel with a troop. Yet they were resolved not to shun it if provoked by an assault on the Bailey.

The troop of dragoons advanced at a quick trot; they were driving before them, some shabby looking wretches, covered in great watch coats, or *trotcosies*, mounted on shalties, and leading each a pack-horse. These were apparently heavy loaded with panniers, on each side of them, covered over with white canvas.

As they approached, a file of men went before them, and a few dragoons on each side, with a view to prevent an escape in the night. As the kettle drum ceased, the soldiers dismounted at the inn. And the hostler, with cap in hand, asked in a style of humbled loyalty, 'what the troops o' his maist saucred Majesty, might be pleased to command?'

"After my braw lads shall hae refreshed themsels—ye sall hear,"—cried the officer:—"We hae had a long march this day, and hard strokes, my certie! I wish a' thae Whigs were in Jericho—that is to say—the bottomless pit. It wad save a deal o trouble!"

Here the landlord called his gillie to bring oot half a score o' black-jacks o' yill o' the best browst. "That's gude, mine host," cried one. "Brandy, by Charles," cried another—"na, na, nane o' yer sour slops for one." "And, laddie, ye may bring claret for honest Jack Nimmo,"—"Champaign, hear ye, bring me glorious champaign," cried another.—"Meikle crieved am I," cried a short gruff highlandman, "to see his Majesty's service disgraced wi' a pack o' the veriest milk sops. Yill! ha! hal ha! And claret! It's fit only for weans, or suckin' pairns! Bring me ambrosia, and nectar sic as that wi' whilk Homer fed and slockened the drooth o' his heroes;—yer gausy chaps, wha tossed ye their rocks, and millstones, (as I wad a chucky stane) at ane anither's heads! Ambrosia and nectar for me! And ilka man o' sense kens that Homer meant by ambrosia and nectar, naething but real amblerce, heelan peat reek whisky!"

The landlord obeyed, as he muttered a hearty prayer for the king, and a' his troops,—"that they were by the deel's fire side,—drinking brimstone soup oot o' his Clootieship's dark cootie! They tak free quarters—gang they whare they like! And after ye hae half ruined yersel to keep the deels quiet, it is ten tae ane, if yer hoose is na set in a bleeze aboot yer lugs and yer wife and weans escape ravishment!"

Meantime, as the unwilling landlord, was accommodating each soldier with his favourite liquor—the packhorses were drawn up in the centre of the troops.

"Noo, look ye here, mine worthy host—whose liquor flows as freely as water;—as we dashed in to the main street, frae a kintry road, we captured, in ae blessed hoor, this precious band o' smugglers, laden wi' tobacco, rum, brandy, and sic lik precious merchandise. Noo what's to be dune, ken ye, wi' thae men wha cheat his Majesty's revenue? Heark thee—I will sell thee the haile cargo for a sma' consideration o' ready cash. And, 'fore George! I wull deal wi' the rascals as I deal wi' the whigs,—hang them up to the first green tree;—and justify them atween the heevens, and the earth,—afore we despatch them to glory! That's soond doctrine, came it e'en frae the lips o' a whig? Eh?"

"Avast! there," cried another hoarse voice, from a

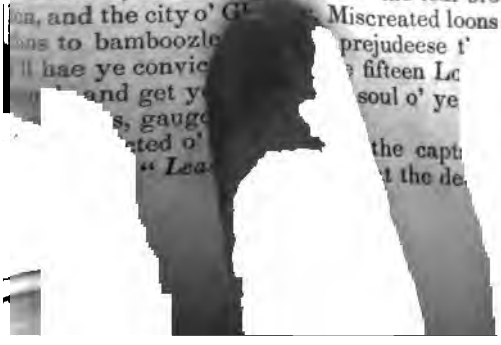
man as he cantered up into the midst of the party—"And you, the troops o' his most sacred Majesty—I summon and convene ye, in his Majesty's name—and you the noble lord, and a', and haile, aboot this toun—to aid and assist me in seizing this band o' smugglers.—Ye ken the penalty o' the law, if ye refuse, or abate ocht in their escape."

"That's the gauger body.—on the very heels o' the troopers," whispered the host to Sir Robert and his associates;—"We'll hae some rare fun presently."

"Na, na!" cried the determined soldier, who had no intention of letting legal officers seize the prey from his hands:—"You gauger there,—hae you ony wee regard for yer body, or soul? Want ye a passport to the dark kingdom? If you interfere, for ae moment, wi' my capture.—Ee cod's fish! my blackguards will hang ye up, in a tree, afore ye can say Tam Snickatit! My commission, do ye see.—I carry it in my cockade! It will warrant me in doin' this sir."

The honest guager stood back, in utter amazement to hear such treason from the lips of his Majesty's troops.—His half framed remonstrance was stopt on the threshold of his lips, by a shrill broken voice from one of the pack horse men; and it swelled, by degrees into a screech, as, like an angry lion, he lashed himself into a furious passion.

"Ye sall answer for this interruption, by life and limb—ye red dragons o' the apocalypse, and you guager body! Ye rampagin' fiends wha interrupt honest men in their lawfu' vocation. I tauld ye afore, sir Captain,—and, noo, again I declare, that I am acting in this, my present vocation, under the orders o' the Cooncil, and the Justiciary, at Embro. I am in their especial service! I offered ye the prufes o' this, if ye wad only step a side a wee bit with me. But ye drove us on like beasts o' prey; and wad listen to neither rhyme, nor reason. And, noo, I daur ye to touch me, or a pack o' my carriage—whilk I maun deleever safe and soond, to the magistrates o' the leal brough o' Hamil-



that be? Art lawyer eneugh to tell us oor danger?—And —so, beloved! ye interrogate me as to my powers?—beloved! Look ye, beloved, to my epaulets and cockade: and doot nae mair my ability, or powers to hang ye? And, noo, doon, and unpack, ye varlets, or by the poowers! Ill hang ye, and quarter ye, and then call in my blackguards—and constitute them assizers to sit in judgment on ye! Doon, noo—on this green know, under the moon. And, landlord, bring us oot a torch, or lamp light, to improve the moon. And, noo—for a wally bargain o' tobacco and rum frae thae saunts o' Buccaneers—acting in their vocation under the authority of the Council if ye wull tak the knave's word for it! Here's for it! Ready cash, beloved! For gowd is meikle mair portable for a soldier's wallet, than this clumsy gear!"

As the master of the pack horses hesitated, the soldier brought his long sword from his sheath, gleaming in the moon's beams: All the troopers did the same. In a trice the wretched packers sprung from off their shalties: And their chief began to whine, and beg, and curse, and coax, in a strain of language truly ludicrous.

"Winna ye no spare a puir body,—wha am also in the service o' the Cooncil? Curses licht on ye a'—wull ye no believe 't? I'm employed, and paid, and hae my bread frae the saum hauns by whilk ye're uphaud. Deel's in ye! but we deal in the *same materials;*—you in the raw and living materials: we in the manufactured article! It's a' the saum, by the powers! I swear it, mon! Wull ye no just let us gang oor wa's? Hoo? hoo! hoo! And he dashed his braid blue bonnet on the ground, and tore his grey hair off his haffets, with feelings of unutterable vexation and rage.

The officer raised his sword, and laid a heavy blow on his shoulders, with the broad side of the steel. And as the packer saw it descending on him, he leapt, and screamed, and bawled. "It maun a' be oot then.—But, dear, gude, my Captain;—just condescend for aince—try me—I'm nae deceever—just pit awa to ae side, ilka body, but yer ain sel, my dear, gude, worthy captain. And I wull satisfy,—I wull, by heavens,—I wull satisfy you that I am ane honest man."

"Just pit a' aside! Varlet!—smuggler, and assassin!—

ye want to hae twa chances to ane against my thrapple, du ye? Na! na!—Hark! ye rascals, every son, and dochter o' Adam aboot this toon;—ay ilk man, woman, and suckin' bairn, shall be witness to this ware whilk I hae captured. And, noo, hearest, landlord, bring oot, this instant, every human being within your howff,—unless you want to see all and haile o't in a bleeze, incontinent. Serjeant Halliday! tak ye a file or twa, and see that the landlord be ane honest man, in fulfilling my orders. If I am to be tried for,—*lease-majesty*—I think the crater called it,—I shall hae plenty o' habile witnesses, to help me oot, my troth!"

Our young heroes were upon this, making a sidelong movement to go in before the troopers. "No aiding and abaitin', there! Men, guard thae youngsters."

There were a number of torches now blazing around; but by reason of the night breeze, they gave an uncertain light. Meantime the heavy panniers, containing the packages, were being brought out, one by one, and placed in a heap in the centre of the group, ready for inspection, and sale.

While this was going on, one of the troopers drove out several young lads, and lasses, and a few young maidens. And as a breeze of wind blew out the lights, the people threw themselves around, in a circle, to prevent the escape of the smugglers. Another trooper, the while, drove out a few old topers, whose characterestic faces indicated no distant, nor doubtful approach to spontaneous combustion, together with a noted old kirk o' Shotts' man, dead drunk, whom the soldier rolled out, with great wrath, in the dark, because he had inflicted a severe kick on his shin, and he trundled him in among the packages.

The lights being speedily replaced, they were proceeding to uncover the packages, when the leader of the party, in a feeling of despair, ventured, once more, with more courage than prudence, to besiege the captain's patience. "They're a' the property o' the Cooncil, aud Justiciary, I tell you aince mair, gude, my dear captain.—Winna ye forbear?"

"By St. Charles! let me hear nae mair o' this thy vile canting nonsense. I'm, I vow it—a perfect coward. Thou hast taken incredible pains to compel me to murder thee.—Doon vile curmudgeon! and unpack. Thou into the ser-

vice and secrets o' the Cooncil, ha, ha, ha!" Hast looked into his eyes, Halliday! to see if he be in his ninth day's lunacy;—or under his tongue,—to see if he be mad? Ha, ha, ha! A servant o' the Cooncil? Let us hear nae mair o' thy rank folly, man!" And with that the captain raised his sword to cut him down.

The old man shivering, and crying with perfect vexation, began forthwith to unpack. And to the astonishment and consternation of all present, he rolled out a *human head!* "Hoo! hoo!" cried the weeping wretch, as he shook the bag, and there fell out a *human leg*, and, then a *thigh*, *a shoulder*, and *arm*—"Hoo! hoo! there they are to ye." The mangled limbs lay piled up, and the head in its place, pale, bloody, the mouth and nostrils covered with gore; the hair grizzly, and clotted with blood!

At this instant another of the packers was shaking his bag, and there fell out on the grass, the heavy weight of a *human trunk* from the waist up;—the head and the arms having been hacked off!

Another rolled out from his bag, *several hands* chopt off by the greedy axe, from the arms at the wrists.

This horrible exhibition was laid before the eyes of the surrounding people in the space of a few moments.

Horror was depicted in every face. All were held in terrible suspense. Scarcely a breath was heard—even among the rude soldiers. The gauger, who had retired on his repulse—and who had again rushed into the midst of them, to see the nature of the contraband wares, started back with a sudden scream.—The captain of the troops first broke silence, "Are ye deels incarnaté? or are ye men? Are ye cannibals? Whare, in God's gude earth, has this bluidy tragedy been enacted? Ar' na ye deevils? Hae ye the cloven feet under yer huggers—and his horns under yer bannets? speak, or I wull hack ye to pieces, and pound ye to poother. Soldiers, mak ready!" The old packer fixed on him a ferocious glance, and replied;—

"Ca' na me a bludy butcher! Thou less than man! thou red coated knave! thou man o' blude! Ken ye, that I slew nane o' thae Covenanters. They met death out yer ain hauns, my braw lad, o' mercy and forgiveness! One o' thae men only, was hanged. Only ane, towit that ane there,—that grey pow towit. But, look ye there, thou

maist humane soldier! look weel: saw ye ne'er that face afore. But three days gane, he, on his knees, begged thy mercy;—on his ain hearth-stane, afore his greetin' wife and wee bairns. See him there, thou hacker o' human flesh! That bit shabble in thy hand cut him doon! Man! his blude is yet on thy vest, and thy steel cap! And some o' his thin grey hairs are on the handle o' thy bludy dagger, wi' whilk thy villianous hand severed his head frae his trunk!—For the rest of them there, they were quartered by the hangman's gully, by the orders o' the Cooncil. And I,—hoo! hoo! it was poor tith that drove a Scotsman to this saum piece o' Sathan's horrible service! Ye hae a' heard o' the hanging and quarterin' o' the Whigs:—Ye hae a' seen their miserable remains suspended on our wa's. Weel, I hae only, wi' my trusty knaves there, been transporting thae limbs to be hung on the Tolbooth o' Hamilton and Glasgow! Is it, then, the seein' o' my work, and the duty imposed on me, that fills ye a' wi' horror? Ha! then look ye to it, that parcel o' human remains—see it, mon:—you murdered him on the Auchrabart o' Lesmehago, in cauld blude. That ane, whose hands lie there,—see ye it, man? ye murdered him at Auchenheath on the Nathan water, as he slept, dreaming o' nae danger. I kenned his mither and his faither weel. Oh! God o' justice! ca' thae men,—thae bludy butchers to their account! Ay! their ghaists weell haunt ye, sleepin and waken; in the licht o' day, and in the mirkest hoor o' nicht. Raw head and bludy banes! rise up and haunt them wi' an eldritch squeel!"

And suiting the action to his words, he uttered a scream, from forth his piping throat and nose, so unearthly, that not even Scottish nerves could have braved it The troopers looked on with redoubled horror: their eyes were staring wide, settled in their heads: their nostrils were dilated, and their mouths open. They saw, in cool blood, the mangled remains of human beings, once possessing sense and speech, like themselves,—murdered by their own hands. They were ignorant men, and superstitious to an extreme. And their consciences had never before, been so much startled, as by these revolting spectacles; and by the awfully portentous words of the lieutenant executioner. Every imaginative and superstitious mind is struck with solemn awe and terror, at every thing approaching the air of *predictions!*

During this instant of awful suspense and horror, the landlord and a soldier were approaching from the house, with the worthy Bailey, whom they had not awakened without the greatest difficulty. By a mistake, of a singular nature; the landlord, in laying out some night linens, for the Bailey's especial accommodation, had put into his hands, his wife's night gown, and petticoat. The good man half asleep—and always disposed to put the best construction on every action of those around him, and on every circumstance, the most trivial, had put on these linens, as he had been instructed. He knew instantly that all was not right about the linens: but he could not exactly explain it: besides he was not at home; and "hame, and the accommodations of hame," he remarked, "are na to be found ilka where. Besides ilka man had his ain fashions aboot his sleeping gear. And this might be some daft fashion lately imported frae France, in thae degenerate times!" Hence in the simplicity of his heart, the gude Bailey presented himself to the landlord and the soldier, in this *outrè* dress, with his head envelloped in a capacious scarlet woolen night-cap. The landlord had time only to throw a sheet over the Glasgow magistrate, to conceal his effeminate clothing. And the Bailey feeling some concern also, at the discovery, had gathered the sheet close around his shoulders, and had enveloped his head so completely in it, that nothing of it was seen, but a portion of the red night-cap, on the crown of his head.

In this dress was he goaded forward, by the rude soldiers; and compelled to move more rapidly than was befitting either his comfort, or his dignity. He was driven directly into the middle of the horror-stricken spectators. The old packer, whose face happened to be fronting him, was the first who perceived him, and gave utterance to his terrors:—"There! I tell you,—the dead are coming to carry you! See—see him in his winding sheet—without a head—see the bludy stump o' his mangled neck! Avaunt! you ghaist! Touch me not.—There, gude gentle maister ghaist, I pray thee turn thee that gaite—there are thy murderers—take them to their torment! And, och!—but—we—can—weel—spare them." And his teeth chattered like a pair of castanets, as he uttered this.

Just as he screamed out these words, and while, with

encreasing amazement and horror, the eyes of the whole circle were keenly bent on this new vision;—it so happened, that the old toper who had been trundled, with so little ceremony, in among the canvass packages, feeling his position to be very uneasy, and struggling hard for breath, gradually raised himself up, as he tossed the mangled limbs aside, and uttered a loud yell, which died away into a surly groan. And opening his large blood shot eyes, which flashed fire, he turned them slowly round on the circle, with speechless amazement! And his long skinny hands he raised as high as his breast, in a supplicating posture—his hair all the while standing up on ends, like bristles!

This threw the whole group into the utmost confusion. The soldiers in a state of distraction, ran, and each throwing himself into his saddle, galloped off the field, with loud halloings and shoutings. Their terror-stricken captain, after half a dozen falls, uttering all the while, unmeaning ejaculations; and swearing the butt end of some of the old prayers of the litany; and now and then, some of the fragments of the Lord's prayer, which he had probably learned from his nurse, when a child—but probably had not needed until the present moment, clung with looks of terrific despair to the reins of his snorting and plunging steed; and succeeding, at length, in getting into his saddle, he galloped off in the utmost consternation; under the firm belief that the dead were actually raised, and coming for vengeance before the time.——The distant bugle note could be heard after a while, calling the men together. And then it gradually died away on the still ear of night.

The inhabitants of the inn, meantime, were not to be found. They had run off, and had hid themselves, in the greatest distraction. One young woman,—and it is a singular phenomenon, of which we have a few instances on record,—was so perfectly overcome, that she could not effect her escape. She was found sitting on the ground, leaning against the *stepping stane*, in front of the Inn, her eyes staring wide open, her arms stretched out, her lips moving, but no voice coming from them.——The landlord stood, at first, for a single moment, overwhelmned with astonishment; and as he beheld the breaking up of the group, and their sudden flight at what he thought only the Bailey's approach, in his night linens,—he burst into a roar of

piteous remains o' oor dear freens decently interred, afore the break o' day.——And then, to horse.—Och! my puir sad heart!" cried he, looking on the human limbs, and then eyeing himself in the moon-beams. "I could laugh ye—and I could greet ye, at the saam time! But what boots it? —Come on, lads!"

They were all fully aware that an alarm would be instantly given by the packers. Hence they lost no time. The finding of a suitable long chest, the wrapping of the mangled remains of the MARTYRS in clean white linen, the laying of them in a decent manner within the chest, was the work of a very brief space. Another party had, the while, a horse attached to a cart. And in less than an hour, from the departure of the foeman, the whole party was in procession to the kirk-yard. The young men soon dug a grave by the silent moon. And they let the rude coffin down by ropes, into the grave; and standing around it, they uncovered their heads; and, after the Scottish custom, they remained uncovered, in deep silence, for some minutes. Then they filled up the grave, and smoothed down the green sods upon it. And, as they slowly retired, they discoursed in mournful conversations, of their departed friends. And they called them by their names, and wept.

Before they retired beyond the wall of the kirk-yard, the Bailey begged permission to give vent to his feelings, and take his leave of them in a few words. He mounted a rude monument, which recorded the virtues of some humble countryman of the parish of Shotts. When he commenced, the moon was wading behind a lowering cloud. But towards the close, she came out in all her loveliness, and poured a shower of clear light over his animated countenance.

"We noo depart, my dear young sweet friends,—not to meet again, until the remaining months o' simmer be fled, and the wintry year be flown ower. Oor plans are maturing, ye ken,—ilka ane o' us here,—and ilka ane o' us wha are not here, has his ain place; and he kens it. Let us execute them in the maturity o' perfect harmony: and wi' the valour and perseverance o' Scottish hearts. Should any ane o' us, my sweet friens, fa' intil the hauns o' the Cooncil, or under the steel o' Clavers,—drap we a tear ower the memory o' the fallen: but be we nerved wi'

steel. Let the nearest ane step into the space left by his fallen friend. And let the watch word be,—'ONWARD;—GOD AND OUR KINTRY.' AULD SCOTLAND EXPECTS ILKA ANE O' US TO DO OUR DUTY! We shall yet be terrible to the foes o' Scotland. And, my gallants, I dinna wait for the clearing up shower, afore I say 't. I say 't when the enemy is sweeping, like the wild blast o' desolation, ower the laun. We shall be terrible, one day, to the foes o' Scotland! Sweet friens! dear young friens, fare ye a' weel: God bless you, ane and a'!"

They placed the worthy Bailey on his horse, and moved off, as they waved their hands to him in silence; and before the sun was up each of them had risen from his brief slumber, and was preparing to perform, with vigour, the duties assigned to him, in the redemption of his country.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

"I am lawfully called to appear in that place: and thither I will go, in the name of the Lord, though as many devils as there are tiles on the houses, were there combined against me!"

LUTHER.

Land of the mountain, and the flood; the dwelling-place of the brave and the virtuous;—land where WALLACE fought, BUCHANNAN wrote, and FLETCHER spoke: how different are these sunny days which now send their sweet influences over thee, from the days of the years of olden times! The horrors of the KILLING TIMES have passed away, for ever! And Scotland's GOD is lauded by every Scottish heart. * * * * * * * * * * * * Another summer had passed away, with the autumn, and the winter; and Scotland was still bleeding, at every pore, under civil and ghostly tyranny. The dark storm of the oppressor's fury was, indeed, rather increasing; and the soul of the anxious patriot could not

discover the dawnings of hope, even after so long a night of national distress. Many a martyr, baptized in blood, had ascended to his crown, from the Grass-market, and the Gallow-Lee. And ravenous tyranny, which had been gorged with the blood of many a victim, looked forth from its den, and was meditating fresh cruelties, and murders!

The day of the long-looked-for meeting of the scattered bands of Scotland's ministers and patriots, came at last.

It was in the end of May, A. D. 1679, that crowds were seen coming from Cumnethan, and Shotts, and Avendale, and all the adjacent parishes. Cartland Craggs was the place they sought.

This is an extensive and romantic dell, something like a Scotch mile, or two, below Lanerk, on the Mouse river, which falls into the Clyde, on the north side.

You approach the gorge of this dell, from the north, by a level piece of ground, around which the river makes a sweep. When you enter, your eye rests on the river, in the centre of this vast chasm, pouring its foaming stream over a rapidly-descending channel, almost choked up with stones, and fragments of rocks. On the right and left, at the distance of half a mile from the main channel of the Mouse, beyond a space of broken ground, on each side, arise stupendous rocks, which enclose this dell. These rocks, like impassible barriers, tower aloft in air, several hundred feet. On the one side, in several places, they rise in huge and ragged pillars, to a dizzy height. In other places they jut out, and seem to threaten to tumble into the vast abyss. Some shoot out their long peaks and overhang the gloomy chasm underneath. On the other side, the rocks are less precipitous, and more broken. And, here and there, they present dark recesses, and caverns, many of which are unapproachable by even the fox, or the brock.

The sides of these massy rocks are covered over with the light coloured lichens, or *stane raw*. And here and there, in the wide clefts of the rocks, and on the grassy tufts which surmounted some of the subordinate battlements, there appeared some straggling wild flowers, and plants of various kinds, and of beautiful hues. Among them the fox-glove shot out from the moss-covered cliffs, and waved, on the fitful breeze, its long row of white,

crimson spotted *bells*. Half way up these steeps and along the summit of these craigs, the copse wood sent out its bushy tops; and conspicuous amid the rest of the wild trees and hazles, the quaking ash reared its limber branches, and rustled, with its quivering leaves, on the gentle breath of the summer's breeze. The base of these rocks, and the ragged bottom of the glade was shaded with close underwood. And clumps of broom waved their deep green branches, decked off with their rich clustering yellow flowers: or were reflected back from the pool, or from the clear sparkling well in the hollow rock; or bathed their limber boughs in the purling stream, while they entwined themselves with the branches of the sweet birch and the willow. This wild and romantic scenery stretches itself far up, before the eye, into the dark ravine; where the vast and towering cliffs approximate in the distant vista: and where the angry floods dash themselves into the basin below.

Immediately below the deep basin, which receives the mountain torrent, the stream is divided into two branches. These wind their way along their rugged channel, through pool, and over rock, and stone; at one time, their gentle and pelucid waters, exhibiting the bright pebbled bottom; at another, the dark rocky bottom, with the long green water moss, waving in the current, like the fabled green hair of the water nymphs: at another time, settling down into deep pools, they reflect from their smooth bosom the images of the surrounding scenery, to the delighted eye!

Into this romantic dell multitudes of both sexes were seen crowding onward, to the trysting place. In the most sequestered place of this chasm, and behind some jutting rocks, which are thickly screened by the bushy copse wood, and quaking ash, there is a cave. It is not very spacious. But in it, and within the hollow beneath it, an immense multitude can be shaded from observation. The entrance of the cave is considerably elevated above the channel of the Mouse, and the bottom of the dell. An unbroken tradition calls this WALLACE'S CAVE. And it is said, by the same high authority, to be the place to which SCOTLAND'S PROTECTOR and GUARDIAN resorted, when sorely beset by the foes of SCOTLAND.

The assembly sat down on the long slaunting space,

which is covered with tufted grass, blue bells, and brown moss, and which extends up the chasm and downward, in front of Wallace's Cave, and outward to the one branch of the river. The little island near the centre of the chasm, formed by the two branches of the Mouse, was also covered by the people crowding in from all quarters.

On the upper extremity of the little island, there were several large blocks of granite, which art had shaped into the form of a rude pulpit, with its *bunker*, for the reception of the elders. And over this pulpit a sycamore, and a quaking ash, planted by the hand of the Almighty, mingled the dense foliage of their rustling leaves, and formed a refreshing shade over the pastor and his associates. And the sweet briar, and some straggling hazles, mixed with the dark green broom, afforded a shade to the reclining multitude, with their pleasant foliage. This was a favourite resort of the Whigs during the KILLING TIMES. And in this stone pulpit, many a faithful and beloved pastor who bearded ghostly tyranny, met the remnants of his scattered flock; and at the peril of life, and the loss of gudes and gear, preached the holy gospel of Christ.

It was a beautiful summer's morning. It was the Sabbath day. A deep silence reigned over the assembly. All nature was calm and peaceful. Nothing was heard but the cooing of the ring-dove from the neighbouring heights; and the soul-stirring carol of the lark; or the less welcome caw of the ravens, which wheeled in their dark course over the dell; or the scream of the goshawk which sailed along, or hung high in air, over the abyss. The robin and the blackbird leapt from sprig to sprig, and sent forth their melodious notes, echoing from rock to rock. And the blythe gowk's note rung merrily along the dale. The murmuring of the streams over their pebbled channel, and the dashing hollow roar of the distant waterfall, descending into its deep basin, sent a stillnsss, and solemnity over the whole scene. The youthful among the audience cast their eyes over the romantic scenery, and listened with light-hearted pleasure to the wild notes of the grove. The eyes of the aged wandered, with some anxiety, to the top of the neighbouring rocks: and the cuckoo's peaceful note sounded on their indistinct hearing, as the distant bugle note, or the war call of the trumpet. Many had drawn

their holy Bibles, shining in red and gold, from their dog-skin covers, and were earnestly reading the word of God; while their arms lay gleaming on the grass by their sides. Some wrapt in deep thought, were anticipating fresh hardships: they looked on their arms; then glancing their eyes on wife and children, they sighed deeply. Others thought on the past, and shed bitter tears: for as they looked over the group of relatives and assembling friends they missed many a blooming youth, and many a venerable grey head, who used to sit by their side in the Conventicle. They had fallen under the steel of Clavers, since they had last met: and their memory fell like a crushing weight on their hearts! But they clung the closer to the consolations springing out of the "*exceeding great and precious promises*" of HIM who is the husband of the widow: the father of the orphan; the guide of the wanderer, and the shield of the bleeding patriot! Many a prayer was sent up from their ardent spirits, on this sabbath morning: many an eye glistened in hope through the falling tear; many a stout heart called up the memory of WALLACE, whose gallant and patriotic soul had, in this very spot, sent up to heaven its ardent prayers for Scotland's deliverance. And their cause, they felt, was no less important than that, in which he struggled;—nay, it seemed invested with even more importance. THEY were bleeding for their *religion*, as well as their country's *liberties*. Their spirits were roused up within them: they grasped their broad swords, and raised their eyes to heaven!

In the midst of this stillness, Cargill was being led along the 'kittle passage,' and the 'slippery nine stanes,' by Sir Robert Hamilton, Burleigh, and Master James. Bailey Wardlaw followed, in company with several of the other expelled pastors, leading forward a venerable man, who had lately returned from Holland with important communications. His figure was tall and noble. His hair, as white as the snow on Benlomond's towering summit, fell in clustering curls on his neck, and strayed down on his velvet doublet. It was JOHN BLACKADDER, the representative of the noble house of Tulliallan, sometime minister of Traquair; and who, a few years after this, perished in his imprisonment in the doleful rock of the Bass. Close

behind him followed Master Thomas Douglas, a portly fine-looking venerable man. Two young ministers arm-in-arm followed him. The one was small and active in his movements, of a fresh and ruddy countenance. It was Master Kid. The other was Master King, the friend and chaplain of Lord Cardross, 'a braw sonsy fat carl, dressed in dark grey, with a large white hat, and a big bob o' ribbons on the hinder part o' 't.' It was the lot of these two, not long after this, to walk arm-in-arm to the gallows-tree; and after long and sweet communion with each other in time, they ascended together to the crown of the martyrs, in the glory of eternity!

As the pastors approached, the whole assembly rose, and pronounced their blessings on "their dear gude ministers," and the names of Cargill and Blackadder were named aloud with a burst of unaffected emotion. A cluster of aged men gathered around Cargill; they stood, bonnet in hand, their white hair waving in the summer breeze, as they embraced him most tenderly. They were the eldors of the Barony Kirk, who had come once more to sit around their 'dear pastor,' and share with him in his joys and sorrows.

The solemn services were now performed; and the whole was concluded by the Covenanters celebrating the love of their suffering, dying, and exalted Redeemer, in the holy communion of the Supper.

The benediction being pronounced, ecclesiastical matters were next attended to. Several young couples were married; cases of discipline were duly settled; '*marches were redd up*,' 'the *black indulgence*' was described in no meek set terms:—"Can a Whig wha wuna divide Christ's crown wi' mortal man, or Sathan either,—admit o' a *supremacy by divine richt*, derived frae the Pope, through the person o' gruf Harry the Aught, to lord it ower men's souls? Can a Whig lick the feet o' the tyrant wha usurps oor Lord's throne, and accept o' ane *indulgence* frae him, hurled to him as a bane to a colly dog, binding himself to think as he thinks, and to preach as he wulls it; and to flatter tyranny in church and state, to win a paltry boon!

> "I'd suner be a dog and bay the moon,
> Than sic a Scot!"

The evil of *Cess-paying* was painted in honest glowing terms:—"It is a tax unconstitutional and illegal: it was ne'er enacted by the Parliament o' Scotland duly assembled: it was voted only by the Convention of Estates, on July 10, 1678. And they waur nae mair the Parliament of Scotland than are Charles II. and Lauderdale! And that illegal tax, moreover, is appropriated to hunt doon God's people, and to annihilate the Kirk and religion o' Scotland, established by ane Act of a lawful Parliament, whilk Act has ne'er been rescinded by any lawful authority to this day."

"And noo," cried Cargill, "stand we, or fall, with oor religion? stand we or fall we, with the liberties o' oor kintry? We wull,—we shall,—and may God record our aith in the registers o' heaven. We swear it."

As Cargill raised his right hand to heaven, and uttered these words, every man in the assembly, without signal or intimation, stood up, and with their left hand on the hilt of their swords, they raised their right hands to heaven: Cargill went on:

"We swear that we sall see the holy religion of oor kintry, and her liberty established on a solid basis: or as a band o' brithers, we sall perish in the trenches, sword in hand. And if we *must*, we sall hurl the *Stuart* dynasty frae their bludy throne! Dear to oor hearts are oor religion, and oor kintry! Yes! by the graves o' oor martyred fathers and brithers! By the holy Kirk o' God, we vow it. By the Great and maist Holy Ane we swear it."

"We swear it!" said the assembly, in a voice which re-echoed like a clap of thunder.

After this the report on the state of the country was read by Burleigh Stewart, aided by Sir Robert Hamilton. Trusty men had been sent to all the Meetings in the West, the South, and North of Scotland. And a report had been drafted from their communications, setting it forth:—

"That the state o' the nation is deplorable: vices of the most flagrant nature were wasting the moral beauty of the auld Scottish character; that the piety, and stern morality of Scotland was withering away before the profaneness, ribaldry, licentiousness, and blasphemy of the day; that the laws of the land are trodden under foot, and justice

made a mockery of, under strong handed, and daring crime, while the magistracy expend their activity and zeal on the heads of the suffering Covenanters.

" That in the churches, under the zeal of the new made prelates, the public teachers have it in charge to make the " *divine right of kings and bishops*, the *unlimited submission of the subjects, in all things spiritual and temporal*," the chief burdens of all their exhibitions. The King, say they, has the same absolute power to dictate a form of faith as he has to make laws, without a Parliament; to use arms, even in self-defence, is treason and rebellion! To use them against the military servants of the crown, even in defence of wife, children, and gudes, is a crime meriting hanging and quartering! Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft; and that is as the sin of atheism!

" That the Conventicles are fearlessly kept up,—to denounce these dangerous tenets; to shew how the people must fear God, and honour the king, as far as he acts according to the fundamental laws and constitution of the kingdom; and they hold up to scorn and ridicule this cant, and fanaticism of Tories!

" That the country is still overrun by military bandits and assassins, who bear, in their epaulets and cockades, their commission to take, fine, hang, and shoot all who set themselves in opposition to these principles; and frequent Conventicles where they are denounced: that spies and informers mingle in all circles, and convey the doom rolls of their victims to the military executioners; that men are hunted down like the deer of the forest; and that, in some instances, blood-hounds are still employed to track the wanderers to their destruction.

" That James Duke of York, being expelled from England, by the patriotic Parliament of that country, is about to inflict his presence on our bleeding country: that this truculent prince, adopting the maxim of Machiavel and the Duke of Guise,—deems it more effectual, since blood *must* be shed, to strike one terrible blow,—to cause one general massacre,—than to follow any longer the plan of a slow succession of executions. Hence he is coming to make Scotland *a hunting field!* And Clavers is named his chief whipper in!

" That a diversion has been created in favour of the suf-

fering Whigs by the famous speech of Shaftesbury in the English parliament; that the number of our friends is weekly encreasing among the nobles and gentlemen of our own land." It then proceeded to give a minute detail of the distinguished men who had pledged their aid and council. And the various modes of assistance were next fully developed. Very flattering intelligence was communicated also from Holland by the venerable Mr. Blackadder. The Prince had taken the subject so long pressed on him by the exiles, into his earnest consideration.

"Time speeds," said Cargill, addressing the assembly. "Appoint we then, my friends, a committee to draft a Declaration of the mind of this general Meeting, to be forwarded to our brethren in Fife, Galloway, and the East. And let us dispatch a trusty messenger to Holland. And let that committee, aince mair, press upon Scotland to rise up in her might, and come forward to reform Kirk and State. To the throne we have no more access. It is high treason to speak against their misrule. It is deemed a capital crime to seek to approach the king, and implore the redress o' our grievances! What mair can be dune? Shall we retire frae oor kintry? Shall we retire from the opposition, like the Indulged? Shall we yield to the storm like oor lukewarm nobles? Can we, as Scotchmen, be traitors to oor kintry? Can Christians deny oor Lord, and betray his Kirk? No, never! Whare's the coward loon wha wull buy his life at sic a price? or crouch to lick the tyrant's feet?

"The hour is come, my gallants! when we must mak oor choice. And hear it Scotchmen! you whase forebear's foucht and bled wi' Wallace. Disown we the tyrant's minions, and the tyrant himself; and fly we to airms? Or die we a' slaves, robbed o' oor religion and oor liberty; traitors to oor posterity, and whose memory will be cursed by oor children? Speak,—or are ye slaves already."

The whole multitude rose, with the exception of a few favourers of the Indulgence, and waving their bonnets in the air, in reply to his questions, gave him three hearty cheers, which reverberated from cliff to cliff, and died away in the hollow murmurings of the distant waterfall.

"Lauded be Hrs name," cried the venerable Blackad-

der, "The Scottish unicorn is roused. Scotland's spirit is up. And the march o' that spirit wull be lik the mountain wave ; or the Alpine storm, impetuous and irresistible! Onward, my brave and gallant men! Scotland's day o' brightness and glory is dawning. *We* may na see 't wha hae stood the peltings o' the storm. But *you* and yér children wull see 't. The flames are kindled that will consume the stubble o' the Stuart dynasty! THE PRINCE AND DELIVERER wull come! And in his days the gude auld whigs o' the Covenant, wull sit them doon under their vine and fig tree, and they wull recount to their children the sorrows o' the KILLING TIMES, when wi' tongue and battle blade, they fought for Scotland's rights, and Scotland's laws. And these men wha deserted their kintry in her hoor o' need, will hold their manhood cheap, as the joyous congratulation passes round the happy circle."

The business was finished, the committee appointed, and the busy hum of parting was passing round the assembly, when the alarm was given. The sentinel who had been posted on the lofty peak above them, stooped down over the jutting rock, and called aloud, as if on his shepherd's dog ;—"Fy! Bauty, gather up the sheep, todlourie's in the wind,—Bauty, Bauty!" And the shepherd's voice died away on the air, as he swiftly retreated into the adjacent copse wood. And the fragment of the rock which he had detached, came bounding down, rattling, and crashing, and thundering, over the side of the precipice, and plunged into the pool, above the stone pulpit. Every one understood the signal. They knew that the enemy was at hand : informers and spies lurked every where : and the life guards seemed almost omnipresent. But there was no outcry, no confusion. The Covenanters laid their account, every day of their lives, with such disturbances. In a few moments, all who had remained after the public religious services, were concealed in Wallaces's cave ; or the copse wood, along the edges of the rocks.

A small party of the Life guards appeared on the opposite heights. The Covenanters had speedily disappeared, but yet,—not so speedily as altogether to escape detection. Some of the military saw the last of the assembly, as they hurried into the cave. They were seen hastily to dismount ; to sling their musquetoons round on their backs ;

to fix their horses to the straggling young trees which surmounted the opposite summit; and to proceed to thread their way slowly down into the chasm.

"This gaite, come this gaite," cried their guide, in a shrill and self sufficient tone,—"Weel ken I the way, the main gaite is on the north side. But here's a near cut. This way, my gallants! Then we'll tak up by the Kittle nine stanes. It's an awsome craig, weel I wat. But gin we fa' ower 't, my lads, we'll een be the suner at the bottom o't, ye ken!"

They reached the bottom of the chasm with great difficulty, and without danger; and were leaping from rock to rock, up the channel of the river. Their course of descent had led them downward considerably; so that when they found themselves at the bottom of the rock, they were far from being opposite the point where they had seen the Covenanters disappear. They directed their course upword and across the chasm. They approached slowly; and were seen to bend forward in keen, and earnest inspection on every cavity of the opposite precipice, whither they were approaching. And every failure at discovery, was followed by an explosion of blasphemy and oaths.

They, at last, reached the centre of the channel; and were now near the stone pulpit; and were eying with keen research, the divers crevices, and caves of the adjacent rocks. Their commander was heard to say—"Keep yer carabines in prime order, my braw lads, and be ay ready to fire. Gang sickar. They are gallant men and daring, wha conventcile here. They are armed: and they hae the vantage ground of us. In what corner of his brimstane pouch can auld Nick hae possibly stowed awa' his servants sae darkly and effectually, in sic a brief space?"

They saw the commander sit down upon a rock, and call his party around him. He laid his sword upon the rock, and began, with a jaunty air, to fan himself with the cap and plume which he held in his hand.

Father Cargill who stood behind a projecting rock near the mouth of Wallace's cave, pointed out the line of the soldiers to the Covenanter youth. "There, my braw lads, is a bony work for one wha boasts o' being a gude shot. By ae weel directed fire a file o' ye, each singling oot his man, might send them, guide and a', to Hades in ae brief

moment's space! Dreadful thought! Immortal beings! ye are within ae moment's space o' death, judgment, and a dreadful eternity! In ae moment ye might see the great white throne, and hear the lips o' infinite justice prononnce yer eternal doom! O man! man! vanity o' vanities! What is mâir frail! And whât is mâir thouchtless, among a' the creatures o' God, than man!"

The youth had their hands on their carabines: they had them raised to their eyes; their forefingers were on the triggers. And ae word frae Cargill wad hae sent ilka soul o' them to their last and awful account!

"Lower your carabines, lads! Ye shall not touch ae hair o' their beards."—He paused: But his eyes and his lips indicated an ardent spirit within him, pouring out most fervent prayers for his own flock, and for these poor misguided soldiers. And then he whispered to the youth again: Ye shanna fire: Ye shanna use ae deadly weapons, until they be upon us; and we hae nae escape left. If the moment comes thatwe maun fa', or they maun fa', then the choice is made for us by oor Maker. But dinna let us be the aggressor."

There was a deep silence. Every eye that could catch a glimpse was straining itself in most earnest gaze, on the soldiers. While each busy mind was labouring to conjecture their first movements; and each vigorous arm grasped a sword, or a carabine.

Suddenly a souching whirlwind passed over the dell; And the copse and underwood were bent down under it. When there was heard, far off, a dashing and roaring, which rose fitfully on the moaning breeze. A cloud of pitchy darkness, and of an unusual shape, had hung over the South East for several hours. The wind rose, and swept more and more furiously. And the roaring came more and more distinctly on the wind, which sighed along the dark dell.

The soldiers stood aghast. Their eyes were thrown with distraction, toward the rumbling sound. Indescribable ideas floated in their minds, of certain nameless, enemies, and contrivancesor judgments perhaps of high heaven, about to undertake them, and swallow them up. The Covenanters, who had lain concealed in the copse wood, had started up and in the presence of the soldiers

advanced to the mouth of Wallace's cave; while every eye was directed with eagerness, to the head of the Craigs.

At last, the awful truth was revealed. By the sudden bursting of a water spout,—or a *thunderplump*, as is it sometimes called,—from the dark cloud, the channel of the Mouse River was filled to the brim. And it was coming sweeping, and dashing down in irresistible fury. It fell, with the roar of thunder, over the precipice. It rolled impetuously over the rocks, and islands, and stony channel.—The soldiers terrified to distraction, dashed their useless arms from them, which they had held in awful suspense, expecting the approach of some terrible enemy: and throwing themselves on their knees, they yielded themselves up to the most frantic expressions of horror and despair!

In a short space, and before it was possible for the terror stricken soldiers, to escape to the adjacent rocks, the centre of the chasm was one wide, red, and roaring sea! The miserable Life Guards men were swept away! And had there been a thousand more, they could not have resisted the impetuous waves!

The more hardy of the Convenanters crowded out to the brink of the flood, yet scarcely knowing what they did, and they instinctively called out, with all the feelings of a generous humanity, to the soldiers to retreat towards them, and find safety. Nothing has a more powerful effect than the judgments of God, the visible displays of his terrific power, to calm the turbulent passions of man; and reconcile one human heart to another. Every person within the cave pressed forward, and laboured to catch a glance over the heads of those in front of them, to see, and adore with unspeakable emotion the visible hand of the Most High stretched out!

Every soul stood in breathless amazement. Cargill was was fixed to the spot in utter silence; with both hands raised, unconsciously, to the King of Heaven: while his face exhibited the picture of inexpressible awe and wonder! And as the river came down in the roaring thunder of its encreased strength and fury, the Covenanters raised the slow and solemn song of praise. "Let us sing the twenty ninth psalm," said the venerable pastors, while the big tear drops rolled down over their cheeks. And the solemn notes

of *Auld Martyrs* floated in air from the cave of Wallace; and were mingled and lost in the loud roar of the swollen Mouse.*

CHAPTER II.

Me thought I heard a voice cry—sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep!

SHAKSPEARE.

In a short space of time the mountain stream had passed away, and the drumly waters of the Mouse once more moved within their own channel. The Covenanters hastened to effect their escape.

Leaving the pituresque Banks of the Clyde to the left, and passing speedily past Auchinglen, and the Tower of Hallbar and the Gower brae, they reached the summit of Carluke Law, as the moon rose in the east. They hurried over the Garrion Burn; and leaving Auchin Stewart on the right, they directed their course on Carlsness.

In these days of jealousy and fear, when terror reigned over the land, none could be admitted without a challenge at the most hospitable door of Scotland. When the knocker had given the alarm, our party could hear the whisperings of men behind the iron studded door, and the rattling of their arms; and busy eyes were reconnoitering from the narrow loop holes which flanked the main entrance. Their faces reflected back the moon's cold beams, as they pressed forward to spy; while the warder from the niched parapet, winded his bugle note to give the family the alarm. But as soon as Burleigh's well known voice, and the watchword fell on their ears, the bolt was instantly drawn, and Anna Burleigh and Mary Stewart, with the venerable Baronet, sprang forward to embrace and welcome them.

Supper was speedily served up: the kind hearted knight recommending his claret and champain; and urging the party, individually, to forget their cares and to refresh and

* This circumstance the author records from tradition; he believes it correct. Wilson in his Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, has a paper on it.

comfort themselves. He bestowed his marked attentions on the young Laird of Cauldwaukenen, and his bony blushing bride, whom Cargill had united, in Wallace cave, and who had been constrained thither by the extraordinary occurrences of the day. The Ha' Bible was then brought out and placed before Cargill; the evening prayer was devoutly and fervently offered up; in which their afflicted Kintry and the Kirk o' God in the flames, were duly remembered.

The affectionate congratulation then went round, and the parting blessing;—for it was the manner of the times, the affectionate hearted Whigs gave their parting adieus at morn, and at eve, as those who felt that, in an hour, they might fall under the foemen's steel. The Covenanters retired to their hiding places within the woods which skirt the castle. The hospitable Knight pressed none of them, not even the aged pastors to sleep under his roof. Mary Stewart and Burleigh conducted the Laird and his bride to the gardiner's lodge, a romantic spot, hid among the oaks of Carlsness. It was a charming evening of May. Their path winded through clumps of young trees and shrubbery, skirted by roses and flowers, which sent a delicious perfume in the air. Thither to his bower did the Laird lead his blushing bride, as did Adam his Eve, in his day of primitive happiness.

For the rest of our party, each sought out his own retreat. They were not even asked under the Knights roof, of a night. To have urged them would have been tempting them into a snare. And his paternal heart could never have forgiven him, had his excess of hospitality betrayed them to the men of blood. And on this night especially, when the Life-Guards would unquestionably be out on a search of discovery, on behalf of their lost associates. The fatigues and sorrows of the day were soon forgotten. And the whole party were buried in a deep sleep.

Father Cargill, as his custom was, had risen at the hour of midnight, from the short and broken repose of age and grief, to engage in his usual devotions. He had withdrawn, a little space, into the thick foliage, and was pouring out his soul, with the earnest pleadings, and wrestlings of a christian patriot's heart, and one who feels that his earthly existence hangs on the slenderest hair. The clear moon beams shed their streaming light on the lofty boughs of the

oaks. And the soft breeze of the summer night whispered through their leaves; and wafted on the ear of night, the hollow murmurings of the stream, which babbled hard by.

From an adjacent ravine, he heard an unusual sound. First, there was a rustling of leaves. And then, by fits, a shriek as of some one in distress. He advanced slowly, and with great caution, towards the spot. And, to his astonishment, he beheld, under the clear moonlight, which fell on them, and glanced back from their polished armour—two soldiers. The one was stretched out, at his full length, apparently in a heavy sleep. The other was sitting on the high bank of the rivulet, muttering to himself with great agitation.

"Rouse thee up, Jack; I tell thee"—he cried, as he rubbed his eyes, and gave utterance to his terrors in a piteous tone. "Rouse thee, man. The enemy is on us. Thae infernal whigs wha ne'er need to strike twice at al man. I heard the bugle note."

Then he started to his feet; whirled his gleaming sword around, as if guarding his head. Then he threw himself down, and muttered out curses, on his own cowardice.

"Zounds!" exclaimed his half drunken, half sleeping comrade, as he raised his broad bloated face, and looked around him with half open eyes. "Are we strayed into the camp of the godly, that this ranting and psalm singing should so confound my ears. Ha! ha! ha! you round-headed puritan—you rascallion there—with the Goliath's Andro Ferrara, with the ton and a half of iron wrought into the black sheep-headed hilt, there—and you, varlet! with that same tremendous bare felt, and the slashed wallet boots; come you to hold forth? By the gemini! I shall shut close my shattered ears! Ha! ha! ha! We had sights of this in merry England in the fag end of old NOLL's times. Ha! ha! ha! Beloved! your savoury doctrine will distil on us as the dew of Hermon: Or in foam, like flakes of snow on Zion's hill! Ha! ha! ha! So did the big Scotch tongue, and lips of the Scotch Solomon send forth the flakes of foam, when he enlightened and refreshed his courtiers, and his Shebas! . . . 'Fore George! You scatter the crumbs of comfort to the birds and swallows of salvation! Well said, and eke well thumped on the drum ecclesiastic! But softly, man, softly; your thunder

gust well fray each soul of them, from the very limits of conversion. Ha! ha! ha! you psalm singing fanatics. You preach with your pistolets! eh? I see them peeping from under your brown Geneva! Ay! do ye send the quick and piercing word by the way of a pistol bullet to an honest soidier's heart; ay! as unceremoniously as I wad swallow a stoup of claret————Landlord!——Hush, comrads——Landlord! you are the only orthodox man of the present generation. We are degenerate apostates! Hark thee, repeat thy divine wisdom: fools, sayest thou, find truth at the bottom of a well. Ha! ha! ha! that will pass muster with your waterdrinkers. But faithful to your wholesome lore, I took an oath at Temple-bar, when I left merry England, that I would never drink water, when I could get better. Would ye counsel an honest lad, then, to perjure himself? Men of sound principle and orthodoxy like you and me, landlord, find truth, hark ye, at the bottom of a jug of cogniac. True to the text, therefore, your worship, fill our stoups———there are your *crater comforts!* Ha! ha! ha! that's the only orthodox, well set phrase on all the Whigamore's creed.———Let this milk-sop here, take his comfits, with his caudlin, his muscadine and yolks! Ha! ha! ha! ye'ere right according to your light attained to. But the cavalier lad has gotten a *step*, a *tetherlength*, as it were, afore you in *Reformation!* Ha! ha! ha! 'fore George!"————And he turned round on his other side, and soon began to snore lustily.

"Ha! Comrade!" ejaculated his companions, "Ay licht o' heart, maist giddy, and thoughtless o' men! hair-brained cavalier. Thou an' a' thy race ne'er leukedst ae minute ayont the present need: hoo I do envy thee! But hech me, my heavy phlegmatic Scotch blude rows through my veins lik the brue o' a moss hag. The Scottishness o' my education, too, spoils a' my digestion. This kind o' life I canna digest at a'. Had I been brought up in a happy ignorance, and without THE BEUK. Ah; THAT BEUK! Thae fatherly talks; thae motherly admonitions; thae family prayers; '*Let us worship God!*' Hah! I seem to myself to see the solemn face, the auld gray hairs, and the upraised hauns, and the fast falling tear draps; the paternal voice yet rings in my ears. Ha! they strike me dead a' the wild joys o' human life.——Oh! I hae passed a

miserable moon, in this young service o' my king. Deeds o' blude by day; and night, wi' its maist hatefu' seelance, in its turn, delivers me up to the furies in my bosom.——Ha! take thee awa, tak awa thy bludy head frae furth of my scaithed eyes. Thae eye-balls strain their nerves till they crack. See, dark lowin' fires flash frae them. Turn I mysel wheresoe'er I may, still thy rolling blude shot een leuk intil my very soul. Tak awa thae blud-stained hands: they are a mountain o' ice upon me. And, och! that low, suppressed shriek, and deein moan, rive asunder my cracked heart-strings!—The black gore! See,—it is coursing lazily adoon my hauns! It fa's in heavy black draps—pat, pat, pat,—on the green blades o' grass.—Ha, woes me, that frantic mither,—No,—it was na me,—I did na mangle thee:—that wee babie;—it was na me that struck it!—Oh! it smiled as I raised the gleaming daggar; it looked at the bright steel blade: it smiled in my eyes, and then sprung wi' its wee hauns to catch the blade aimed at its wee bosom.——Not in my airms,—place it not in my airms,—miserable frantic wretch. I did na murder thy wee babie,—when thou threwest thy body, wounded and bleeding, atween thy gashed husband, and my toledo:—When the stroke fell on thee,—I was na deaf to the voice that besought me by the mither wha bare me, and the breasts I had sucked.——Avoid ye, fiends! Oh! come not to her shrieking,—furies!—not on me—not on this scathed heart. Ha! that gleaming dagger points to my heart, frae ilka quarter o' the lift, i' the vacant air. I shut my blighted een: I press them wi' my buff gauntlet: they still assail me. Ha! there!—slow,—sure,—slow,—sure,—unerring is the aim o' that blude stained haun that peers furth frae the dimness o' nicht. Ha! it aims at my breast:—there—my God! it is in my hearts cores; gushing horror drowns my dying soul. I am swept awa, by a tempest o' the night! My parting spirit reels! It wanders in horrid darkness! I tumble ower the precipice! And in the roaring and stunning noise, there ascends the still louder scream o' shipwrecked spirits frae furth the vasty deep! Above me,—below me,—around me,—are frightfu' beings of ane undefinable shape,—pressin' me onward to the bar o' God!—Behold the enviable wages o' loyalty!—Poh! loyalty! No, no; our minionship to Charles, and to Claverse, I

should say. Loyalty hae we nane. Whare there's nae love, there's nae loyalty.

"Our Colonel puts the best face on it he can, and smiles—but we'er all alike—the smile and the fair carriage o' the spirit smitten by the arrows o' the Almighty, can impose on nae ane.

"Ae nicht I mounted guard at the second hour ayont the twal, of midnicht. A' was quiet without: but the howlin' o' the wind, whilk cam fitfully through the oaks; and the patterin' o' the rain and hail. My beaten path lay by the side of Claverse's tent. His heavy moanings made my flesh grue. He held,—or he fancied he held communion wi' the invisible beings of darkness. His lips muttered broken and hurried discoursings. A hollow voice replied, or seemed to reply, on the uncertain ear o' midnight. He wad, by fits, wax looder and looder, till his voice became a perfect skirl. Then his lang toledo leapt frae its sheath: and he whirled it roon and roon his head; and muttered fearfu' words through his chatterin teeth. Then he wad rin wi' fury against his shadowy adversary, and pen him up against the tattered wainscotting. And throwing himsel on the braide o' his back, he began to yelp and bark lik the lang gowlin' a' the dogs o' nicht. Then starting up, he paced the lang stane flaggs o' the ha': while, in fierce defiance, he wad boast himo' his bludy raides against the whigamores: he wad lift his voice against the evil ane himsel; he wad glory that he had gi'en him stroke for stroke, and lash for lash. Then uttering a growl, lik the red lion o' Africa, he whirled his massy steel, and smote the oaken joists and kaibers aboon him; and daured the Judge o' all, to du his warst. And as the wretched man's conscience wad visit him, with the renewed scorpion's whip, he uttered a horrid taunt on the lingering arm o' justice: and with the wild maniac's laugh, he wad demand o' the fiends o' perdition, why the arm of omnipotence had been slumbering!!—And after a deep and fearful pause, he graned and soiched as if it were his last!

"I could contain me nae langer. I lifted the latch, and hastened to bring him relief. He was on the floor, and on his face; struggling, and ever and anon spreading his airms, as if he were swimming and wading: and through his clenched teeth he muttered—'Billows o' dark rolling

wrath! Och! width—and depth—and length—and breadth o' ye! When shall I hae crossed you? When shall I hae fund the bottom? When shall I hae reached yer shore, and buffeted the last o' yer proud swellings? Ha, never,—O eternity! O bottomless—shoreless—endless rolling ocean o' eternity!"

I could not approach him: it set my soul on fire afresh: I retreated with horror.——Me miserable! it is thus wi' us a'!—The cups o' my bousing companion, here, and the mutual sallies o' blasphemy; and boastful challenges to deeds o' heroism, by which we seek to perfect oorsels: or brace oor spirits up to deeds o' blude;—even as we resort to martial music, and the tumultuous doublings o' the drum, to rouse the fierce and murderous spirit on the battle ground:—and a' the laughter and merriment o' oor daily carousals, practised for mutual deception and sheer imposition, are a' practised in vain. Weak mints are they a' to conceal the internal horror o' that hell which ilka ane o' us carrieth in our bosom.—Ha! little ken the Whigs the main cause o' our Colonel's desperate ferocity, and ours, when we rush on them, *pell mell*, like demons unchained frae Hades. Ha! there it is—it lieth deep in the ever-fed burnings o' the guilty soul!——And here we are, on another spraigh, to seize anither harmless auld man, to wit, *Donald Cargill*, on whom the faither o' lies himsel canna fasten a crime. Ye powers! what's to be the end o' a' this!"

The wretched soldier, raving like one who feels himself an outcast from all hope, sprang to the cliff which projected over the pool, and, with a scream, plunged headforemost into the waves.

His comrade, awakened by the splashing of the fallen soldier; and hearing him floundering and spluttering in the pool, crept slowly and warily down the bank, and began to search for him: while he lavished ten thousand curses on him, for not drowning himself in a quiet manner, and without disturbing decent people.

Cargill hastened from the spot: and he felt that, after all he had more reason than ever, to be resigned to the sufferings of his twenty years' wanderings. "Whate'er I may sustain o' pains and privations, I hae sweet peace and serenity within. The war and the turmoil is a' without:

there's nae war within. Here hae we a specimen o' the life o' thae unhappy men. In the public, in their pomp and displays, we see the gowd and the glitter o' the exterior. This night I hae had a peep behind the curtain. I hae seen what thae abandoned men are, wha hae sold themselves to do evil against God and their kintry. I hae seen a picture o' Claverse in his tent, at his midnight watchings. The proud possessor of a throne, and his minions, and a' thae oppressors o' their kintry, hae their happiness; ah! puir *happiness!* They play aff their hypocrisy under the imposing glare o' their gowd and purple. It's a' they can boast of, if midnight facts may be relied on. Dear bought are a' the joys o' their boasted glory and honour! They carry a paradise in the exterior: but in the windings and foldings of their hearts, a very hell!"

Father Cargill hastened back to the group of his sleeping companions, and touching them gently, he whispered,—"Up, we are in danger!" He then explained to them what he had seen and heard. "The two soldiers," said he, "have no doubt, strayed frae the party, sent to scour the kintry, and commit depredations; and the rest can be nae great way aff, only waiting the morning's light, to come on us, in their fury. And, my friens, it was na for nocht that that lang and lood whistle pierced the ear o' night, as, last evening, we were winding oor way adoon the side o' Carluke Law, the clear moon beams streaming over us. Ye may a' remember it. Nane o' us a' cared to break the silence, but ilka ane o' us, that instant, touched oor horses' flanks wi' the rowels, and the haile o' oor line moved on mair rapidly. My fear is, that it was then the scouting party discovered us, and has dogged us. Sir Robert, how strong muster we?——Count, I pray thee; and let me hae a sword, and a musquetoon, if there be na sufficiency o' younger and stouter hands to handle them."

"Father," said Sir Robert "we are twelve strong, here, and we know where the rest o' oor gallant band lie this night. There are twenty or thirty o' us within ae mile's circuit. Noo, hear what I propose.

"It is some three hours to break o' day. Noo, let us in parties o' twa, mak a run, and ca' in a' that are accessible o' oor gallant associates."

Cargill pronounced his blessing on them; and begged

them to speed their return: "For evil" cried he, "is determined against us, and oor worthy host, Sir James." And he turned him round, and retired into the thicket, to give vent to his grief, and to humble himself before the ALMIGHTY the shield and the defender of the oppressed.

CHAPTER III.

"Dear as the light, that visits these sad eyes!
Ye died amid your dying country's cries!" GREY.

The fears of Cargill were too well founded. Notwithstanding all the cautions used, the party who marched on Carlsness, were dogged by spies. The relatives of the herd callan, who had been pressed as a guide, and who had perished with the dragoons in the Mouse; and the companions of these soldiers, had exerted themselves in a double search. More than one spy had hung on their rear, from Carluke Law; and had reported them in quarters, at Sir James Stewarts.

The whole affair was laid before Claverse at Lanerk, at a late, or rather a very early hour, and in twenty minutes from the time of the alarm given by his trumpeter, he was in full march on Carlsness.

The sun rose that morning in a cloudless sky: and a perfect stillness reigned over the face of nature; except where the monotonous voice of the gowk; or the sweet spirit-stirring song of the mavis, rang from the copse wood: and the double note of the peeseweep, or his single note as he stalks with his pricked up crest, on the green swaird of the meadows, broke the peaceful stillness; or the merry lark, "Scotland's glory," carroled it aloud, on the happy farmer's ear.

Cargill, contrary to his usual manner, and it is no uncommon thing for one that is worn out with sorrow, had sunk into a profound sleep, after his youthful guards had left him. He was awakened by a sudden blow. He started up: and his eyes fell on two soldiers of the life guards,

leaning on their sheathed swords. The one presented the usual dull heavy blood shot eyes, and bloated face of a man just awakened from a debauchery. The other was a melancholy, haggard-faced wretched man, who threw on him a glance of sorrow and distress.

"Old man, who art thou?" cried the first soldier. "An ancient shepherd, I warrant thee, comrade," replied the melancholy soldier, before Cargill could answer, "wha has, nae doot, been tending his flock. Let us pass on." And he made a motion to go onward.

"No, by Charles!—A shepherd in these woods! Why the Scotch feed their short legged wild sheep, which they call HOGGS, ha! ha! ha! on the wild moors; not in lawns and forests, man. Ah! Sawney, you have blundered sadly in your attempt at an excuse for this here whig. Come along, father. Who knows but you may be *Donald Cargill* after all, the leader of the '*Tooting Horns?*' If so —— but you have too much of the satannic cunning of Scotch Sawney, to tell a southron this—your head would recruit my purse with some good three thousand silver merks, though, were ye Donald Cargill!"

"Daft gouk!" said the other with a knowing air; "But it's no to be wonnered at that ye ken nae better. Donald Cargill! Hoot toot! man. Du you think Donald is e'er fund alane? To my certain kennin he ne'er appears wi' less than wi' seventy or a hunner guards at his heels! I pity the ignorance o' thy puir pate! But wha has e'er heard o' a soldier ha'in ony brains'. DONALD CARGILL truly! Why lad, if that were Donald, you and I may weel hasten to examine oor toledoes and oor musquetoons! For thae bushes around us maun be fu' o' airmed men. And ae whistle o' auld Donald's wad mak spear and swords bristle up on ilka side, like green beer stalks!

"Who art thou?" continued the English soldiers. "Art Donald Cargill?" And he searched the old pastor's face with a keen eye.—But Cargill moved on with a slow step, without betraying any emotion,—even when the fierce soldado laid his arm on his shoulder, and whispered—"The Colonel will search thy soul, old man,—hast nerves o' steel?"

The warder had blown his blast on his bugle horn,—for

the castle had then no bell on it, as now,—when the two soldiers, with their prisoner were seen, peering from the oaks at the foot of the lawn. And in a few moments a loud bugle note, with the flourish of menacing trumpets, was heard from the lower grounds on the right, towards the Clyde. And it was promptly answered by a louder trumpet, and a clashing and discordant sound of horns on the left. Cargill cast his eyes first on the one side, and then on the other. So did his guard. And they raised their swords, *en gardant*, and mended their pace.

In a few moments, our two soldiers mounted their horses, and commanding Cargill to lead the way, they hastened towards Claverse, and their comrades. The troop took a position on the green in front of the castle. They had four young men prisoners, tied together, two and two with ropes. Cargill cast his eyes on them with deepest interest. And the reader may try to conceive his astonishment and grief, when he recognized Sir Robert Hamilton, Master James, and other two of his dear associates. At the same instant, they recognized him; and in an unguarded moment, with an involuntary exclamation, they raised mutually, their right hands, and made a sign of sorrowful recognition.

The keen eye of Claverse fell on them at this unhappy juncture. The cunning soldado immediately conceived that he had caught some leading men of the conventicle. His dark eye was fixed on Cargill,—and it wandered from him, to Sir Robert. But fortunately they had been guarded enough to pronounce no *real* names.

After a pause, Claverse said to Cargill, with a peculiar inflexion of voice, and in the form of a question—"*Will you gie us ae word mair?*"—And he bent on him his eagle eye, and watched the effects of this on the old man's features.—He suspected that he had at length, caught Donold Cargill; and it was by this means that he tried him. For this was a favourite, or cant phrase of the venerable man, when he preached to his flock, "*I wull gie you ae wurd mair;*"—as that of "*Guess again, my breethren,*" was that of the famous Mess John Blackadder, the worthy representative of the ancient house of Tulliallan.

Cargill stood before the fierce soldado, firm and erect; and he kept his eye on Claverse with an unmoved countenance. Their eyes met. And they seemed, for a moment,

to look into each others' very souls: neither turned his eye from the searching glance.

"Go to now," said the old pastor, after a long silence, and his eye flashed the fire of indignation as fiercely as did the eye of Claverhouse;—"Go to;—is Colonel Graham a Scotchman? Feels he not as a Scotchman, for the weal o' his auld mither?"

"What sayest thou, auld man?"

"I say, can Colonel Graham,—can a native born Scotch man bide to see his ain auld mither in chains, and under the foemen's feet?"

"*Wilt thoo gie us ae' word mair*—godly leader o' the election o' grace?"

"Answer me, Colonel Graham. Are you a Scotchman? Does the fervid blude o' the native o' thae vales run in yer veins? I speak na o' religion:—I speak o' Scotland,—wilt thoo that Scotland be free?"

"*Wilt thoo gie us ae word mair*, auld man?"—repeated Claverse.—Cargill went on unmoved,—"Can a Scotchman—I mean ane wham his faither, and his mither can bear testimony to his being a Scotchman—endure to see his kintry enslaved? Nay, Colonel, nae cantin,—speak, answer for thy kintry's sake."

Claverse grinned, and bade him "say his say."

"Can a Scotsman, in whase bosom burns, unquenchably, the fire o' a noble patriotism; can a Scotsman wha luves his kintry wi' a passionate fondness, whilk has e'er characterised her gallant sons, bide to see his ain mither enslaved, degraded, trodden under feet? Could yer Scottish spirit bear within ye, sir, to see the beloved being wha gave ye birth, or the venerated man wha begot you, sae shamefully and cruelly handled, for the sake o' ony honours, e'en the maist princely, whilk a' the Southron influence could heap on ye?"

Claverhouse grinned, and nodded to his sergeant major, at his elbow. Cargill continued in an impassioned tone.

"Oh! speak, sir: wad it na pleasure you to see peace and prosperity again in her green vallies, and on her braw mountains? Oh! sir, hae ye na the yearnins o' a Scotchman's bowels, ower yer ain dear native laun, the laun o' yer father's graves, the land o' the eagle eye, the soarin spirit, and the dauntless in battle? Leuk, Colonel Graham,

and if ye hae the blude o' the true and leal Graham in ye, —ye will leuk over the hills and vallies, the bony toons and cities o' Scotland: and, say, can earl's coronet compensate ye, be it the fairest coronet in a' the laun, for the ruin and havoc in which she is overwhelmed?"

"Gang on, auld man; thou speakest it oot in weel set phrase eneuch!"

"Runs the blude o' the Graham in thee? Then wad thy influence be thrown into the scale o' thae Scottish and English patriots wha seek to disabuse the king, and open his eyes to the misery o' the subjects; and thy steel wad nae mair be sheathed in the bowels o'thy kintrymen; but raised gloriously in the defence o' the haly cause.—Thou wilt not answer! Then wha art thoo? And wha is thy *master* that thoo carriest thysel sae against thy native land."

"My Master! Eh! Wouldst thou then know? My Master and thine, auld man is Charles, God bless him; and here is my commission!" And he pointed to his epaulets and sword.

"I obey him as a soldier does,—neer daring to ask him hoo, or wharefore. My kintry, I lay at his feet,—ay! and my conscience, and honour, and soul! *The legitimate prince is abune kintry and religion: and the subject are the slaves, the dogs o' his kennel!* A soldier kens neither kintry, nor religion, nor man, nor God either, when sacred majesty *by divine right* raises his voice. *We obey*, be it to uproot whiggery: or to pull doon oor kintry, or face the deevil, jawing on us his cooties fu' o' lowing, roaring streams o' brumstane and fire!"

"*Pu' doon yer kintry!*" Exclaimed the Pastor in utter amazement.

"Ay! auld man—*pu' doon my kintry*—ay! and men, and women, and bairns, ilka soul—in it, in the way o' establishin' the absolute supremacy o' Majesty by divine richt. Ay! *pu' a' doon*, as ye wad pu' doon a hoose to stap the progress o' the rooring flames. Lard! man, I wad rather see his gracious sovereign, my master, sitting on his absolute throne amid desolation, and seelence, and death, than haein his hauns tied up by a triumphant, stubborn, race o' men deevin' as aboot their richts and privileges!"

"And yer belief and worship?" cried Cargill, drawing him out.

My belief and worship, auld man! Ha! ha! ha! *Belief and worship!* Ay! in yer God when we sall see him; or hear him! I tell thee, I accept the king's dictates on thae matters. I believe by proxy: I believe as he believes: and he believes as I believe. Ha! ha! ha! And wha, auld man, abune, or below, I ask thee, has a fairer richt to rule my conscience; and settle thae kittle points, than the king and head o' the kirk, I mean Charles II. And, Lard? He's orthodox: for he's at antipodes wi' ilka Proteus form o' Sathan's saunted Whiggery."

"Ay! and at the bar o' the ETERNAL, lean thee on Charles' arm,—and be judged *by proxy!* I tell thee, Colonel Graham, there's nae canting like thine amang oor hill side meetings. Thou treatest thy sovereign, his gracious majesty, rather uncourteously, in makin' him thy representative, and spiritual leader, to bear a' thy heavy guilt, and to be even damned in thy stead!"

"Ay! auld man; for the matter o' that, we wull fix oor pairts and shares o' the glory, or o' the damnation, when we happen to see them!"

"Ay! Colonel Graham; and in the style o' bluff KING HARRY the AUGHT'S hereditary supremacy, without waiting for, or asking the wull o' HIGH HEAVEN!"

"E'en as thou wilt, auld man;" cried Claverhouse with a bitter, and most contemptuous sneer. "And, noo, I hae gained my point, by listenin' to thee. *I know thee auld man, I know thee!*"

"Noo, hear me ae wurd mair, James Graham," Cargill made a pause; and fixed his eyes on the soldado's countenance, as he drew himself up to his full length. Clavers threw himself back on his saddle: cast a careless glance at the approaching party; then looked with a proud complacency along the firm, and gallant line of his troop drawn up ready to receive them; then raising his helmet a little on his warm brow, and placing it in an easy jaunty way, and lowering the point of his toledo, he looked sternly in Cargill's face, and listened with a grin:

"James Graham, the face o' man I hae na yet feared. Thou seest before thee DONALD CARGILL!——Noo hear the last message frae my lips; ere thy bandits carry me afore the Cooncil, to rax, and torment my frail auld joints. Nae Scotchman art thoo! My kintry denies thee.—

My kintry wull proclaim frae generation to generation that she disowned thee. Thoo wert born in the wild forests, and in the flinty rocks o' Siberia: And the she wolf suckled thee. Inhuman! Thoo art nae soldier o' honour, but the plunder bought soldado. Heartless! Soulless! Trained up amid the blude hounds wha hae battoned on oor dear bleeding brethren, the Huguonots o' France, thy master bought thy slavery, and has turned thee a cut-throat, and an assassin, loose on thy prostrate bleeding kintry! Traitor to thy kintrymen and to thy God! Nay start not. Wert thou a Scotchman, and nae bastardy Scythian, thoo mightst hae kenned that a Scotchman's tongue speaks plain and blunt treuths, sic as Scotchmen like to hear, and like to say! James Graham, hear me; the cause o' my kintry, and the pure Kirk o' God shall flourish when the flesh and banes o' her faes hae mouldered in the hollow grave! In a' generations the Kirk o' God has lived to see the perishing monument moulder on the unkenned grave, of her bitterest, and maist powerfu' enemies. And the kirk, and oor ain native kintry wull leuk forth fair as yon bricht orb o' day, when the epitaph has faded away frae the mouldering heap thrown ower thy vile carase; and thy master, in whom thou puttest thy trust, and wi' whom thou conspirest to utter blasphemies against the God o' gude auld Scotland—sall perish. The throne o' the Stuart dynasty—sall be couped, and whammeled clean ower, and themsels slung oot as a stane is slung frae the hand o' a cunning slinger. And they sall be beggars and burdens on foreign bounty, till the race shall become extinct, in the dreary cloister. And, Oh! my soul, anither family o' glorious name and deeds, shall, as in the bricht days o' aulden times, possess the throne, and the hearts o' the people ——— And—then, JAMES GRAHAM, listen." He made a deep pause. Claverse eye flashed; and in spite of his affectation of indifference, a tremor went over his dark features; and he turned away his eye from the overpowering glance of Cargill ——

"Thou shalt die, fechting against thy kintry, and against the pure Reformed Kirk o' God, and the bullet, winged wi' death, wull speed thy flicht, frae under the very purple wings o' victory! It sall smite thee: And wi'

a start, and a scream thou shalt gie up thy troubled ghost, unanointed, unanealed; to be led awa, by the angel o' death, to the bar o' thy insulted CREATOR and OMNIPOTENT JUDGE!"

Cargill's eyes, at first, flashed dark wrath on Clavers's stern and fixed countenance, until he withdrew them. Then tears streamed over his pale cheeks as he uttered the closing sentence. Clavers received the closing words of this speech, with an involuntary pensiveness. Vice renders an involuntary homage to virtue. He knew Cargill's character. He had more than once heard Sir George Mc Kenzie and several others of his associates, say of him, even after they had exhausted their mockery of him, over their cups, "After all, that auld man's words ne'er fa' to the grund." In Claverse's bosom there was, for a brief space, a strong misgiving, and an undefinable fear and anticipation. Nevertheless, he was just about to reply with malignant scorn; which had, already, curled up the extremities of his lips, and had thrown his mostachios into a fierce erection. But the shrill clangor of the trumpet sounded louder and louder, and the party of the Whigs emerging from behind the little knoll, were suddenly in front of his troop.

Burleigh Stewart, and his companions advanced with intrepidity. Kardross, Mauchlin, Semple, and Annandale and Torfoot were there. Their whole number might be thirty. Claverse had about as many. The Whigs came up, either by accident, or design, like the troops of General David Leslie, footmen and horsemen, mixed up promiscuously in a solid squadron. That gallant old soldier did it through design. Our youth might have done it from necessity.

Claverhouse ordered his prisoners to be taken to the rear, under the care of a single file, for he could hardly spare even that, and he gave the usual charge to his bandits to cut them down, or shoot them through the head, if they should attempt to escape.

Cargill cast a mournful look over his associates, and over the company under Burleigh, and sighed out "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

"Hoot, toot!" whispered Sir Robert, "fear noucht, for the gowk's sang. There's just ae wee difficulty wi' me, at this present moment—the rascallions hae ta'en awa'

oor airms, and oor stout horses. I'm just leuking aboot me to see whare oor arms are to come frae. But, I see't, I see't. Burleigh's first fire wull mak empty saddles, and shabbles a plenty. Then, heigh! for the snappin o' oor rapes aff our hands lik the crackin o' pipe stapples!"

Sir James Stewart sallied out, and joined Burleigh with all his domestics, armed with such instruments as they could seize.

The skirmish commenced with a brisk fire of pistols and musquetoons; but Burleigh instantly perceived that he was not a match for the guards on the open ground; besides, he was alarmed for the safety of his friends immediately in rear of Claverse. His fire, he saw, reached them. He sent out two flanking parties, while the volume of smoke favoured him, to keep up a brisk fire on the dragoons, while he hastened to put the house in a state of defence, with the rest of his men.

Claverse soon repulsed the flanking parties, and he pursued them into the castle gate. A few turning into the rear of the troops hastened to the rescue of their friends; they attacked the guard sword in hand—who instantly fled. The cutting of the cords off their hands, and the seizing of arms from the fallen soldiers, were the work of a moment. The rescue was complete. Sir Robert then proposed to the laird of Torfoot to attempt to collect the remains of the two flanking parties, and while Burleigh and his gallant comrades were repelling, from within, the attack of the troops, they could attack the rear with great effect.

It was no sooner proposed than adopted. Each betook himself to his place. Torfoot hastened from place to place, in the out-houses, and in the garden, collecting his friends. "Noo on—braw lads," cried he, as he hastened along, "thae soldiers are men michty to drain wine and flasks o' strong water, but they're puir deboshed things. Leuk at their luve locks, and lang lingles o' lady's curls; wi' difficulty can they drag themsels alang under the wecht o' their steel corslets, and heavy steel caps. Their wee bits o' neeves, lik hazle nuts, line the ae corner o' their buff gauntlets. Come on, my gallants! ilka blow lays ane enemy o' auld Scotland, in the yerd; ilka blow wull mak yer *supremacy and divine richt men* bite the dust."

As the Laird ran on thus, he was eying Lang Tam

Hamilton o' Drumclog, who had, in the brulzie, seized, in one hand, a potatoe *whilt*, and in the other a bettle for beating unbleached flax thread, and was manfully describing the actions of a double flail, about the ears of the Life Guards. He was supported in this mode of warfare, by some of his comrades with hay forks, and by others with graipes, tongs, and flails. Each blow threw the horses into confusion, and dashed a steel cap, or a tuck to the ground, while the dismounted dragoons, utterly disconcerted, and bamboozled by this new and unheard of warfare,—bowed themselves down, and jowked to let the tremendous strokes gang ower them; and covered their bare pates, with their huge buff gloves, while with terrified looks, and most rueful faces, they watched, with terror, the descending blows.

In the midst of this tumultuous, and running fight, a terrific scream of one in distress, was heard from the keeper's lodge. "Leuk ye there!" cried Torfoot, to his neighbour Cauldwakenin, "as I live by bread, there's yer bride, Johnnie Lawson, carried aff by thae *ravishin' divine richters!*"

These words were enough to rouse the energies of the groom, and the Aven ale lads, to madness. Cauldwakenin did not walk, nor did he run: he fairly leaped, and he had cleared the distance between him and his distressed bride, by the time that Torfoot had uttered the last words of his alarm. The party who were in the act of dragging off the bride were only four. They did not require from the groom's party a single blow from each: three of them fell, in a moment, with limbs broken and gashed by the forks and flails. The fourth singled out Cauldwaken, who was well armed. They began an unequal combat: the Laird was indeed superior in strength, but the soldier excelled him far in adroitness and skill at the sword, and that day his beautiful bride would have been a widow, had not Tam Hamilton presented himself, at the very moment of need, with his double weapon.

"Clear the way, Johnnie Lawson," cried Tam, as he drove the Laird off the battle-ground, and came in behind him; "ye ken naething at a' man; yer ignorance is unbidable. Is it no written in the LAW that a new-married man should no gang forth to war, afore his year and his

day be up? Come to me, ye snifflin, cantin', drinkin, hurin', divine richts and supremacy man—so du God to me, and mair also, gif I dinna gie yer flesh to the fowls o' the air, and to the fish o' the sea, and to the beasts o' the field. Lard! man, ye'll sune ken that I am nae Southron, but ane Avendale lad, fed on yett meal, and gude kail brose!"

During all the time of this speech Tam's twa weapons were pla' ed off to admirable purpose. The trooper might as well have attacked a mill-wheel. He retreated step by step, crouching down and covering his bare head with his broad hands, until he had his back to the thorn hedge; but even here he could not rally, or make a stand: Tam still redoubled his blows, without giving the trooper the least chance to plant a wound—or parry a stroke. This kind of whig warfare was as novel, and confounding to him as the cannon of the Spaniards were to the Indians of Peru. The soldier's rapier was shivered, and fell in a dozen of sparkling fragments. His indented helmet had rolled before him in the dust; then one arm was shattered, and then the other—then two strokes, in close succession, fell on his bare pate, and laid him at his length. Unlike the hero of Ossian, the ungovernable fury of Tam made him repeat his blows on the miserable man. But, then, Tam's antagonist was a murderous reever. He took up the stunned trooper, and rolled him on the top of the old thorn hedge!

"And there, noo, I throw ye on the hedge, lik a bunch o' my mither's thread, put to bleach!"

Meantime, Torfoot had conducted the bride to a place of safety, in the keeper's lodge, and returning to the scene of conflict he collected all his friends, and made a fierce and desperate onset on the troops at the front gate. The tumult raged within, from chamber to chamber, and from hall to hall. Sir Robert and Torfoot heard a wild shriek from within, with a long and lengthened huzza of the soldiers. They anticipated the very worst respecting the family, and the good old knight, and his daughters, and Burleigh. They rushed into the midst of the corps which surrounded the front gate, they dashed them down, and trampled over them, absolutely grasping some of their antagonists in their arms and hurling them aside, as the sturdy thresher does the sheaves of his floor. And they called

aloud on their comrades to follow them over the heads of the prostrate troops.—"*Victory or Death! Sir James for ever! Doon with Claverse and his bludy band!*" It was a moment of terrible conflict. They dashed down every thing that came before them.

But a distracting sight presented itself to their eyes when they reached the inner hall. Sir James Stewart, bare-headed and wounded, his snow-white hairs stained with gore, was dragged from his bed-chamber by ruffian soldiers. His beautiful daughter, MARY STEWART, with her hair torn and dishevelled, hanging in glossy wreaths over her white bosom, and over her father's face, was spreading her arms over him, insensible to her own danger, and anxious only to save her father, at the risk of her life.

Claverhouse, with a ferocious shout was pressing in upon him with his bloody rapier. In vain the domestics threw themselves in among the soldiery to bring him assistance; in vain Burleigh and his gallant associates, who were covered with blood, rushed on—Claverse was in advance of them, and was flourishing his sword over the knight's head. Sir Robert, in a state of mind not to be described, uttered a loud shout. Torfoot repeated it, and once more summoned all their friends to press onward. "They are murdering the old knight," cried he, he could add no more. They strained every nerve and every muscle. With gigantic efforts they rolled back the furious troopers; or, grasping them by the collar or the throat, they threw them to the pavement. Sir Robert still pressed onward toward the knight and his daughter. He threw himself on the stout dragoons that kept still close by Claverhouse, to guard his person, dashed him under his feet, snatched the sword from his hands, and fought his way with tremendous shoutings over the neck of the prostrate Claverhouse and his body guard. Torfoot, and Tam Hamilton and Cauldwakenin, were side by side with him and cheering him, as they dealt blows on the foemen. It was a moment of fearful interest. All that was dear to our gallant youth was at stake;—and there was not one of them who would not have redeemed the aged knight, and his daughters, Anna Burleigh and Mary Stewart, at the expense of his own life. Swords clashed; helmets rung—the females

shrieked; men fell, and rolled under the feet of the fresh combatants urging into the conflict.

In the midst of the confusion, Lord Kardross was attracted by the screaming of the domestics, at the head of the first pair of stairs. A party of the ruffians was assailing them, in their attempts to throw themselves around Anna Burleigh. They were retreating toward the door of her chamber, while the rude soldiers pressed on them. Kardross cheered the beautiful maiden, and bade her fear naught, for her father's house should soon be cleared of these banditts; and he fell with fury on the rear of the soldiers. Tam Hamilton joined him; and the soldiers were speedily prostrated, by a few well-directed blows of his terrible weapons. And Tam dexterously trundled them down stairs, like bags of wool, while Kardross lifted the swooning maiden in his arms, and carried her to a remote chamber, and barricaded the door.

Meantime the conflict raged in Sir James' apartment. Mary Stewart had thrown her person between the soldiers and her father, who was down upon his hands and knees, severely wounded. She had raised her white arms over his head. In the melè, and strife of the deadly combat, the sword of Claverse aimed at her father's head, struck her alabaster neck; the blood gushed out, and deluged her white bosom, and was sprinkled on Sir Robert Hamilton, her lover, who had reached her, and was now bending over her, to shield her from the fierce soldiery. She fell, with a suppressed moan, on the neck of her wounded and prostrate father.

At this moment, Burleigh Stewart, and his young noble friends, returned from the chamber into which they had been driven back by superior numbers. He was just in time to witness the fatal wound of his sister. He uttered a loud shriek, and called her by name; Sir Robert uttered a deep groan; he raised himself upright. He paused for an instant, and looked around him; and, as his eyes once more fell on his bleeding Mary,—his arm dropt nerveless by his side; his sword's point rested on the floor. Sir James moaned and wept aloud, as he clasped his daughter in his arms. Sir Robert threw himself on his knees beside her, and bending over her, while his tears fell in a shower,

on his pale cheek. "Look on me, sweet Mary;" he moaned out, "or art thou gone?"

She opened her dim eyes, and sighing heavily, she closed them again. Her blood streamed down the while, and was mingled with that of her aged father.

Even Claverse paused, and stept back, with his fierce soldiers, and were silent. It was a most piteous sight. Youth and beauty, and filial piety, caught amid the horrid fray of murderous men, was expiring at the side of her betrothed lover, and in the arms of her father!

But this awful grief was speedily interrupted and broken in upon, by unfeeling men, Claverse first broke silence, and gave the signal to his men to carry off the knight and Sir Robert, their prisoners. But the word had scarcely escaped the threshold of his lips, when Torfoot and his Avendale men threw themselves in between the afflicted family and the military. The fierce combat was renewed. Sir Robert awakened, suddenly, as if from a deep and afflicting reverie; and gathering up all his strength, he summoned Burleigh and his gallant associates; they placed themselves by his side, and in a close body they threw themselves upon Claverse and his guard. Claverse fell headlong on the floor, which was covered with green rashes, and slippery with blood; but the choice of his guard received on their swords, the strokes which would have cut their captain to pieces. Sir Robert fought like a man reckless of consequences. He rushed into the thickest danger, and seemed even to court death. He dealt blows with his giant arm, that needed not to be repeated on the same person. Many fell wounded and dead at his feet; Claverse escaped in the confusion, wounded and covered with blood; his gallant body guard having borne him off; and before the last resistance was put down in the castle, he was mounted on his black steed, and in full retreat.

For Sir Robert, he made his way into the chamber of Sir James. Mary Stewart lay on the bosom of her distracted father. He kneeled down by her side, took her white hand in his, and raising it to his pale quivering lips, he kissed it, and bathed it with his tears. She opened her dark blue eyes upon him: they were swimming in tears: a faint smile played over her lips, and for a brief moment, lighted up her pale countenance. She raised her white arms,

spotted with blood, and laid them gently around his neck: he took her in his arms, and kissed her cheek, and her lips, now blanched white as the lily: her lips lingered on his: then turning her head aside, she whispered, "My love! we have fallen on evil times. Fare thee weel, love. My soul is passing—adieu—we meet—in heaven. God bless my dear, dear father, and thee," she added, as she tenderly withdrew her arms from his neck. "And this beloved one I also surrender, now no longer mine! Oh, my Saviour; into thy hands o' love and power I commit my soul, for thou hast redeemed me! Yes, love, there's peace—and rest in heaven! Meet we—there!"

Her faint and languid eyes wandered from her father to her lover, then with one of the sweetest smiles she gently closed her eyes, and died in the arms of her betrothed.

Sir Robert kissed her clayey lips, and received her expiring breath; and fixed as a statue he sat, and gazed, long, and in deepest silence, upon her face. He could not bring his mind to realize her death. It seemed to him a wild dream of his burning brain, such as one dreams of a summer's morning. He conceives himself in deep distress; some awful calamity seems to have befallen him; yet he knows not what it is; some beloved being is gone; but no name is uttered in his ears. At length the dream is dissolved, and the mind awakens to joy! But not so he: his mind was awakened, it is true; but awakened to the distracting sense of his loss. The countenance of his beloved Mary Stewart had *changed* before his eyes.

"AND SHE IS GONE!" This was all that he could at last moan out, and his gushing tears fell in a fresh flood on her cheek, and snowy bosom. She grew cold and stiff, as he held her. He bent his face over her; and wailed aloud, and in his distraction called aloud on Mary Stewart.

After a long pause he rose, led Sir James away from the bed-side, where the remains of his betrothed lay, and continued to whisper, for some time, in his ear. His tears then ceased to flow entirely; his looks became wild and frantic; he collected all his companions around him, in the court; his sword he held sheathed in his left hand. "My comrades!" said he, at length, "The last tie which bound me to earth is ruptured. She for whom I lived is now a

saint in Heaven. The enemies o' my trodden doon kintry hae burst asunder thae dearest ties. They are doubly my enemies; and here, afore ye a', my comrades, I tak ane oath, wi' my upraised hand to HEAVEN, that I will ne'er sheath my sword again. *Scotland and Liberty! or, Death!*"

As he uttered these words he unsheathed his sword, and threw the scabbard away. His companions replied with a loud cheer, and pledged him their support. They then hastened to disperse.

Sir James Stewart was not permitted to perform the last sad honours of parental affection to his daughter's remains. Nor was it permitted to one of his sons to follow their sister to her tomb. A strong military party, and Claverse at their head, appeared at Carlsness' gates next morning. The sanctity of the knight's grief, and that of his weeping daughter ANNA BURLEIGH, was rudely insulted. The weeping parent was dragged, by military bandits, from the chamber where the body of MARY STEWART lay. Anna Burleigh wept, and humbled herself at the feet of Claverse. But the ferocious brute spurned the weeping beauty from his feet. This soldado was an utter stranger to all delicate and refined feeling.

"Nay, kneel thee not, Anna Burleigh, my love," cried the distracted father; "thoo michtest as easily move the ravening wolf from the lamb, or the spotted tyger o' Hyrcania, frae his human victim, as this unfeeling soldado frae his bludy purpose. Oh, Mary Stewart, Mary Stewart—my ain sweet bairne! Hoo fondly my puir heart anticipated thy approaching happiness. Oh, would to God that the steel o' the Graham had pierced my heart, could it only hae turned it awa' frae thee, sweet bairne! Anna Burleigh, remain thou here; I commit the keys to thy hauns; convey oor Mary, my love, to the tomb; and carry thyself, my Anna, in a manner befitting the child o' a lang race of gallant men. Fare thee well, may sweet bairne."

He kissed his child, then bowed himself once more on the remains of his Mary, and pressed her cold and clayey lips, with a gush of inexpressible anguish. Then he turned him speedily around and delivered himself to the guard. "Noo, soldiers, lead me away. *The cup whilk my father hath given me shall I not drink it?* Anna Burleigh, my

lovely bairn, aince mair, fare thee weel. God will help thee."

During three days and nights, Sir Robert Hamilton indulged the grief of his widowed soul, among the rocks of Calder; and nightly visited the mortal remains of his betrothed. He followed by stealth, and in disguise, the long train of mourning neighbours who formed the funeral procession of Mary Stewart. It took place, such was the necessity of the times, under the stillness of a moonlight night. When they reached the church-yard, he kneeled at the mouth of the vault, and wept and sobbed on the coffin until he could weep no more. His brother, Sir William, partly by entreaty, and partly by force, removed him from the coffin. He listened to his brother's entreaties and admonitions; and he bowed himself on his fraternal bosom, and wept a fresh flood of tears. But his grief was frantic when he beheld the coffin lowered down: he sprang forward, and plunging down into the vault, he threw himself on his knees, and clasped the cold and insensible coffin which contained the body of his spouse, as he wailed aloud, in an agony of grief, "*O Mary Stewart, my love! would to God I had died for thee! Oh, Mary Stewart! Mary Stewart!*"

His domestics tore him away from the spot, and lifting him up from the vault, they placed him in the family carriage, by the side of his brother, Sir William, and drove away immediately from the place.

The tomb of Mary Stewart was closed up amid the grief and sobbings of the assembled neighbourhood; and the white marble slab was placed on the mouth of the vault. This last service done, the laird of Torfoot called around him the companions and associates of Sir Robert; and casting his eyes over the circle, in deep silence, to see if all were friends, he whispered the watch-word to the person on his right hand, and next to the one on the left. It passed quickly round the circle, in a similar whisper, and again reached him. "Meet us *there*, and *then*, at the hour of midnight;"—and throwing themselves into their saddles, they instantly disappeared.

CHAPTER IV.

"——— Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our downfall's birthdom; each new morn
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland; and yelled out
Like syllable of dolour."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE deep-toned bell in the Auld Kirk Tower of Hamilton told twelve, on the awful silence of midnight, and the voice of the drowsy, half-drunk sentinel, of some military detachment, replied with his "*All's well*," as Sir Robert Hamilton took his position, according to tryst, on the first arch east of the barrier, on Bothwell Bridge. His black steed Gallant stood near him, in his military housings, pawing, and champing his bits. The knight, wrapt up in his military cloak, with his broad beaver hat, slouched, and tied with his kerchief under his chin, reclined on the upper parapet of the bridge, and was looking earnestly down on the smooth current of the Clyde, rolling, in majestic silence, his dark wave to the bosom of the ocean, and reflecting, without the interruption of a solitary ripple, the silvery beams of the full moon. A dark cloud had rolled by; and a sweeping blast had sighed over the woody banks of Clyde; a slight shower had wet the ground, and a thousand pearly drops sparkled dimly in the moon beams, shedding its mellow light on the moistened leaves and blades of grass. A hollow murmuring of water came fitfully on the soft breeze of night from the rocky channel of Calder, or some neighbouring burn.

There was a heavy conflict in our hero's soul. The fortunes of his kintry, and his own, pressed in darkness and sorrow on his distracted mind. He had thought on the rapid succession of disastrous events which had lately befallen his kintry, his friends, and himself, until he could think no more; while his brain burned with a feverish distraction, and his soul was enflamed with an unsubduable passion to avenge the wrongs of his kintry, and his own.

He had his misgivings. These paralyzed him for an instant. He felt as if he had lost every motive and stimulant to action. These feelings, however, were momentary. "I hae thrown awa' the scabbard," he whispered to himself, as he grasped the blade of his ferrara, hanging in his buff belt, "and shall I yield me to thae feminine misgieins? No! The word o' a Hamilton is THROUGH! Nae peace, nae literary ease, in thae times. The bony braes and houms o' Preston, whilk my feckless and deein' brither wad een noo willingly mak mine, wad I retire with him, hae nae charms for this heart. Ah! if liberty and peace had spread their purple wings o' luve ower Auld Scotland, and—and . . . . were MARY STEWART—but no, no. All my dreams o' happiness are vanished; they fled when *her* pure spirit ascended to the skies! Henceforth shall naething woo me but my kintry.

"Oor cause is desperate! So say not I," continued Sir Robert, as he lifted his beaver, dashed the rain drops from its black plume, and replaced it:—"Were it, indeed, a personal cause, I wad cry ye mercy, and say it is e'en desperate! Wha can, for ae moment's space, flatter himself that such a sma' handfu' can conquer our liberties and religion! But cheap haud we oor lives, and a' beneath that moon, when laid in balance wi' oor kintry. Few tho' we be, we press forward into the fearfu' breach! If we can rouse oor countrymen, we shall gain an object worthy to be boucht wi' oor lives, methinks. Words and remonstrance hae been in vain. *Let her even then hear the clash o' airms.* Breathe we the air o' Turkey? Live we in the effeminating climate o' the East, that we be thus willing to dee a' slaves? No! by these blue heavens, and the God wha made them; a Scotchman, whase heart's ay free, and whase step treads wi' the firm step o' a freeman, his own soil, winna bide it! Chain doon Scotchmen! Mak slaves o' Scotchmen! Ye may as sune chain doon the rude blasts o' his ain wild mountains, or tie up the roarin' cataracts o' his hills. No, no! Onwards, hearts o' steel, onwards, though we fa' lik the yellow gowans afore the mower's scythe! Onward, though oor banes lie bleachin' on the Haughs o' Clyde, or on the dark heathery mountains o' Avendale: Ay, or in the shambles o' the Cooncil. We shall triumph, if the soound o' oor

war-trumpet, and the bruit o' oor fa' shall but rouse up oor sleepin' kintrymen. To thee, Scotland, my kintry, I consecrate my sword, and my life, and my all! Earthly ties hae I none. Nae reserve claim I frae thee, and thy holy cause. A saint in heaven is she wha was to have lichted up the torch o' joy in the halls o' my fathers."

These sentiments Sir Robert uttered with vehemence. His soul was inflamed with irrepressible indignation. But political considerations, and the wrongs of his kintry, vanished for an instant from his recollections, while the image of the living idol of his soul, and of her murdered remains, rose on his memory. His voice was choked with grief; and the gushing tears fell, in a shower, on the cold stone on which he leaned.

General Hackston, the Laird of Torfoot, with Cargill, and Master Douglas, now joined him, and pronounced their salutations, and blessings on him. None of them had seen him, or had mingled their sorrows with him since the night of Mary Stewart's burial. The first painful salutation over, a long silence ensued. Each thought on the past, in the bitterness of his sorrow, and looked forward to the future, in hope; yet he trembled in fearful anticipation.

At this moment, while they leaned over the parapet in the silence of sorrow, and while Sir Robert was composing himself, by a great effort, in order to explain his sentiments, and the plans which he had matured, their attention was suddenly arrested by the figure of a man, muffled up in a cloak, and under a broad brimmed steeple crowned hat, gliding out from below the lofty arch of the bridge, fast by the margin of the river far below them. It moved slowly up the bell of the brae, then winded its way up the river bank. Suddenly, in great agitation, it threw back the foldings of its cloaks, pushed up the flap of its beaver, and buttoning up its doublet, it drew out, with solemn slowness, its long rapier, and assumed a proud military attitude before a clump of willow bushes.

"I saw thy grizzly hair jowk in here," it muttered at length to itself, in a low harsh voice. "Face me in the combat—I daur thee; and haunt me nae mair in the helpless hours 'o sleep. Come oot openly, and bend nae mair thae blude-shot eyes on my dreams, nor gie me the wauf

o' thy white locks clotted wi' gore, and thy death-pale cheek, bending ower my couch, nichtly. Come forth, and raise nae mair, afore my heavy bowed-down eyelids, thy bleeding wrist; nor press thy bludy kerchief on thy cauld sweaty brow. Ha! it granes—in the interval o' its eldritch skirls!" And he threw himself forward on the clump of willows, and mowed them down with his naked steel. He paused; and gazed about him in earnest looks. Then turned slowly round, as if tracing the progress of some frightful object, passing before his eyes.

"Ha! it beckons me into the dark wave! I see thee, Sharp, thy grizzly locks dabbled in gore! Ha! sae flashed the dark fire o' rage and despair, as my shabble fell on thy jaw! Ha! sae did thy wild scream pierce the air, as thou fellst on Magus Muir! Wilt thou thus haunt me, phantom o' the doomed? By the living ONE, I defy thee! Here I do thy troubled spirit towit, that this same steel overthrew thee, and thy ghostly throne, reared in blude! Ha! ha! it was the steel o' Burly that did the deed!"

And uttering this with a hollow growling, like a chafed lion, the unhappy man turned him round to the moon, and flourished his gleaming sword, as if warding off blows from his head.

"It is even Balfour o' Burly!" whispered Cargill to Sir Robert. "He comes fresh from the slaughter o' the prelate Sharp. And that horrid deed o' Magus Muir, has set his troubled soul on fire! Men may theorize, in cauld blude, on that deed; but here hae we a frightful commentary on it, written and brandered in letters o' fire on that man's conscience! Amid the noise and bustle o' active life, he may contrive to steal a momentary repose: but night and silence bring horrid visions to the solitary man's pillow. See how the soul o' that fierce soldado is convulsed! Blood-guiltiness is on his conscience. And a' the waters o' the braide ocean canna wash him clean. Peace has *he* nae mair, wha has shed a brither's blude, unless the Blude o' Calvary wash the deep stain away! Sir Robert, it's no to the honour, nor the prosperity o' oor cause, I'm thinkin', that sic a man stauns in oor ranks. You and I, and mony mae are ower meikle blinned and led astray by the bludy, and deevilish maxims originated by Antichrist in a barbarous age. Hech man! But we hae fa'en on evil times."

"Hush! maist reverend sir!" said Sir Robert, in reply, in a low tone, and hurried manner; "He's a soldier, gude and brave, as e'er drew a ferrara, or handled a carabine. His deeds, lie atween him, and his God. It is no affair o' mine to judge, or condemn. He is not of oor communion, be he richt, or be he wrang, he is not into our secrets."—He added as he looked into General Hackston's face. "And I pray ye, baith, does king Charles, or his servants, wha du his work o' darkness and death, allow us to charge to his account, the deeds of private murder and assassination enacted by his roving parties? I trow ye no. Let him and Lauderdale, then, so judge us, as they wad choose to be judged. Why does the council put the impertinent questions, touching the bishop's death, to oor martyred brethren. Is the kirk o' God and individual simple men to be made answerable for the deeds o' men who were never of their communion? Is the king's army made accountable for the private unauthorised deeds o' men wha happen to stand in its ranks?"

So saying, Sir Robert whispered in the ear of his bugleman: "Sound the gathering note, Elshender! But, I prithee, let thy lips touch the horn gently. Why should we be interrupted by the drunken gillies tented up by yonder, on the Muir? Dinna blaw lood!"

As the note was sounded, Burley started, looked up, and began to cough and hem, like one who feels himself awkwardly surprised. Then replacing his beaver, and affecting a great deal of bustling activity in adjusting his buff jerkin, and doublet, and slashed boots, he wended his way up slowly to our party, while he hummed the fag end of a Covenanter's psalm tune.

The trampling of horses was now heard; and the leading men of the Whigs, keeping tryst, approached from different quarters. They might amount to eighty men; all of them persons of influence in their own parish. Their business was soon despatched: there were no tedious speeches; no fine wire drawn sentimentalism; no luscious heavy verbiage. They were men of simplicity, nerve and action. No one of them spoke, but when he had something to say; and each one of them stopt, when he had done; a talent as rare, as it is valuable.

In a short time their business was arranged. The com-

mittee reported by their secretary, that the "*declaration*," according to the instructions given them at Wallace's cave, was prepared, and copies of it present. Sir Robert was chosen, by the representatives then present, the commander in chief; the leading officers next to him, were then elected; and each of them was allowed to choose his own right hand men, in whom he might have all confidence: and all were required to lose no time, in rousing into action, the men of his own parish.

"And noo, my gallants!" cried Sir Robert, "The twenty-ninth of May just begins to dawn in the east. You know the especial service for which we hae assembled this day. Let the one division, under Burleigh Stewart pass by Bothwell to Glasgow, to collect friens. I shall lead mine through Blantyre and Cambuslang. Meet we eight hoors hence, doon bye yonder,"—He whispered the watchword: it passed speedily around, and each division wheeled off, at the sound of the bugle.

CHAPTER V.

——— "Then take ye this schedule
For it contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redressed,—
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace."—SHAKSPEARE.

THE twenty-ninth of May was celebrated as a day of thanksgiving by the Cavaliers and Tories, for the birth and the Restoration of Charles II. But it was a day of national revelry, and immeasurable bacchanalianism!

Rutherglen, the head burgh of the lower ward of Clydesdale, was selected for an exhibition, surpassing far that of Linlithgow in the second year after the Restoration. It was understood that the worshippers of the tyrant, and his military were to put forth all their powers of wit and scorn, not without violence, against the Covenanters.

The long street was covered with roaring bonfires. And

the neighbouring population of gentry and citizens, had poured into the ancient Burgh, to honour the day.

At the cross was erected a triumphal arch supported by four pillars. Near the left pillar, in front, was placed the hideous statue of a hag, compared to which the witch of Endor must have been a Venus. Her gray hairs hung down in long lingles, greasy and sooty, over her wizzened haffets, frae under her wee mutch and coif. This hag was honoured to hold the COVENANTS in her yellow skinny hand. And on a scroll around her head these words were blazened, "*A glorious Reformation!*" By the right pillar, and in front, stood a statue in a Whig's fanciful habit, with a *Remonstrance* in his hand, and the motto, *No association with Malignants!*

On the front arch, sustained by these two pillars, was a painting of certain figures, designed, it was supposed, for human beings, with inordinate high cheek-bones, and wrinkled faces, huddled together, and grinning a ferocious laugh, with hair like hog's birses, pricked up over their dark red brows, and grey een. A few rudely sculptured letters, relieved the spectator, and told him that they were *Scotch Sawnies!* And below their feet was a scroll with, "*Ane act to deliver up the king!*" And a Cavalier is leering and grinning, under a steeple crowned hat, while he utters:—

> "Grave and sapient Scot,
> Sell your king for a grot!"

Over the arch in the rear, sustained by similar columns, was a statue designed to represent *Rebellion*. It was played off in a religious habit, with turned up eyes, a long pale face, with a general expression sour enough to convert water into vinegar! In its hand was placed the famous book called LEX REX. A book exceedingly obnoxious to the tyrant and his minions, simply because it taught that the LAW WAS KING: that it was lawful to resist and put down tyrants; that passive obedience, and submission to absolute power, was vile *cant* in the lips of knaves! In its other hand, it grasped the, "*Causes of God's wrath;*" a book written by the immortal martyr JAMES GUTHRIE. In its buff girdle were stuck various "Acts of Parliament," and "Acts of the Assembly."

By the one pillar, in the rear, stood the figure of a Pas-

tor, with haggard look, and white beard, in the attitude of preaching. He is uttering, "Nae supremacy! Nae diocesans! Nae passive obedience! Nae malignants!" While by the other pillar stands a sleek rosy faced, fat contented prelate, grasping his crosier, and exclaiming the cant of "*No bishop, no king!*"

Over the arch, above them, as if he were the presiding deity of the place, there was a statue, purporting to be that of Sathan himself! The ingenious painter, from what special knowledge or communion, we have not discovered, had given him a gausy lion's tail, two horns of no small magnitude, a ghastly length and lankness of baboon cheeks, and snout; with a horrid row of black teeth, of the shape and size of ten penny nails! From his flaming tongue issued the words, *Stand fast in the cause!* and under his goat feet, was suspended a tablet with this exquasite morsel, in imitation of their own litany.

"From Covenanters, with uplifted hands,
From Remonstrators, with associate bands,
From such committees as governed this nation,
From kirk commissions, and their protestation,
Good Lord deliver us!"

The neighbouring gentlemen, and citizens, with some straggling military, and curates, now approached the tables at the cross. A fountain, the while, poured forth sparkling streams of wine, into a trough, which the persevering devotees of *absolute* supremacy and good cheer, were carefully draining. And while the populace drank the king's health, with a frantic roar of revelry, lengthened out by a shrill piping scream of the howdies and gaufers, ranged along the streets; the common hangmen, in his pyoty coloured coat, and steeple crowned hat, applied his flaming brand to the combustibles before these triumphal figures, and the whole of it was speedily enveloped in crackling and roaring flames; while the welkin rung again with the shoutings of the mob.

This having vanished into smoke and ashes, forthwith there was brought forward, by two staggering drunken soldiers, a tablet supported by two figures, designed for angels, [fallen angels they were, if there be any faith in the rustic painter's pencil,] with cheeks like raw callops, and

fat bluffy brows. This angelic tablet contained the following superscription, purporting to be verse; and said, by one of the Ruglen bailies, with many knowing nods, to be from the classic pen of no less a personage than Claverse himself. It might have been so. But certainly no soul in any Whig Conventicle, could have borne the infliction of such versification, and of such angels!

"Great Britain's monarch on this day was born;
And to his kingdom happily restored:
The queen's arrived; the mitre now is worn,
Let us rejoice: this day is from the Lord!
Fly hence all traitors, who did mar our peace;
Fly hence schismatics, who our church did rent;
Fly Covenanting, remonstrating race,
Let us rejoice that God this day hath sent."

The populace crowded forward to see and read this military inspiration, with the most enthusiastic shouts of drunken devotion. And healths were uttered, and drunk amid boisterous mirth, and oaths, and blasphemies. While nobles, and barons mingling with the peasantry, and the green aproned weaver, and greasy cobler, poured out with drunken solemnity, mutual congratulations; and shook hands with fraternal sympathy!

While this scene was being enacted, a band, of armed men was approaching, on horse back, on the Hamilton side; and an equal number from Glasgow: and formed a line at the cross. The drunken and roaring mob was hushed into a deep silence; at the sound of the first bugle note: and when the heavy trampling of the horses feet fell on their ears, they set up a frantic roar of terror; and began to retreat in the utmost confusion. Incapable of looking carefully about them, or of shaping the course of their retreat, they were rolled over in a tumultuous heap. Castlemilk threw himself into the mob for shelter, and upset a half a dozen gaberlunzies and country damsels. Sir John Meiklechouks rolled over like a ruck of hay, and overthrew his whipperin, and a bevy of his hawkers. Sir James Hamilton, and Boggle of Boggleshole, with their daidled half blin tenantry were tumbled into the midden dubs; and to add to their misfortune, a batch of idle gillies from Glasgow, in their haste to escape the prancing of the Covenanters' horses, ran directly over their heads. They lay there, a

moving mass of mud and human beings, sprawling, and screeching, and sputtering, and cursing, most lustily. While some were gravely exhorting those below them to lie still and gang doucely, and quietly oot o' the warld; for they war na the only puir deels wha war lik to dee! Others in a state of distraction, escaping from the press, ran headlong through the bonfires, and came out bonnetless, with their heads and beards singed, and their faces black, like singed sheep heads! Dummiedyke shutting his eyes, literally against the danger, ran furiously across the street; but, unluckily, he encountered Sir John Hooly, and the laird of Spevinheft. His *impetus* being, in some measure, communicated to them, they rolled backward with a heavy groan, and overthrew a squad of small gentry, who were in the act of draining some strong waters. Sir Gaffer Shernbyres of that ilk, happened to be precipitated, head foremost into a goose puddle. He remained a few moments, up to the shoulders, with his legs and feet walloping in the air. But being happily disentangled with the loss of his beaver and white wig, he began to gather up his huge limbs; and raising up his broad square face, spouting and sputtering the filthy water from his mouth and nose, while a torrent of muddy water rolled down his cheeks, and fell in lazy streams from his beard; he cast around him his red fiery eyes, and lustily roared out, "Treason! Treason!"

These catastrophies took place in a much shorter time than we have taken to describe them. In a brief space the Whigs had cleared the streets of the bacchanalians; and overturned the tables, and burnt up the tablet, and the angels. The Avendale men led on by Torfoot, plied the buckets and waterstoups so effectually, that the bonfires were speedily quenched from one end of the street to the other.

At the blast of the bugle, the whole party were assembled around their leader. The whole circle was uncovered: the sober part of the citizens hastened to throw themselves around them. Master Douglas, at the bidding of Sir Robert, pronounced a short but earnest prayer. Cargill addressed the assembled spectators. He made a brief and spirit-stirring appeal to them in behalf of their kintry, and the kirk of God.

Some of his old flock, being there that day, soon recognized him: and uncovering their heads, and waving their

blue bonnets, they hailed "*their gude auld pastor;*" and the whole multitude hearing his name, and that of Sir Robert, shouted, "God bless gude auld Donald Cargill." "God bless the gallant Hamilton: down wi' Claverse o' the bludy hand: up wi' Sir Robert!"

"Time speeds," cried Sir Robert. "Father Cargill, bring forward the Secretary and let oor DECLARATION AND TESTIMONY be pronounced."

The secretary read it with a clear and distinct utterance. It is yet extant in the history of the Scottish kirk:* and contains an outline of the causes for which they were suffering to bonds and death. It contains nothing more than what every true patriot did think, and say at that period. These gallant men only had the courage to embody the sentiment and feeling of the nation; and give them utterance. No friend to the Revolution of 1688, can blame these gallant christians. No virtuous subject of the "Sovereign of the people," and the Family now reigning on the throne of Britain, can attach blame to them. Nay, let the *ultra* Tories call to mind that our heroes did not at this time, go so far as the nation and Parliament did at the glorious Revolution, the fruit of our heroes' labours. And had the Scottish nation *now* risen, as our heroes had anticipated, instead of slumbering and sleeping *nine years* longer under the tyrant's sway, it would have saved *nine years* cruel agonies and death to the martyred patriots. It would have warded off *nine years* guilt and misery from the land of our fathers! But the God of Scotland saw fit to order it otherwise!

After the declaration and testimony had been pronounced, a copy of it was fixed on the market cross of Rutherglen, by the hands of a scrivener. Our party gave three loud cheers; and the whole sober part of the citizens, now congregated, replied in as many cheers, which made the welkin ring.

Upon this, another officer approached in front of the Whigs, having in his hand, copies of the "Act of Supremacy," and of the "Declaration," by which the covenants of Scotland were condemned and burned; and the "Act," for the overturning of the government of the kirk of Scotland,

* See a copy of it in Crookshank's Hist. vol. ii. ch. 2. and in Wodrow, vol. iii. 66.

and for the establishment of Prelacy: also the infamous "Act Recissory," and the "Act" of the drunken meeting of Glasgow;* which carried that into effect; and finally, the "Act" appointing the twenty-ninth of May, annually, to be observed as a day of thanksgiving.

"Noo, listen, friens, and kintrymen!" cried Sir Robert, "as the prelatists and malignants, abusing the king's power, and fechtin against the haly cause, did, wi' unhaly hauns, burn oor solemn league and covenant, sae du we, in oor ain name, and in the name o' a' gude and leal Scotsmen wha wull adhere to us, burn up, stump and rump, thae ungodly and heaven daurin' Acts, by whilk the enemies o' liberty and religion, hae laid auld Scotland on the breade o' her back!"

"Elshender," Sir Robert added to his footman, as he pointed with his sword to the remaining bonfire, which was spared for the especial purpose; "There, Elshender, throw them incontinent into the flames; and may thus perish all sic like schemings and doings of tyrants, and their knaves!"

"Ay, ay," cried Elshender, "it sall be dune in a giffy, yer honour, even tu the letter." And he stretched out his long neck, and beckoned, and nodded fiercely to some one in the crowd. "Ay, ay," Sir Robert, continued he to his master, still beckoning, by way of episode; "it sall a' be dune as nicely as if Lauderdale himsel, or Claverse, had been entrusted by the poowers to du 't; that's richt, come on, Tam!"

The eyes of the whole party were directed to the quarter toward which Elshender was beckoning. At last, they discovered their brave and humorous associate Tam Hamilton, dragging forward, by the collar of his *pyoty* coat, the very individual person, *the hangman*, who had been already, that morning, officiating on the spot; and delivering him over to Elshender, with mock solemnity, he bowed to Sir Robert, as he said aloud,

"There is he, as large as life, the vile loon! Noo Elshender stand to, and see the general's orders done tu a tee, lik a man! And hark ye, Sir Archy Hangman, knicht o' the gallows tree, tak up thae ACTS, incontinent, and burn

* The Duke of Hamilton, who was present, gave it this name in the sincerity of his heart.

them a' up, see ye, sirrah! unless ye hae a langing and hankering after glory, by a steel passport, through yer guts, afore ye can say, *Tam Hamilton!*"

He of the pyoty coat took his high crowned hat into his left hand, scratched his bushy carroty head with his right, and groaned despairingly, as he cast a hasty and rueful glance over his official coat, as if he had ejaculated, "And maun this coat be disgraced, at this gaite, wi' treason?" He then lifted up the papers, and walking up with solemn step, he hurled them into the roaring bonfire, the welkin, the while, ringing with the loud cheers, and the long toots of half a dozen horns, blown by the Avendale lads, until their cheeks were ready to crack.

"Noo, gentlemen, "cried Sir Robert, "fall we back on oor friens. Let messengers be dispatched, forthwith, to the West and the Sooth; and finally, *Glaisterraw* is the word. Meet we there on the fourth day hence. Gentlemen, fall in at the head o' yer respective companies: mak ready, march!"

The bugle sounded the parting note, and the trumpet and horns replied, as the party set off at quick march on Kilbride. Tam Hamilton and his Avendale Grays, (so called from their uniform of *hodden gray,*) drove up the rear; taking their station immediately behind Torfoot and his Glengeel men. And as the troop was in motion, on its line of march, Tam sung, with a clear voice, and an appropriate air, the following song, of his own domestic manufacturing:—

SONG.

Oh, welcome the whiggamores! Bless ye the whiggamores!
Wha honour their kintry, the laws, and the throne.*
Come oot ye prood Tories, you and the cavalier;
The steel it is drawn, and the gauntlet is thrown,
And the hoor o' oor kintry's salvation is near.

On Loudon's blue cliffs, waves the SCARLET AND BLUE,
And echo repeats the loud trumpet afar;
On Distinchorn, and Tintoc, there blaze the fierce beacons;
Ow'r Avendale lours the red blade clud o' war,
And the hoor o' oor kintry's salvation is nigh!

* They had not *yet* disowned King Charles II. They fought against his evil counsellors.

Laird," was busying himself in skinning a fat quey, while, at the same time, he was bestowing more than the half of his attention on a small, blackaviced, red-haired man, who stood near him, leaning on his ferrera, which had some hundred weight of black iron wrought into its sheep-headed handle.

"That was a glorious deed at Magus Muir, my certie, when ye cut doon the traitor Sharpe," cried John Brownlee, as his large neive boxed off the skin from the back and ribs of the quey. "Ay, ay, there was nae lingerin aboot the hogg's score, I warrant ye: it was up to the tee hole!" The dark skellying eyes of the stranger glanced and twinkled with redoubling satisfaction, while he replied by "praising God that he had na keepet back his hand frae blude, nor dune the Lord's work deceitfully!"

"It was a bludy piece o' butchery, the death o' the Archbishop, brither Jock, I tell thee aince mair; I exoner my conscience o't; I wash the hauns o' me and mine clean o't, afore heigh Heaven."

It was the Laird's voice, addressing his brother in the noisy crowd; his ear had caught the subject of conversarion, as he was bustling along, and "suiting his action to the word," he pushed Burly rather rudely aside (for that was the stranger,) as he sent a scowling look on him.

"Balfour o' Burly," added the Laird, "ye're nae haun at ane argument, mair than mysel; and ye ken fu' weel wha's maister at the sword wappin; and, Master o' Kinloch, I had made a vow ne'er to comfort, or harbour a murderer. Hoosomever, brother John," the Laird added, in a softened and kinder voice to his brother, "it's nae time to be makin brulzies, or reddin up marches, when the enemy is pouring his strength upon us. Weel, ye may e'en eat and drink the best I hae, wi' brither Jock there; but, hark ye, Master o' Kinloch, ae condition I claim, dinna presume to justify that hellish piece o' work o' Magus Muir, in presence o' me, or mine. I winna suffer the morals o' my waens to be corrupted; sae haud yer gab, and be content, for aince, wi' brewin a browst in yer ain thouchts, or in licking ane anither's faces, and layin a flatterin' unction on each ither's conscience! Mak nae reply, brither John," added the Laird, with a degree of sternness, "I ay allow you free toleration."

"Toleration!" roared out the *ultra* Covenanter, "toleration—the heretic! I tell thee, I neither tak, nor gie toleration. Toleration, forsooth! Nane has a soul's richt to toleration saving they o' the pure and haly cause."

The Laird laid his hand on his brother's shoulder, with the most kind and benevolent look imaginable, and stopt him in his diatribe. "Ay, ay, my gude orthodox brither, I ken a' ye hae to say," said the Laird, "nae toleration but to the holy and orthodox only! But ye hae had my definition, afore noo, o' yer orthodoxy, and heterodoxy. *Orthodoxy* is my *doxy*, brither; and *heterodoxy* is anither man's *doxy*. Sae it ay fa's oot; and the stootest handed ay happens to be the maist orthodox! And then, o' coorse, none but themsels maun hae any toleration at a'. Gude heavens, hoo this warld wags! But, after a', my maist worthy brither," added Laird Thomas, with unusual softness of voice, which however gradually rose into a biting, sarcastic sneer, "I do pray thee, man, what avail a' thae silly mints at blairney, and the cheering up o' *his* saul there, to lull *his* conscience asleep, when that same conscience eats up a' his feckless joys. The puir man's saul is ill at ease, I tell thee; he has the very twinges, man, whilk my auld black mare has wi' the botts! Master o' Kinloch—pray, sir, did ye e'er tak the callar air o' a morning, at the east arch o' Boddle Brig, or ony ither place?" and the Laird bent a fierce look into Burly's skellying eyes, as if he looked into his very soul.

To Burly this was utterly unexpected. He turned him suddenly round, drew his left hand across his brow, and shook, for a moment, through all his frame; but, instantly recollecting himself, he turned round as suddenly on Torfoot, drew his sword, in the bitterness of his spirit, and aimed a blow at his head.

The Laird stept back, and defended himself, without drawing his sword from its sheath. He was a giant compared to Burly, and fully his equal at the broad sword, or rapier.

"Are ye mad, Master o' Kinloch," cried John, as he seized Burly, and threw him back, "Is that conduct befittin' a man who has a gude Scotch tongue in his head?"

"And mairover," said Father Cargill, gravely, "men fechtin' professedly for liberty o' conscience, and contendin'

the door. The men stacked arms, and sat down on the grassy swaird. Master Douglas said the grace, and it was a long one; for he touched, in it, on all the points of contest, and even settled some points in polemicks. Then the young maidens carried round, in baikies, covered with towels, as white and pure as snow, the farrells of cakes, and lumps of bannocks, and barley scones; and the young men followed them, distributing beef, and mutton, and lamb, in wooden trenchers. The young Laird, who was a capital shot, had some delicious hares, and muirfowl, served up, together with trout of the sweetest flavour, from the adjacent rivers. The herd lads ministered to the thirsty with stoups of caller water; and from the black jacks there reamed out the foaming swats, and ale of the best browst, in capacious cogs and bickers; and so zealous was each man to do justice to the Laird's hospitality, that there was not a man, young or old, cap-stridden on the occasion. A horn of strong waters closed the repast, with the moderation of Scotsmen, and Covenanters.

CHAPTER VII.

"——— The wind bore on
The leaden tramp of thousands; clarion notes
Rang sharply on the ear, at intervals;
And the low mingled din of mighty hosts,
Rushing to battle ground, poured fom afar,
Like the deep murmur of the restless sea."

It was a fair Sabbath morning, in June 1679, the sun had risen over the lofty Darngavel, and poured his mellow rays down over the beautiful fields of the Aven and Geel, where our little band of heroes had encamped. No note of the reveillè, or doubling of the drum was needed to rouse them. They were astir with t[illegible] *the m[illegible]* *laverock*, and by eight they h[illegible] ok a[illegible] base of Loudon Hill, a romar[illegible] plain, in form of a pyramid, [illegible] the clouds; they halted an i[illegible]

western [illegible] the black [illegible] heathy [illegible] dreary swells [illegible] then over the [illegible] stretched [illegible] feet the deep [illegible] of my Lord [illegible] blue [illegible] island of [illegible] som of the sea.

The blue and [illegible] a neighbouring [illegible] their friends.

An [illegible] the green [illegible] to fight, but [illegible] They were [illegible] heather [illegible] being; and [illegible] peesweep, and [illegible] ses. But, [illegible] self-defence. [illegible] of desperate [illegible] plied of late: [illegible] country, [illegible] pretext of [illegible] a war of [illegible]

The reverend [illegible] day: and Douglas [illegible] had finished [illegible] self alone have [illegible] half a dozen of [illegible] *lings.*' And Cargill [illegible] *prayer*, in which [illegible] kintry, and the [illegible] Douglas [illegible] expatiated on [illegible] and profani[illegible] "Owor auld [illegible] experience [illegible] the nest o' th[illegible] [illegible] and brunt [illegible]

judgments hae passed ower the laun, wha wull send glorious days a' ower the hills and knowes o' Scotland."

"O Scotland! oh! my kintry," cried the pastor weeping bitterly, "hoo art thou trodden doon, and oppressed! And God's sincere Kirk! Hoo is she stript o' her beautiful garments, and lyin' weepin' in dust! And is there nane to richt her, this day, amang a' her sons!"

The souls of his audience were on fire: and the bold Covenanter had his hand on the hilt of his steel, as he had unconsciously started up, and fixed his eyes, with eagerness, on the speaker, during this apostrophe.

But they were interrupted. A small party of Hamilton men came up at full gallop; and announced, with a loud shout, to the Conventicle, that Colonel Graham of Claverhouse, had, that morning, in one of his plundering excursions, taken a minister, and about seventeen honest men prisoners: that he had received certain intelligence of this meeting; that they had left him at Lucky White's in Hamilton; but that he was seen at Scribbie Young's, in Strathaven, and must by this time be near us.

Douglas instantly came down from the table on which he stood; and, along with Cargll, he joined the rest of the officers who came round Sir Robert Hamilton: It was promptly resolved that they should march in the direction of Strathaven, to meet Claverhouse. "And noo, fathers," said Sir Robert, as he took the hand of each of the pastors, "leave the wark o' blude to us. You, father Cargill, I request, to lead the congregation to the base of Loudon Hill, we shall select gude battle ground, within ae mile or twa; and wait the enemy: and God's wull be dune. In the mean time wrestle wi' the Maist High, that He wad cover oor heads in the day o' battle. God bless ye."

Master Douglas, and no small number of the women, placing themselves by the side of their husbands and fathers, chose to follow the host. Meantime, Cargill led the aged people, and the rest of the women and children toward Loudon Hill. But they retired slowly toward the Hill. They had the hearts and the courage of the females, and children of those days of intense religious feeling, and of suffering. They felt more concern for the fate of relatives, and the dangers of the Kirk, than for their own personal safety. The aged men walked each with bonnet in

hand: their long grey hairs waved in the soft summer breeze. They sang a cheering psalm. The music was the well known Martyrs; and alternately the divine notes of Old Hundred. The sentiment breathed was that of defiance. The host stood a brief space in dead silence. The music floated down on the wind, and fell as a charm on their spirits. They uttered three loud cheers; the bugle note rung loud on air, and the kettle drum replied, while the whole host put itself in motion, and took the direction of Drumclog.

They were seen distinctly from Loudon Hill, as they were threading the defiles; or moving over the dark purple heath. A scouting party moved on, at quick march in front, and hastened to reconnoitre on the heights of Drumclog. And the army in a long line, followed slowly; while Sir Robert and his associates were diligently inspecting the ground and selecting a position. The scarlet and blue flag was carried at the head of the footmen: and the white standard waved at the head of the cavalry. The trumpets' fierce clanger, intermingled with the sweet note of the bugle, and the booming of the kettledrum, rung in the air, as the host took a position, a short distance to the North-West of Drumclog heights; on a slanting pasture ground,* behind a *stanck*, or deep grassy morass, which separated them from a similar slanting ground, near the base of Drumclog hill. And while the advanced guard occupied the heights, and sent out scouting parties, the host sat down on the ling, and long purple heather, and invited their chaplain to resume the services of the morning, "We may as weel fructify under the holy word," it was observed, "as remain in silence, or talk of home, and oor firesides. A soldier winna fecht the worse for hae'in had communings wi' his MAKER. Peace atween God, and his soul, and a haly enthusiasm, in a gude cause, nerves a strong man's airm, mair than a' the strong waters that thae daidlin' soldier craters can guzzle doon."

Douglas had finished his prayer, but had not yet had time to wax warm in his discoursings to the Host, when the scouting party on Drumclog heights fired their carabines,

* The industry of worthy men has turned these once heathy plains into arable ground.

and galloped down to the Host. The whole audience raised their eyes to the minister. "I hae dune," said Douglas with a firm voice; "ye hae had the theory, noo for the practice o' yer duty, my brave men! Ye a' ken yer duty. Self-defense is ay lawfu'. But the foemen approach." And he waved his hand toward the heights adown which Colonel Graham of Claverhouse, with three troops of well mounted and gallant dragoons, was slowly winding his way. Then the man of God raised his eyes with deep and awful solemnity towards heaven, and uttered a prayer, brief and emphatic, like the prayer of Richard Cameron, at the rencountre of Ayresmoss, "Lord, spare the green and tak the ripe!"

In a brief space each officer was at the head of his company. Sir Robert placed all the footmen in the centre; in file, three men deep. These occupied the ground along the margin of the morass, which lay between them, and the ground to which the enemy was approaching. A company of horse well armed, and well mounted, was arranged on the left. This was composed of two divisions; under the command of Cleland, and Balfour of Burly. The first of these brave men was originally placed on the right of the footmen. But he was stationed beside Balfour, when it was perceived that the left flank was most exposed to the troops of the enemy. A small squadron of able bodied Avendale men, well mounted, on gray horses, was stationed on the left, under the command of the Laird of Torfoot. These wings were drawn backward, and outward; forming an obtuse angle with the rear line of the centre, for the purpose of occupying more solid ground, and of arresting any flanking parties which might take them on the right or left.

Sir Robert gave forth the word, "GOD, AND OOR KINTRY!" The men gave him three cheers, and made the welkin ring with the watchword, "GOD, AND OOR KINTRY! Never was witnessed such animation in the looks of men. For them, their fathers, their wives, and their children, were in their rear. From the grounds which they occupied, they could, many of them, see their homes, their fields, their cattle and sheep, peacefully feeding on the plains, and the neighbouring heights. And, that day, it was to be battled with a cruel enemy, for their homes and their fire sides.

Sir Robert displayed the utmost coolness, and self pos-

session at the head of his raw, and inexperienced troops. His portly figure was seen hastening from rank to rank. He called upon his officers by name; and upon his comrades, and bade them remember that their kintry expected them to do their duty. His presence inspired the troops with a noble enthusiasm, as he spoke a few words to each company in passing. "Think of your homes and your fire side circles," cried he: "Think on your kintry. Auld Scotland raises her voice, and calls on you. The bleeding Kirk wails aloud. And there," continued he, pointing with his sword towards Claverse and his troops, (as they were winding slowly down the dim side of Drumclog Heights,) "there are the knaves, and bludy executioners whilk the tyrants employ in the consummation of our miseries. Let yer arms be nerved wi' steel. Let yer strokes fa' wi' the force o' free men. Tyrant's tools fa' at ilka blow. And if there be ae coward's heart amang us a', and if he hae ony wee remains o' gumpshon left, or sense eneuch to feel the force o' ane advice, to him I say, if ye dinna kill them, in troth! they'll kill you." The gallant Hackston of Rathillet, and Hall of Haugh-head, stood at the head of their divisions, and reechoed the sentiments of their chief. Cleland and Burly had inflamed the minds of their troops to a gallant enthusiasm. Torfoot's small company needed no exhortation. They were a band of brothers, resolved to conquer or fall.

At this interval, when the Covenanters were looking with intense interest on the approaching enemy, a fresh company of their comrades arrived, at quick march. But there was not a gun, nor a sword, nor even a pistolet in the whole company. They were hale red-cheeked lads; clad in hodden gray coats; with blue lowland bonnets, with checquered borders of red, white, and blue.

"Better hearts ne'er served the GUDE AULD CAUSE, an' it pleasure ye, Sir Robert," cried the handsome and portly man at their head, as he saluted the general; "But, weel I wot, thae tools, the best we could lay oor hauns on at the instant, are but very indifferent graith to fecht wi'! But we'll be the mair ambitious, weel I ween, to come to close quarters wi' the faemen, and mak their arms minister to oor wants!"

"Welcome, brave lads! frae yer sheep faulds," said the general; and he shook him heartily by the hands. "Ye're

the very men I want to break wi' yer halberts, and spears, the fierce inroad o' thae dragoons, should they get ower the bog, on us."

The trumpeter of Claverse now sounded a long note of defiance. The kettle drum mingled its tumultuous roll. They halted; they made a long pause. An officer with a file or two, was seen leading out the prisoners whom they had brought along with them. One of them was in black; with a white hat. It was Master King, the chaplain of Lord Kardross. And as they were led up the heights, in the rear, Claverse called to the officer who had the charge of them, to "shoot them *instanter*, if they offered to run away."

He then dispatched a dragoon to the right and one to the left to reconnoitre the ground. He himself was in front of his men viewing the position of the Covenanters with great attention. His officers came around him. He was seen to speak with great vehemence: and pointed repeatedly to the left and right wing of his antagonists. The reconnoitering party were driven back by the Covenanters. Claverse then ordered out twelve of his men to examine the ground. Cleland put himself in motion with as many of his men, and placed themselves in front of them. They exchanged shots twice without any material injury. On the third fire a dragoon tumbled from his horse by the fire of Colonel Cleland; and with difficulty, gathering up his huge length, he slowly mounted his horse again, and retreated with the rest of them. Colonel Graham now detached thirty of his men, with instructions to dismount, and drive in the party of Colonel Cleland, and to reconnoitre the ground between the armies. Cleland met them with sixteen of his best armed men, supported by as many spearmen. The firing was interrupted by the approach of a flag from Colonel Graham. The Covenanters held a flag sacred. Had it been borne by Claverhouse himself, it would have been respected. Sir Robert demanded the purpose for which he came. "I came," said the bearer of the flag, in the name of his sacred majesty, and of Colonel Graham, to offer you a pardon, on condition that you lay down your arms, and deliver up your ringleaders."

"Sir flag," cried the general impatiently, "that form o' address bids defiance to reply. If it proceed, sir, frae igno-

rance, ye hae my pity; if frae impudence, it merits the deepest contempt. Tell your officer that I claim the name, and honour o' a soldier; if he ventures to express ony kind o' dubiety anent the subject, hark ye, tell him to recall to memory the affair o' Carlsness Hoose: meet we; and I sall mak it gude, wi' this saam toledo, on his casque. Ye hae my answer." And he waved his sword to his bugle-man, who was promptly joined by a tremendous blowing of all the shepherd lads' tootin' horns that were present: so that the voice of the flag bearer, who was attempting a reply, was completely drowned.

Having carried the reply to Claverse, he was immediately sent back. Sir Robert and General Hackstin exchanged looks; while Cleland, and Balfour rode up to hear the issue. They waited, in silence, to hear the flag. Having drawn himself up to the full measure of his gigantic stature, and bowing with mock solemnity, Lieutenant Graham, for that was his name, uttered his second conditions, "We offer you all a free pardon on condition that you stack your arms; if that kind of graith there, deserve the name of arms, and —" And he cleared his throat and added; "and deliver up Balfour of Burley, and the remanent members of the murderers, among you, of the godly saint, Archbishop Sharp, of glorious memory!"

"The rakehell!" cried Burly, with no small feelings of concern at this unexpected turn which the negotiating was like to take; "he wants to force you oot o' yer fine military position, Sir Robert, by driving your men mad, and sae compellin' them to jump the bog, and rush on them, sword in hand."

Sir Robert made no reply to Burly. He turned him to the flag. "I'm richt sorry, sir soldier, that I can find nae answer to that message, befitting my honour, and your feelings. And Master Robert Graham, for we hae met afore noo, you are permitted to return to your Colonel:" And he uncovered his head and bowed. "And hark thee, let thy officer know, for he has yet, it seems, to learn it; that plain men, and Whigs dinna understand oucht but honest policy, and good common sense. And we are ay unco nice on the point o' honour. And nae body kens mair glegly than we du, when we are insulted." And again the trumpet and

tootin' horns shut up all possibility of the flag being heard in reply.

When the soldier reported this second failure, Claverhouse jumped up in wildness from the ground, and flourished his sword as if a sudden phrensy had seized him; and he plunged it into the soft mossy soil, and played with the hilt tassel in silence. He was anxious to treat: but he was mortified that the overtures should first come from him: and much more so, that every advance of his should be thus repelled. But it is to be remembered that Claverse was not perfectly disinterested in this measure. It was not to prevent the effusion of blood; nor to win over the Whigs by gentle measures, to submission to the King. He had more than once come in collision with the Whigs, and he knew that although they were not quite so skilful in the management of their arms, nor so agile in their manœuvres, they were men of bone, and muscle; and terrible in combat. He, therefore, did not betray symptoms of mercy, or justice; nor did he offer terms of reconciliation, for any other reason than this. He suspected that he had met his match. He wished only to gain his own time of deep vengeance. And for this reason he was unusually anxious to accomplish his purpose.

Cornet Arnold or Arrol, one of his older, and more experienced officers, suggested to him, that with all due deference to the gallant Lieutenant Graham, the failure might arise from the *manner* in which the overtures may have been worded. "These Whigs," said he, "are as cunning as foxes, as dour as the deel, and as proud as Lucifer," Claverse interrupting him, beckoned to him to go and repeat the trial. And he continued without looking up, to play with the ribbon on the hilt of his toledo, in deep meditation.

"Are ye a Christian man and humane, sir Whig," cried Captain Arrol, in his frank, and *non-chalance* way. "Wull ye compel us, at this mad gaite, to shed the blude o' the King's lieges. Ye canna stand the bang o' war ae giffy, by heaven!"

"Nay, Sir Captain, prithee, nae sic whinin' and cantin' on oor ears. Thoo art but a green horn, and awkward yet, at the language o' humanity and mercy. Speak as to a soldier wha has his sword on his thigh. We were na just aware that Claverse had canting, and pechin' hypocrites in

his camp. La! there maun be a change o' times when Claverse and Captain Arrol, hae turned precisians. Your message? Time speeds."

"We offer you in the name of oor King, and your King, my gallants! peace and pardon, on the wee simple terms o' laying doon yer arms, and just departin' peaceably awa to yer hames, and to yer wives, and bairns. Hae dune, I exhort, you, wi' this bludy wark; and put on bowels of mercy and compassion!"

'You hae ower meckle gude sense, Sir Captain, no to ken that a' this is shear canting, and unmanly deception. Tell yer officer, man, that a bairne can see through 't a'. He is not clothed, ye're weel aware, wi' ony powers to treat: nor were ye sent oot to seek a reconciliation. The government, against whom we hae been driven, by you, into arms, has refused to redress oor grievances; and restore us oor liberties, whilk are sweeter to us than life. Hae ye, Captain, the heart o' a Scotchman, within yer breast, and dinna ye ken it to be perfect madness, to think o' driving Scotchman at this revolting gate? *English pockpuddings* compelling the consciences o' *Scotchman!* ye maun be some puir daidlin' mongrel Scotchman, lik Claverse! Can sic nonsense, I prithee, as this proposal imports, e'er enter, or find a welcome in the brainless pash of even an idiot? Mairover, ye ken Claverse a wee bit better than we do; and can ye outrage common sense, by supposing that, were the government even willing to reconcile us, they wad e'er hae pitched on sic a ferocious assassin, as James Graham, to be oor daysman! Whase Scottish breast sucked ye, gude, I pray thee? Or whare didst learn, in braw Scotland, that the fox, and the wolf were the best keepers o' the feckless lamb? Howsomever, Sir Cornet, oor difficulties honourably adjusted, we are na sae bent on the honours and triumphs o' war, as to stand oot: we meet you, show us yer powers, and we shanna refuse to treat incontinent. Nay, we wull e'en lay doon oor airms, Sir Captain, in this heather, providing that you, also, wull lay doon yours, till the haly blessings o' peace be compassed. Ye hae my answer."

"It's a hopeless case," observed Burly, as he called after the flag, "Let me add a word, wi' your leave, Sir Robert. Get thee up to that bludy dragoon, Claverse, and tell him, that we wull spare his life, and the lives o' his black-

guards, ilka soul o' them, on condition that he, yer Claverhouse, lay doon his airms, and the airms o' thae bludy men. We'll e'en du mair: As we hae nae prisons on the wild mountains, and muirs, we'll e'en let ye gang yer canny way's hame, providin' ye'll swear ne'er to lift airms against yer kintry, her religion, and liberties. Ae wurd mair: there, hark thee, brave Sir Cornet, is my position, on the left. I'll be unco happy to wait on ye, or ony ither ane, ye'll recommend, or e'en on either o' the Grahams. I wad measure swords wi' ony o' ye, wi' richt gude wull. I AM, BALFOUR o' BURLY!"

The officer cast a ferocious look on him, and at the name of Burly, he had unconsciously snatched a pistolet from his belt. But suddenly recollecting himself, he replaced it; and laying his hand on the hilt of his toledo, he held out his glove to him.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Noo for it, brave men," cried Sir Robert as the flag galloped up toward the troops, "Let ilka man du his duty." A loud acclamation burst from the centre: and was re-echoed from each wing. And after a brief pause, in deep silence, the Covenanters sang the psalm, yet sung in Scottish Kirks.

"In Judah's land, God is well known,
His name's in Israel great;
In Salem is his tabernacle,
In Zion is his seat.

"There arrows of the bow he brake,
The shield, the sword, the war:
More glorious thou than hills of pray,
More excellent art far.

"Those that are stout of heart are spoiled;
They slept their sleep outright,
And none of them their hands did find,
That were the men of might," &c. &c.

Claverse now ordered his whole force to advance, and he gave the word "No QUARTERS. THEIR BLUDE BE ON THEIR AIN HEADS THIS DAY." The fierce dragoons uttered a loud shout, and the words No QUARTERS re-echoed fiercely, as they galloped down the declivity.

"Then be it e'en sae," Burly and a few Westland men were heard to say, "E'en then let there be *nae quarter* in oor wing o' the host, at least: sae God send Burly a meetin'," cried he in an exultlng tone, "wi' that saam gallant Chieftan under the white plume. God du sae to me, and mair also, if my sword dinna gie his villainous carcase to the fowls o' heaven, and the beasts o' the field. And my kintry wad laud my memory for it."

The troops of Claverhouse advanced in fine order. They were gallant men, and mounted on noble black steeds. Their splendid dress of red and white, with their high peaked caps, and waving plumes had an imposing air. Their massy swords hung by their sides, from their buff belts: their petronels, or short guns, were slung from their right shoulders: their left hands guided the reins of their furious steeds; and their right hands were on the butt of their brass pistols, stuck in their holsters. They set out, at first slowly; and by degrees they advanced more and more rapidly. Claverhouse was in the centre of the second division.

The Covenanters stood to their post. There was nothing imposing, nothing brilliant in their appearance; but they were gallant men, and giants in strength. In each man, the humblest of them, that stood at his post, there was a heart, of which Scotland might well be proud. They were lovers of their country even to enthusiasm, and of their God; clear headed men, with hearts of steel; as ready to pursue an argument with the proudest of the land, as to handle the sword with the bold life guard's man.

They watched, with attention, the approach of the foe; and at the moment when they halted to fire, the whole centre of the Covenanters, at a signal, dropt on the heath. Not a man remained down when the bugle sounded the order to rise and return the fire. The first rank fired, then knelt down, while the second fired. They made each bullet tell. As often as the lazy rolling smoke was carried over the enemy's heads, a shower of bullets fell on his ranks. Many a gallant man tumbled on the heath. The

fire was incessant; it resembled one blazing sheet of flame for several minutes, along the line of the Covenanters. Claverse attempted to cross the morass, and break through their centre. "Burleigh," cried Hamilton, whose deep toned voice was heard amid the ragings of the battle, "bring forward the spearmen to the front; there my gallants! plant yer halberts on the edge o' the bog, and receive the enemy's horse. And you, my brave lads! fire; 'GOD AND OOR KINTY,' is oor word. His officers flew from rank to rank; not a Covenanter gave way that day. As the volumes of smoke rolled away, they could see Claverse urging his men on with the violence of despair. His troops fell around him; and speedily the gaps were filled up. A galled trooper would occasionally flinch, but ere he could turn or flee, the sword of Claverse was waving over his head. In the shock of the conflict, he himself, sometimes reeled. He would stop short in the midst of a movement; then he would contradict his own orders; and strike the man because he could not comprehend his meaning.

He ordered flanking parties to take the Covenanters on the right and left. "In the name of God," cried he, "cross this bog, which has deceived me, and charge them on the flanks, till we get over the morass. If this fail, we are lost." He then detached Lieutenant Graham on the left, and Captain Arrol on the right.

The Laird of Torfoot who commanded on the right, was first brought into action. Hitherto his men had fired only some distant shots. Arrol was a gallant and experienced officer; and he had a small, but a choice company. He led his men along the borders of the swamp, in search of a proper place to cross over. Torfoot threw himself before him. A severe firing commenced. The gallant Avendale men fired with great steadiness. Several brave men tumbled from their saddles. Not content with repelling the foe, the Laird found an opportunity of crossing; and attacked them, sword in hand. Here William Dingwall and Thomas Weir, who had joined the Avendale men, put themselves by the side of the Laird. Dingwall put himself at full speed against a ferocious looking dragoon; who, in his turn galloped against him. They met near the edge of the bog. The horses reared. The sword of the trooper passed through Dingwall; and his horse was tumbled over

into the morass. In its fall it encountered the horse of James Russel, which, with its rider, was thrown headlong into the stanck. The gallant Covenanter instantly sprang up, and calling to a woman near by, for several of their wives had rushed forward, even to the edge of the morass, to take care of his gallant friend, who, he feared, was mortally wounded, he was instantly on his horse and mingling in fierce combat with the enemy. William Weir had already galloped through the troop, and had thrown himself on the ensign. But as he was exultingly bearing off the flag, he received a terrible blow on the forehead; and, at the same instant, a mortal wound in his breast. He threw the flag in among his friends, turned him on the foemen, and transfixing his antagonist, they tumbled together on the heath, and expired face to face, while a torrent of their blood mingled together in one stream.

The Laird met the commander of the party; they had sought each other, and were not disappointed. In the first shock, they fired each his pistols; the Laird fired first; his antagonist gave a sudden start in his saddle; this indicated that his bullet had taken effect; with a tremendous oath of the court of Charles II., he closed with the Laird, and fired his steel pistol; the Laird was in front of him, but his hand had already drawn his sword, and glancing on the pistol, it give a direction to the bullet, which saved the Laird's life. By this time his men had driven the enemy before them, and had left the ground clear for the single combat. As the soldier made a lounge at the Laird's breast, he turned the sword aside, by one of those sweeping strokes which are rather the dictate of a kind of instinct of self-defence, than the adroit movements of art. As their strokes redoubled, the features of the antagonists put on looks of deep and settled ferocity. No man can conceive the looks, the dark flashing fire, and the ferocious manner of the warrior in the intense feelings of the moment of conflict, when *he must kill, or be killed!* They fought in silence. The Laird's sword fell on his antagonist's right shoulder: it cut the belt of his carabine, which fell to the ground; he received the thrust of the soldier at the same instant; it cut him to the rib; the sword glanced along the bone, and rid him also of the weight of his carabine. He had now advanced too near the Laird to be

days, and put an end to thy crimes, wi' whilk thou hast filled the breadth and length o' the land."

Cleland reminded him that it was not the Graham of Claverse. "Pu, hu!" exclaimed Burly; "pardon me, young gallant; I mistook thee. I took thee for thy chief. My steel wad na touch thy villainous carcase."

"Coward, poltroon!" cried Graham, "murderer of feckless priests! That language befits thy cursed lips: draw back thy men, and let us quietly pass, or, at thy bidding, I wull draw back mine, until thou hast carried all thy men ower this marsh; this babbling, and shooting wi' dry pease, wull ne'er mend the matter. What sayst thou?"

Burly and Cleland promptly replied, by wheeling round and taking a position on the higher ground, at some distance from the bog; they halted until the enemy had all crossed and were formed in line; Burly's bugle-man replied to the fierce note of defiance uttered by Graham's trumpeter. The work was short but terrible; Burly placed himself directly against the commander of the troops; they set out at the same instant: they met; the horses reared; "No QUARTER!" cried the dragoons; "No QUARTER to you, ye murderous loons!" re-echoed Burly, and with one blow he cut the leader through the steel cap, and his brains were scattered on his followers; his every blow overthrew a foeman; the whole forces on each side met in the shock of battle; the troopers were driven back into the march; the horses stuck past; they rolled headlong over each other; the Covenanters dismounted, and fought on foot; they left not a man to carry the tidings of their defeat to their Colonel.

The firing of the platoons was now beginning to cease, and the work of death was being carried on by the sword and halberts of the Covenanters. At this moment a trumpet rung its fierce note in the rear of the Covenanter's army; there was a pause; all looked up. It was only the gallant Captain Nesbit, and his guide Woodburn, of the Loudon Mains. He brought no reinforcement, but he was, himself, a host; with a loud hurra, and a flourish of his sword, he placed himself by the side of Burly, and cried out, "Jump the bog, my brave hearts! and charge the enemy." Cleland, and Burly, and Nesbit struggled through the marsh; the men followed as they could; they instantly

formed, and marched on Claverse's flank. Hamilton and Hackston brought the infantry, in the meantime, close up to the edge of the swamp, and poured in their fire on the squadrons of Claverse.

Meantime Captain Nesbit and Torfoot, with his men, had made a movement to the heights above Claverse, to relieve, if possible, the prisoners. Their swords speedily severed the ropes which tyranny had bound on the arms of free men, and the weapons of the fallen soldiers having supplied them with arms, they led them forward, with great vigour, to charge the enemy on the left flank.

Claverse formed his men into a hollow square; he was himself in the centre; his men fought gallantly; they did all that brave men could do in their situation; wherever a gap was made, Claverse pushed his men forward, and speedily filled it up. Again and again he was thrown from his horse, and rolled headlong on the heath, and as often was he by his aids speedily remounted. The Avendale men pressed on him, and thinned his ranks; Claverse paid them a visit; he and Torfoot came into a collision; they gazed for a moment's space on each other, and closed; they fought; the Laird's sword shore off his white plume, and a fragment of his buff coat; but, in an instant, he was at the other side of his square. Burly had attacked his right flank, with a ferocious yell, which called Claverse's attention to that side; the Covenanters eagerly sought a a meeting with him. "*He has the prufe o' lead,*" cried some of them; "*tak the cauld steel, or shoot him wi' a piece o' siller!*" "No, no," cried Torfoot; "it is his rapid motions on that gallant charger which bid defiance to ony thing like ane aim, in the tumult o' the battle. I could sooner shoot you ten heather cocks, on the wing, than one flying Claverse!"

At the moment when Claverse presented himself in front of the party which asssiled his right, Burly, whose keen eye was watching him, rushed through the rank, into the hollow square, to meet him; but Burly was too impatient; his blow was levelled at him before he came within its reach; his massy sword descended on the horse's head; it stunned him, and he fell to the ground. Burly and his men rushed pell mell on the fallen Claverse, but his faithful dragoons threw themselves upon them, and by their over-

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powering force drove the Covenanters back; Claverse's gallant steed leaped up, and in an instant he was remounted; his bugleman recalled the party of his brave men who were driving back the flanking party of Burly and Cleland. He collected in a dense body all his troops, in order to make his last and desperate charge. Sir Robert Hamilton perceived this movement, and sent his orders accordingly to Burly and to Torfoot. Meanwhile, he ordered his whole centre to cross the marsh. "*Ower the bog, and to them, lads!*" cried Sir Robert, as he waved his sword, and pointed to them to advance.

Claverse charged them with such sudden fury, that they began to reel; it was only for an instant; the gallant Hamilton seeing it, snatched the scarlet and blue flag of the covenant, and planted it in the fore front of the battle, as he waved his sword, and shouted, "GOD, AND OOR KINTRY!" Hackston and his men threw themselves around him, and re-echoed "GOD AND OOR KINTRY." The Covenanters fought gallantly around their flag, and here fell the good and brave Thomson, of Tanhill. Claverse and his men fought no less bravely; they aimed their blows at the officers; the steel of Claverse fell with terrible force on the helmet of Hackston, whose sword was at that instant, entangled in the body of a fierce dragoon who had just wounded him. Torfoot directed his men on Claverse; he led them on as they shouted "*Victory, or Death!*" Claverse placed himself in front of the Laird; he struck a desperate blow at him, as he raised himself up, with all his force, in the saddle; the Laird's steel cap resisted it; the second stroke the Laird received on his ferrara, which shivered Claverse's toledo to small fragments; they threw themselves headlong on each other; Clavers's pistolet missed fire; it had been soaked in blood; the Laird's took effect; but the wound was slight; their horses reared and plunged; they rolled on the ground; in vain they sought to grasp each other; men and horses tumbled over them in the melèe; they were, for a few moments, buried under their men, whose eagerness to save their respective officers brought them, in multitudes, upon them. By the aid of his friend, Gawen Witherspoon, the Laird had extricated himself, and they were once more rushing furiously on the party which protected Claverse, when they were again lite-

rally buried under another mass of men. For Hamilton had by this time, brought up his whole line, and had planted his standard near the spot where Claverhouse and Torfoot had fallen on the heath. The Covenanters gave a loud cheer, and drove in the troops of Claverse; the Laird was borne along by the moving mass, and almost suffocated, and faint with the loss of blood, he knew nothing more till he opened his eyes on his faithful attendant, who had dragged him from the very grasp of the enemy, and had borne him into the rear, and was bathing his temples with water. They speedily rejoined their friends; and what a spectacle presented itself! It seemed to view, as if a great mass of human beings and horses had been thrown together, and piled up in horrible confusion; some shrieked, some groaned, some shouted; horses neighed and plunged; swords rung on steel helmets, or clashed against each other. The Laird, together with Burleigh, and their general, placed around them a few hardy men, and rushed into the thickest of the enemy, in search of Claverhouse; but the search was in vain. At that instant, his trumpeter was sounding the loud note of retreat, and they saw, on a small knoll above them, Clavers borne off by his men. He threw himself on his steed, and without sword, and without helmet, he fled in the first ranks of his retreating men; his troops galloped up the hill in the utmost confusion; the Covenanters pursued them with fury. Burleigh, and Sir Robert, with Torfoot and Cleland, directed their pursuit on the main body of the troops, and kept up a running fire. Burly, with a party of the footmen, who ran like deer, kept in the track of Claverse; his trumpeter was by his side; they were struggling over some rough ground, at a spot called Capernaum, a small distance from Cauldwakenin, and nearly a mile from the battle ground; a band of the pursuers, who had been following in a parallel line, turned suddenly in before Claverse and intercepted him, and a well-directed shot from Burly struck his trumpeter, who tumbled from his saddle, in the very act of sending the melancholy notes of retreat through his brazen trumpet; the poor fellow cast an imploring look on his master, and expired. Here the gallant Thomas Weir fell: his bridle being severed by a sword cut, he lost the command of his horse, and being carried by the spirited animal, into the

midst of the retreating soldiers, he was shot. Meantime his neighbour Sanders Finley, of Lesmahagow, threw himself forward upon Claverse: he was armed with a hay-fork; the blow was being aimed at the Colonel's head, when Tam Hamilton cried aloud, "Aim at the horse, man!" This saved the Colonel's life: for, as his gallant horse fell, headlong on the heath, Claverse, with inconceivable agility, snatched the reins from the hands of his dying trumpeter, threw himself into his saddle, and was carried off with the speed of lightning. Bare-headed, and covered with blood, he dashed through the midst of friends and enemies; he was seen in front of the retreat; he crossed the stony fords of Calder, and kicking and struggling up the steeps of the Calder braes, he paused an instant, at the summit, and looked behind him; then, plunging his rowels into his horse's flanks, he darted forward; nor did he recover from his panic till he met, on Cathkin braes, a party of troops, marching from Glasgow to reinforce him.

CHAPTER IX.

"They did not know how pride can stoop,
When baffled feelings withering droop;
They did not know how hate can burn
In hearts once changed from soft to stern;
Nor all the false and fatal zeal,
The convert of revenge can feel."—BYRON.

THE number of killed was exceedingly small in proportion to the hard fighting at this skirmish; but the number of wounded was very great. There was scarcely an individual, in either host, that had escaped unhurt. The troopers being mounted on good horses, the prisoners, actually taken, were very few.

The general had placed these prisoners under a guard of the grey spearmen, consisting of young shepherds, and they mounted guard with better arms, and certainly with more of them, than they had ever possessed before in their

lives. They had visited the battle-ground, and each had girded on a sword, and some of them two; with a belt or two of pistolets and daggers, together with a musquetoon awkwardly enough slung on their shoulders; and a few of them had, moreover, contrived to get muskets also: and taking them all in all, with their grey coats, white small clothes, and blue stockings, they certainly presented a most grotesque appearance. And it was not to be wondered at, that the prisoners burst out into a loud roar of laughter, when they beheld them mount guard.

"Take care, my lads!" cried the captain of the blue stockings, who was not deficient in the military virtue of self-importance, as he strutted about; "just hae a wee care o' yersels, my hearties! we be muirlan lads; we ken the way to shoot wild heather cocks. A looner or twa about yer croons, or yer lugs, my braw soldier callants, wull teach ye havins, if not gude mainers; and if that winna yeffect the purpose, we'll send some hail about yer herns, or aiblins some grape shot about yer guts, to kittle up ony wee remains o' wit that may be lingering there aways, my graceless chaps."

"My dear fellow," said one of the English soldiers, with as composed a face as possible, "we don't understand French."

"French, sir!" exclaimed the officer of the blue stockings; "French, sir; I'm speakin' ye good Lawlands, and nae French. But what for should I say ocht? ye're a puir pack o' half tamed deels at the best. Lard save yer soft herns! French! me speakin' French, sir. But ye were born in England, I jalouse; and hence ye dinna ken ony better. A Scotchman can aye find it in his heart to pity and forgie ane English pockpuddin! they're only half educated there; and they hae a hantle mair o' guts and chouks, than they hae o' herns, weel I ween."

This comical conversation was interrupted by the return of the general, who had ordered a strong party to pursue the enemy to Glasgow, and then to report the issue.

And first he called upon Cargill (who had by this time joined them with a great multitude,) to offer up solemn thanks to Heaven for the victory which had crowned their arms. "And time flies," continued he, "ye manna be long. And for ane exhortatin, or a preaching, let Master

King collect the people, and exerceese his gifts amang them. Meet we in council, and you must be present." Thanks were accordingly offered up with deep solemnity, and a psalm was sung by the assembly. And while the officers withdrew to meet in council, Master King proceeded to conduct the religious solemnities of the day.

Mr. King, the chaplain, and companion of Lord Kardross, was a scholar, a man of taste, and of many accomplishments. He called together the remains of the army, who being wounded and disabled, were unfit to leave the ground. They sat down in a group with the assembly which had followed them from Louden Hill. Each of them seemed just fresh from the heavy conflict; each yet grasped his implement of war. They were besmeared with blood, and smarting with their wounds; and as they doffed their blue bonnets, they wrung with their bloody hands, the sweat which feil like dew drops from their brows. They had perilled their lives for the liberties, and the religion of their country; and they came, as they were, after a slight refreshment, to take the earliest opportunity of rendering devout thanks to Almighty God for victory and life.

Mr. King discussed the doctrines and duties of religion, with beautiful simplicity and great pathos. He reproved, in dignified and impressive terms, the errors and crimes of the day; and politics were not omitted. It would not have been a sermon of that age, had it been totally defective in this particular. He traced the origin of the tyranny under which they groaned; pointed out the salutary cure. "It would be an easy matter to effect a reformation in these particulars, in church and in state, if the nation would only unite, and 'render to God the things which are God's, and to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.' And as the majority are, through an unaccountable national apathy, at present, against us, we make it the burden of our duty, by every effort in the pulpit, and in the field—ay, and on the gibbet, to rouse the slumbering energies of oor kintry. If by the labours of years we compass this, oor toils, oor agony, and oor death, verily, shall not be in vain. Pursue, therefore, my gallant friends, your victory. Let us rise and gird on oor swords. *Pro aris et focis:* we fight for oor kintry and oor God." He then reca-

pitulated, in glowing terms, the present deplorable state of the kingdom, through the misrule of the Stuart dynasty; and of the Kirk of God by the cruelty and profligacy of the "prelatists." "But courage, my gallant hearts! the day dawns; Scotland's hopes are reviving. Arise, march forward; let every Scottish patriot lend his hand and heart to the glorious deed of regenerating his kintry! By the memory o' oor exiled fathers and brethren who have perished by cold and hunger in the wilds o' Scotland, or on a foreign shore; by the memory o' thae gallant men wha hae fallen beneath the steel o' the soldiery; or on the gibbet; and whose last vows and prayers were breathed out for their afflicted and trodden down kintry; by the bones o' oor fathers, bleached in the sun and rain, upon thy walls, O bludy Embro! by all that is dear to the tenderest remembrance of Scotchmen; and," he added with the most impassioned eloquence, as he raised up his arms, and his eyes streaming with tears, "by HIM who died on the accursed tree, on Calvary's awful mount; by HIM whose haly religion breathes life and liberty into men's souls, and the blasting influence of the second death on tyranny and crime; by HIM I obtest you, ye gallant Scottish patriots, rise in your might, rush forward into the glorious combat: SCOTLAND AND LIBERTY, OR DEATH!"

Meantime a council was held by the officers and chaplains of the host, and it was resolved to send forth messengers, in all directions, to summon the friends of the covenant; that Hamilton Muir be the rallying point; and that measures be taken to procure vivers, ammunition, and arms.

This business dispatched, the council rejoined the congregation, and proceeded to deliberate how they should dispose of the prisoners. These were brought forward and placed in the circle of the meeting.

"Noo what can ye du wi' them, sirs?" said the captain of their guard, in the blue stockings, and whose generous anxiety for their safety, getting the better of his prudence, urged him to speak first: "They're puir ignorant craters, and they fecht for pay, no frae ony kind o' principle in them. Noo it's no wrang to put things richt. Weel, just gie them kind leuks, friendly words, plenty o' gude vevers, and exact pay, and, by my word, sir, they would fecht ye

Charles himsel, and e'en Clavers, to their hearts' content. And should they hae ony wee scruples o' conscience, just enlichten them, sirs; the licht o' knowledge maks a man scrupulously exact and patriotick. Sirs, show them the richt side, and they'll follow ye. But the difficulty wi' me is this: we hae nae bilboes here to shut them up comfortably, and place them under the godly ministers amang us, to convert them to richt politicals and religion; unless, indeed, sirs, we ram them into some o' the caves and todlourie holes about Loudon Hill; and, surely, if we do that, the zeal o' oor ministers, especially those o' them wha are hot for the indulgence, micht urge them, for the gude o' their souls, to guard them in thae caves, till by God's grace, the necessary work be effected on thae puir neglected craters.

"However, after a', Sir Robert, as the enemy wull mak fecht, and no gie us time to convert oor fellow craters, it's my feckless advice, just to let the lads run loose. Hully a wee bit, sirs," cried he, again getting up on his legs, "I see Tam Hamilton curlin' up the lips o' his scornfu' mouth, I'll just forestall him, and tak the very objection out o' his lips. Thae soldiers, he'll say, maun be put out o' the power o' duin' mair hurt to the gude cause, or *hors du combat*, as his mintin' at scholarship wad ca't. Noo, that's richt: but how is that to be done? Nae body but papistes, or deels, would think o' maimin' or killin' them. Na, na, man; ye need na grane, man; you wi' the red head and skellyin' een, there. I tell ye, just let them loose; wyse them cannily awa' towards England, and then they'll rin. My stars! but they have had their belly fu' o' bullets and cauld steel, frae the whigs; and, my certie, they'll no want to face us again."

The officers smiled; Burleigh Stewart and Torfoot roared outright.

"Come, to order," cried Sir Robert gravely; "time speeds."

"I move ye," said Balfour, of Burly, rising up with quick motion, and uncovering his head, his busy hand the while smoothing down his bristling carroty hair, and his skellying eyes shooting forth the dark passions of his soul as they fell on the unfortunate soldiers near him; "I move you, sir, hem! that thae men o' Belial, and o'

blude, whilk the Lord has delivered into oor hauns, be fed on bread o' affliction, and on water o' affliction, until there be some wee signs o' repentance; and, then, that they be led out, and shot dead. We manna spare, we maun smite them hip and thigh, frae the rising to the setting o' the sun; and I ken that I hae mony to back me here." And he sat down amid the tumult and outcry created by his proposition, with a malignant leer, as his dark and wrathful eyes wandered over the assembly.

The tumult being composed for a moment, the deep silence was interrupted by a Loudon man rising, and backing, as he said, "the motion just now made by his worthy freen ower the way. Thae enemies o' God and man, must, like Agag, be hewed in pieces before the Lord, oor een manna spare them. Cut down root and branch, and cursed be the man that does his work deceitfully." A few others spoke on the same side. "Oor men hae been shot in cauld blude after they had been taken by the troopers; there's nae way o' stayin' thae sanguinary proceedings, but by taking severe military reprisals, on thae assassins turned loose upon us."

Cargill rose; but he was so agitated that he shook and quivered like the aspin leaf. He "hoped in the gude Lord, that the officers o' the airmie had na yet lost the feelings and bowels o' Christian men, and the fear o' God, outricht. Surely my ears hae deceived me: I canna believe it, Sir Robert, that ae soul o' ye a', can be serious before the face o' holy HEAVEN, in makin' thae sanguinary proposals. Oh! my kintry! O Scotland, once the sweet land o' love, religion, and liberty! Land, once o' the brave, the gallant, and the humane! What demons, fresh frae hell, hae blown their cursed poison intil men's souls and spirits? The king's troops proclaim on us, NAE QUARTERS! They order their guards to shoot oor friends, their captives, and in chains! They proclaim that they wull hang up ilk a prisoner taken by them, after the battle is ower. And noo, oh! my God! I hear men, Scotchmen, Whigs, callin' themselves Christian men, avow their damnable resolution o' learning the ways o' the enemy, and o' murdering men in cauld blude. Here, men, here afore high Heaven I declare, you shall first march ower my

auld murdered body, afore ye touch a hair o' thae men's heads!"

Douglas rose: he was choked with indignation also. "Who talks to us here, of Agag, and the slaughter of the Canaanites of olden times, and sic like cases o' the Jewish œconomy? Are we Jews? Are we also under a theocracy? Is God our immediate magistrate to pass sentence on Canaanites, and commit the execution of them to Joshua? Do revelations continue? Does God raise up thae man, who talk noo in this covncil, by ane *immediate revelation*, and commission from heaven? What accursed fanaticism has invaded us! When did Sathan transform himself into ane angel o' light, and stalk sae boldly intil oor conventicles, and preach the doctrines o' hell; and make converts too? The holy religion of Jesus Christ says, '*if thine enemy hunger, give him bread; if he thirst, give him drink.*' But this doctrine o' Sathan says, '*murder them, hew to pieces our captive enemies!*'"

Burly, and the Ayshire man, waxed loud and fierce in the dispute. "Achans in the camp! silly souls! dumb dogs, that cannot bark, lying down, loving to slumber! Hech! but times are waefully changed! Is it no written, '*Then rose Phineas, and exeeuted judgment.*' And '*blessed is Jael in the tent!*' But where are oor godly Phineases, and oor Jaels, to shoot and to hag down the sons o' Belial; and to purge the laun o' blude."

This ferocious man was interrupted by a loud outcry of horror. Half a dozen rose at once to reply, and loudly demanded an audience. Torfoot was the loudest, and his voice drowned the voice of the rest. Sir Robert beckoned to him to proceed.

"There's nae heart warmer in the gude auld canse o' Scottish liberty, than that whilk beats in this breast, my masters! But, oh! my God, I daur na leuk up to thee for thy blessing on oor airms, when I see murderers, bold and undaunted, afore oor very een, and hear them babblin' plans o' fresh murder on oor very lugs! No, no, Sir Robert, oor airms canna prosper wi' this deep guilt lying on them. It is cruel, it is agonizing to this heart, to predict woe on thee, my kintry, O Scotland! but I see it. Blude is on oor heads, blude is on our airms, wi' whilk we

are achieving thy liberty, and religion: and God send me a fause prophet. But ye'll see it. The demon o' discord wull spread its black toozy wings ower oor camp, and the bright angel o' peace and harmony wull clap her wings and fly awa' to heaven. God wull tak awa' oor wisdom and oor courage frae us, if we tak na awa' blude frae us. *There, sir, there sits the murderer o' Bishop* SHARP, *afore ye! There sits the murderer of some surrendered captive dragoons; murdered, oh! my God! murdered, some wee twa hours ago, by the saam bludy and villainous hands; after they had surrendered on quarter gien, by oor mair humane men!* Honest Tammus Leiper, o' Fieldhead, my worthy auld frien, and Burleigh, and Master James there, frae whom I hae just learned this bludy butchery, did all they could to save them, but all in vain. *That accursed villain there,* whose head already is sprinkled wi' grey hairs——"

Burly started up, with a few more, and drew their swords.

Sir Robert speedily restored order and silence. The laird went on: "Ah! Burleigh Stewart! sae cam o't. Exhausted and smarting with my wounds, I could na follow you up; I, and my braw humane lads, were na there to back you and honest Fieldhead. But, oh! gude Lord, dinna impute that fresh murder to the true whigs o' Scotland! Pardon me, Sir Robert, I am overwhelmed in body and mind, my wounds all smartin', and my heart crushed down! we are sair beset. But, hark thee, Burly, and the remanent members o' the present bludy proposition; I'm a man o' few words in resolving on a matter o' this kind; let us hae nae whinin', and nae cantin', and nae outrage o' misquoted texts; talk na o' purging the land o' blude, when yer very proposals are to shed mair blude, and the blude o' yer ain prisoners! But what am I saying? and wherefore need we talk? what persuasions can reach the marble heart o' murderers? Noo, I come to the point: ye ken, lad! the power o' this airm; I'm sair wounded, but my heart is roused afresh and unsubdued. I am yer Phineas, yer godly Phineas, ye talk o'; I'm risen, feckless as I am, this day to execute judgment, and your croon wull feel whare that saam judgment wull fa' first. Ay! hark thee: by all that is sacred I swear, if

you, Burly, or ony ane o' yer neighbours there, shall daur to touch ae hair o' thae men's heads, this trusty blade, that ne'er failed me yet, shall cleave the first man o' ye to the brisket! There, ye hae my argument at full length!" And he held out his massy sword with a brawny arm, which neither Burly, nor any one of his company, cared to encounter.

The motion to dismiss the prisoners, was carried by the whole council, and the attendant multitude, who uttered their votes like a clap of thunder. Burly and his party were struck dumb; they did not even vote in the negative. The poor fellows, five in number, had been dreadfully agitated, and this course seemed to them, unexpectod as it was, as life from the dead. Their colonel, they knew, had ordered *no quarters* to be given, and they, in return, expected none. They clung to the knees of their deliverers, and kissed their hands, and pronounced their blessings on Cargill, Douglas, Torfoot, and the rest. One of them grasped Cargill's hand, and pressed it. The tears stood in his eyes. "Ye dinna recollect me, I see, father! it is nae wunner. I was transferred to Claverhouse's troop sair against my wull. I saved yer life ainee; ye canna hae forgotten wee Davie, the sweet child o' mine!"

"My dear fellow," cried Cargill, and he embraced him; while he and the soldier wept for some time on each other's shoulders.

"Yes," cried the soldier, after he found the power of utterance; "My father! I owe you meikle mair than life; dinna talk to me aboot gratitude for what my wee Davie did. At your recommendation, fair HELEN WARDLAW, GOD bless her, took my wife and a' my bairns to her house, and wee Davie is her protegé and favourite. God bless her sweet face; and he is noo in training in ane o' the best schools o' Glasgow; and as often as his soldier father visits him, he speels upon my knees, and fondles me, and kisses me, and tells me in his prattle, that if God wull, and if bony Helen Wardlaw wull, he'll be a Minister! And, mairover," continued the soldier, "I hae Helen Wardlaw's word for it, and I ask nae mair, that my military fee wull be paid, and I sall be boucht off frae this cursed work o' blude. I leuk for her message daily."

Meantime the prisoners were paying their respects

around the circle, and uttering their assurance, that if they e'er met in the tug of battle again, or e'er saw them in danger, their lives for it, they wad test the sincerity of their gratitude. Then casting a terrible look on Burly, one of them, who was a genteel young officer, uttered, in a low voice, to him—"Incarnate devil! meet we one day in the tug of battle, Greek to Greek, and I will be the master of ceremonies to usher thee into the presence of thy lord and master, his Satannic majesty!" "Amen!" said the rest of the soldiers; and they set off in the direction of Glasgow.

"Stop a few seconds mair, my brave lads!" cried Cargill after them; ye're hungry and faint, return," and he beckoned them back. "Hamilton o' Gullyfaertin," said he to the officer of the blue stocking men, who made the noted speech first, in behalf of the prisoners; "ane Avendale man, I ken, frae experience, ne'er turns awa a man, not e'en an enemy, hungry frae his door, hooever sma' his means may be. Noo, take a file or twa o' yer men, and just bring me as many bandaliers as there are English prisoners there, And, Jock! ye'll see that they be weell stuffed wi' vivers, sic as bread and beef."

"My certie! that's weel thought o'," said the humane captain of the grey spear men; "tho' I can hardly forgie that proud loon, for makin' me speak *French*, as he called my gude braid Lawlands. But ye'll make us practeese as weel as hear the word, I see; God bless your bonny grey hairs; for it's een written as I hae heard ye often quote it, '*if yer enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, gie him drink.*' Noo, shall I fill up ane o' the black jacks wi' *strong waters*, or wi' that *moss hagg water?* Weel, weel, I ken what ye would say, father Cargill! ye wad na just pushion the men wi' filthy puddock water, after ye hae saved their lives; and brandy, or gude ale, I ken weel, ay comes mair welcome to a soldier's stammoch, than ony kind o' water." So saying, the kind-hearted guard loaded them with food and drink, and the poor fellows went off, with cap in hand, and eyes streaming down with tears. Cargill uttered a deep sigh, and observed, that "if the Covenanters and their antagonists could only be brought to a temperate discussion o' the difficulties between them, wi' hearts softened doon mutually by Heaven's sair

buffetings and calamities, we should sune redd up a' the marches."

"Yes, truly, reverend Father," said Sir Robert, as he dashed a tear from his eye; "if Charles II. were na on the throne, and Lauderdale and M'Kenzie in the council, and Dalriel and Claverse in the field. But hearts o' marble ken neither sympathy, nor mercy: and sae fares it wi' oor kintry this day."

CHAPTER X.

"Though I am not conscious, O Romans! of any crime by me committed, yet it is with the utmost shame and confusion that I appear in your assemblies!—Discord! Discord is the ruin of this city!"

A ROMAN PATRIOT.

THE most experienced of the Whig officers, particularly Hackstone, Cleland, Henderson, Torfoot, Fleming, Nesbit, and Burly, insisted on the necessity of promptly following up the victory. "It is probably too late already," said they, "Yet let us redeem oor error; ard pursue the foemen to the cross o' Glasgow. There 's naething like showing Claverse the naked sword, while he yet smarts under oor blows. We can drive him before us to Embro; take possession o' the military posts o' that city; then the nation wull rise as one man, to aid us: and drive the enemy ower the border. The day wull come, when the nation wull declare for us. And as sune as we shall strike a decisive blow; and as sune as the nobles, and the landed men, nae langer dread a forfeiture, then, as we noo hae the best wishes o' the nation, we shall hae its support, and concurrence."

But, unhappily, they were not listened to. And from this inactivity, originated many fatal errors. It was consented to, at last, with a kind of indifference and heartlessness, that the host should set out in pursuit of the enemy. They did set out: and Sir Robert Hamilton, with the main body, reached Hamilton that night. Having established his camp on Hamilton Muir, under the supervision of Colonels Flem-

ing, Cleland, and Henderson, who were to arrange the different regiments, and train the men; he set out with a strong party to Glasgow. He halted at Tollcross for the purpose of refreshing his men: but mainly to wait for intelligence from Bailey Wardlaw; to whom he had, the preceding evening, sent a confidential messenger. About noon the man returned with a letter from the Bailey, in the following words,

"My trusty freen; ye hae missed the mark maist waefully. Ye should hae pursued the panic struck foemen, hotly, to oor toon. Ye should na hae gien him, ony rest for the soles o' his feet, nor time to put a helmet on his pash. The comments o' Cæsar micht hae shown ye that lack o' numbers, and e'en the lack o' weel trained bands, may be compensated by the rapidity o' the manœuvre. Ye micht hae chased them through Glasgow; ower the height o' Shotts, or in by Linlithgow, into Embro Castle, had ye poured yer strength on them wi' the speed o' Auld Noll's movements. Claverse and his men arrived here, covered wi' blude and wounds. Their very teeth chatter in their heads, lik castanets, when they yet speak o't. They met na wi' Muirland men, nor Whigs, said they, but wi' deels incarnate. Ilka stroke was death. And like a thunder shoor o' the *auld boy*, it rained bullets, wi' halberts, and forks! They are barricadoing the Cross. Come on, if ye can, yours, richt trusty Sir Robert, very sincerely, &c.—J. W."

Sir Robert had with him Hackston, and Burly. And there were no less than three opinions among them, touching the best plan of operations. It was, at length, resolved that they should attempt to dislodge the troops under Lord Ross. Sir Robert and Hackston marched up the Gallowgate with one detachment: and Burly taking a winding course by the Wynd Head, moved down the High street. They drove the different parties before them. But when they reached the Cross they found a strong, and high barricade, thrown across the Gallowgate, and High Street. From behind this the soldiers poured a severe fire upon them. They were also exposed to a galling fire from the windows, from doors, and from the Closses. They marched up to the barrier, and poured in a destructive fire upon the troops. The main body instantly retreated: while parties of them from behind the tolbooth stairs, and in the door of the tolbooth still kept up a

fire upon the Covenanters. In this exposed state, serjeant Walter Patterson, and five gallant men fell fighting bravely. The poor serjeant, a blooming youth, fell at the feet of Sir Robert, close by Tam Hamilton; and casting an imploring look on them, he pronounced the name of his widowed mother; and coupled with it, that of his "*bonnie Bessie Bell, whom he wad ne'er see mair!*" And poured out his soul in an agony!

'Et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos!'

Tam's vengeance was roused into fury. "Ye hae slain a Clydesdale man, a bonnie ane, and a gude: and be it blude for blude, gin ye should een spill mine." Tam beckoned to a few of his Avendale men, his grays, to follow him. They hurried forward, and threw themselves over the barrier; and sprung forward, toward the tolbooth stairs; obstinately deaf to the voice of their commander, ordering them to return; and not to throw away their lives, for no purpose. They fell on the skulking soldiers with a terrific shout. They seemed to see nothing, and to think of nothing but Drumclog! The soldiers remained not an instant: they dashed their musquetoons on the ground, and ran. The race was manfully contested along the Trongate. The pavement was strewed with swords, and helmets, and bandaliers, and cockades. The long skirts of the soldiers red coats were hacked and sliced by the swords of the close pursuing Whigs: and the loose fragments streamed in the rear of the struggling soldiers, like red ribbons floating in the wind! "Coward loons!" cried Tam, who had by this time, fallen considerably behind the soldiers, though he was a head of his own men. "Ye hae better heels than hearts, well I ween. And lik gude orthodox pockpuddins, ye hae learned, I see, oot o' Butler, though that saam Englisher has stoun the idea frae Demosthenes, they say, without letting own that he stole it,

"The man that fechts, and rins away,
May live to fecht anither day."

Tam shook his ferrara after them, as he pronounced these words, and returned to his men.

Meantime the royal troops were pouring in upon the Whigs from the Saltmarket: and a detachment, entering from Bell's Wynd, had succeeded in driving Burly up the

High street. Sir Robert, therefore, [illegible] conducted his men in good [illegible].

Just as Burly had rejoined them, they [illegible] enemy were advancing on them with about [illegible] horsemen.

"Noo Rathillet," cried the general, [illegible] smite thae uncircumcised Philistines." [illegible] little troop, at this time, not half the number [illegible] put itself in motion, six abreast, the extent [illegible] front, and, without waiting to fire, [illegible] sword in hand, shouting the watch [illegible] The front line of the foemen was [illegible] fusion; and without firing a pistol, they [illegible] galloped back into Glasgow, in the [illegible] Whigs entered the Gallowgate, [illegible] ing enemy; having unhorsed a few of them [illegible] But not choosing to hazard a second [illegible] ricade; they withdrew to the main [illegible]

The ostensible reason why the [illegible] Whigs, ten in number, with their four [illegible] to any important object, [illegible] number of days, was, that time might [illegible] friends to come in. But by the [illegible] arranged into regiments about [illegible] men, full of courage, and [illegible] enemy had abandoned Glasgow, the [illegible] hung on their rear, [illegible] which they had found in that city. These [illegible] merly procured, put this army into a [illegible] it respected arms. They [illegible] their advantage. The enemy under Lord [illegible] Graham, had marched on Kilsyth; and [illegible] Linlithgow at Larber Muir, on the [illegible] had no disposition to face the Whigs. They [illegible] march on Edinburgh; and continued to [illegible] apply for an army from the King. All the South and West of Scotland, they said, were pouring in their strength, and fury upon them: and they had not forces to resist them. Never was there a more favourable opportunity offered to the Whigs to strike blow. They might have attacked the [illegible] followed them up to the vicinity [illegible] the arrival of the

Galloway forces. But had they moved on the enemy, they would have drawn in to them the Stirling and Fifeshire men. And their Galloway friends would have reached them in time for a decisive battle, at the seat of Lord Cardross, where the enemy lay.

But for reasons, at first view, inexplicable, they were marched, at one time, on Strathaven; or they rendezvoused on Kype's Rigg, as if studiously shunning the enemy: then they marched on Kilbride: thence on Rutherglen; and up again to Hamilton Muir. At one time, they passed over to Monkland, where they sat down in Shawhead Muir; thence towards Cumbernauld, and back again to Hamilton. At first view it would seem that the officers, had sent out the whole army to procure forage for themselves. But this was not the whole of the evil. At every encampment a Council of war was held. And at every meeting of these Councils there were fierce, and protracted bickerings, and theological debates. Sir Robert had only a nominal power. These bickerings prevented him from exercising the complete authority of a general. As an instance of this; the army had marched on Monkland, andCumbernauld Muir. "Then," says Ure of Shargarton, a partizan, and antagonist of Sir Robert andCargill, "without any reason assigned, they were marched on Hamilton." "It is true," said Sir Robert, "The *army had marched without orders, on these places;* and I took on me the power of calling them back. Ammunition and provision were not made and provided for the Host." But what could Sir Robert and his officers do, when the commanders of parties, as Shargarton and others, actually declined, allowing him to interfere. Torfoot's words were like to be fulfilled too soon. The demon of discord had commenced its work of destruction; and was putting far away the day of the overthrow of tyranny; and of breaking the yoke of Scotland. The foes of liberty, and of religion, have, in all ages, profited by the detestable quarrels of good men. And have, thence, achieved their most destructive victories. Had the two parties of the Whigs not touched upon the causes of their private griefs and quarrels; but simply have united their arms on general principles, and left the decision of all the other points to a free General Assembly, and a free Parliament; all, probably, would have been well. And the wounds of Scotland had been closed sooner by many

years. But a number of circumstances combined utterly to prevent this.

The Whigs were men of keen and irritable sensibility; they felt an awful veneration for every thing, even minor points, that had the stamp of Heaven's authority on them; they knew of no right they had to compromise, far less to sacrifice, any thing of Christ's *cause and crown*. What regarded Him and his holy religion, they valued more than ease, domestic joys, or even life itself. They felt that in yielding any of HIS truths, or omitting any article of HIS in their testimony, they were sacrificing their sacred honour, and their peace of mind. And then, the strong GENIUS PERFERVIDUS of Scotchmen, and the common infirmities of human nature, were all brought forward into their furious debatings; and as each party was satisfied, as if by demonstration, and almost inspiration, that *they* were right, they listened with scorn and contumely to each other's arguments, as just so many wild and raving attacks on the cause of God and truth! *They* were right, *all* else were wrong!

We shall be forcibly convinced of this by glancing at the two parties, and the different positions which they assumed and maintained.

Master Welsh, and the distinguished gentlemen of Galloway, came into the camp full of the Indulgence, and of Erastianism. They opposed themselves simply to Prelatism; and this, solely, they wished to state in their manifesto to the world, as the ground of their taking up arms. They acknowledged not merely the King's civil power:—that the other party had not yet decidedly cast off, or even denied, in the Rutherglen Declaration. Welsh's party acknowledged the *supremacy* of the King also: they admitted that, as a Civil Magistrate, he was head of the Kirk; and had a right to judge, and decide, and rule over all ecclesiastical persons and things; and this by virtue of that SUPREMACY which King Henry VIII. took off from the Pope's head, and placed in his *own country*, on his *own head*, and transmitted, by virtue of his *divine right of Kingship*, to all his royal successors on the throne. And thus, though never made a priest, nor minister at the altar of God, the King is the chief minister in the church, simply by virtue of his being the chief of

the civil magistracy! And though the Indulged admitted the Indulgence to proceed from this source, and it could not be denied that their admission of this privilege to preach by virtue of it, involved an acknowledgment of this supremacy, yet they bowed themselves at the foot of tyranny, and accepted the boon of permission to exercise a spiritual right, which no power on earth could take from them.

The other party of the Whigs, surnamed the HONEST, at the head of which were all our general officers, and our heroes, did not hesitate to testify their zeal against this abomination. Jesus Christ, said they, has his kingly rights, and our lord the King has *his* civil rights; we do not wish to detract one gem of glory, and of his true rights, and his honour, from his royal majesty; do not blend what never can be mixed; do not put on Charles's head what we can see on the awful head of our Lord Jesus Christ alone. Yield us this much for our Redeemer, and our lord the King will never find more loyal subjects, or sincerer hearts to serve him, than ours are. We hold moreover, said they, that spiritual officers, ministers alone, have a right to rule in spiritual matters; that the power claimed by Charles II., and conferred on him by prelatism, is an usurped power; that he is a tyrant, while he exercises it; that he came under solemn engagements, voluntarily, at Scoon, when he was crowned, to intermeddle with no such power or things; that he has, we fear, deliberately broken his coronation oath, through the advice of evil counsellors; that when we claimed our natural rights as free-born Scotchmen, and our religious rights, according to his royal promise and oath, made on his bended knees, before Almighty God, and the nation, he has not only denied them utterly, but he has turned loose upon us his fierce soldiery, and he is now destroying the lives of his lieges, whom he had sworn to protect; that the time will undoubtedly come when this dynasty—which is incurable in its follies and tyranny, shall be slung from the throne, as a stone from the sling; that, in our view, the people are actually set free from their allegiance: yet," continued they, "we are willing to wave this; to say nothing against the King's power; and to confine our resentments against the main errors of the times, until

matters shall be settled in a free Parliament, and a lawful General Assembly."

And accordingly they published this to the world, in a brief Declaration, called the GLASGOW DECLARATION, of June 6th, 1679.

Masters Welsh and Hume protested against this, as "hostile to monarchy, and thence tending to anarchy."

Cargill and Douglas disclaimed this, with vehemence. "It is our aim," cried they, "to rouse the nation to rectify its own wrongs, and to correct the errors proceeding from bad advices given to the throne; it will demand, ere long, a Parliament and a General Assembly, to bring the government and the throne back to first principles. We love the throne, and we will vigorously support it; we quarrel not with monarchy, but with tyranny. This is the cant of Toryism, which represents our hostility to spiritual and civil tyranny, as hostility to the rights of the throne.

Another subject of dispute was—the propriety of humbling the army before the Almighty, in public fasting and prayer, and to invoke his blessing on their arms. The two parties came into collision on the causes to be specified, why they should fast. The "HONEST" party claimed the right of humbling themselves over the sin "of the indulgence, and the unbefitting compliances with the enemies of their Kintry, and the Kirk." No sooner was this hinted at, than Masters David Hume and Welsh opposed, utterly, the proposition to fast and pray. Hume poured forth his unmeasured ridicule on this, as sheer hypocrisy.

This ebullition of Master Hume, so ill-timed, and so unexpected, caused a deep silence for a few moments. Cargill rose, slowly, with more grief than wrath, and fixing his dark and piercing eyes on him, said, "Ah, Davie, Davie, ye'll shine, I doot na, in heaven, but ye'll shine nae mair on this earth. And sayest thou, then, that, because in the day of thy weaknesss, thy feckless spirit has bowed doon to the idol-calf, and guilt is, therefore, on thy head, thou wilt, verily, oppose others, when they deem it a duty to afflict their souls before the MOST HIGHEST ANE. If so be——Oh, if it only may so be—that HE would spare us, and not make an end, in the day of HIS sore displeasure. Master Hume, my brother in our common Lord

and Master, can ye hae forgotten the sweet days o' communion, we twa aince had in the green fields o' Irongray, and at Maybole; at East Nesbit Haugh; and at Haughhead? Ah! Davie, Davie, the cauldrife, and fushionless doctrines o' the *Indulgence* hae made thee a puir weasoned thing!"—And the venerable old pastor shook his gray head, as the tear stole secretly over his blanched and furrowed cheek. Master Hume grasped his old friend's hand, sat down beside him, and they wept together.

CHAPTER XI.

"Oh! save my country, Heaven!"—POPE.

These dissentions raged in the army for three weeks; they were carried on with the fiercest animosity; neither courtesy, nor charity could send any lasting and healing influence over the spiritual combatants; from the Council they spread over the army. Officers and pastors would, after their unprofitable debatings, pass along the ranks, and harangue the men on the condition of affairs. "*They will betray you,*" was their mutual recrimination. "*They are selling your blood; rise and vindicate your own rights.*" Pulpit was placed against pulpit, and sermon was levelled against sermon; and prayer offered to the Most High, against prayer. Master Hume, in his zeal for supremacy, compelled Master John Kid, on one occasion, after he had begun to officiate, to leave the spot. And, at another time, he laid his hands on father Douglas, and, wrenching the Holy Book out of his hands, thrust himself forward into his place, and began to harangue the army.

These were disgusting scenes, and revolting to the feelings of those high-minded men, who felt that the cause they were embarked in was the cause of their country; and it was most befitting that they should show the most manly, and dignified deportment in it.

"Why do we not unite?" cried Hackstone of Rathillet;

whose modesty, indeed, seldom permitted him to speak; but he was alarmed at the consequences of this growing factious spirit. "Let us battle the enemy first: it will be soon enough to settle these points when we have conquered our liberty. Whence has this infatuation sprung? Were your homes beseiged by banditti, breaking in through your windows, and battering down your doors, would that be the proper time to sit down around yer firesides to settle family quarrels? You have already lost the harvest of your opportunity. You let the enemy march peaceable from Glasgow. You let them depart from Larber Muir. You might have mastered them at the park of my lord Kardross. You have permitted them to collect undisturbed, all their forces, and ammunition. Now they hae turned the tables on ye. You have allowed them time to send to London, and time to receive Monmouth down to lead them. And they are in full march upon you. In the name o' God, Sir Robert, and you Master Welsh, postpone your polemicks. Let us only conquer our liberties; and trust to the wisdom and piety of a Scottish Parliament, and a free Assembly. Then these discussions will be seasonable. Then battle them oot wi' a yer Scottish fire and eloquence. But it is absolute madness to battle polemicks thus, and waste oor energies and oor time, when the enemy is marching in strength, and is at oor very doors. Discord, discord is the ruin of this host!"

Bailey Wardlaw next mounted on a chair to address the meeting: "April day is past some time, and yet it seems to me this day, as if a' the gowks frae the Wast, and the South were pipin' awa amang us. It's perfect madness, Sirs. Ye're rinnin' yer heads fu' tilt against the enemy's batteries. And when bullets to yer breasts, and bludy ropes to yer necks, and bootikins and thumbscrews to yer limbs—then, my certie, ye'll bless the day ye laubered in thae maist edifyin' discussions! Rouse up, my kintrymen! Shake of this deadlie glameroch frae yer senses. First conquer the foemen; plant the scarlet and blue flag on the ramparts o' Embro'. Then, then sit ye doon on Arthur's seat, if ye like, wi' auld Reeky at yer feet, and tak yer bellyfu' o' polemicks, and thir kind o' gear! And you, Master Welsh, I speak na o' yer tenets; I'm hae polemick. It disna suit my constitution to talk polemicks!

My worthy mother did na bring me forth to be a man o' strife, and a man o' contention to the haile earth! But we, Glasgow men, ay ken the souch o' common sense. And *ae unce o' common sense*, we Glasgow bodies say *is worth ae pund o' Clergy*. Noo, common sense tells me that the *indulgence*, the '*black* indulgence,' my canny friend ower the way ca's it;—I shanna stap at this present time to inquire intil the complexion, be it black, white, or grey; but this, weel I ween, ye can nae mair separate it, in theory and practice, frae the *supremacy* o' the crown, in a' eccle-siastical matters, than ye can separate soul frae body, in the leevin man! or malice, and the spirit o' mischief frae the essence o' the deil! Your acceptance o' that saam *in-dulgence*, my friens, is a bowin' doon to the *calf* verily, and the ca'ing it the Lord ower yer consience, and ower yer office sacerdotal. Ye profess to deny it,—'tis true: but it is sheer hypocrisy, my masters, to deny it *in words*, while ye uphaud it wi' baith hauns. Noo, sirs, if ye did deny it, in *practice*, and in *deed*; could ye accept the resumption o' yer ministerial office, frae the haun o' '*divine supremacy*,' that e'en taks it frae ye, and e'en gie's it back to you; to play aff its impudent intrusion intil the hoose o' God, and show its cloven foot frae under the ill put on robe o' the sons o' light?

"And this is na a'. If ye be willing, my masters, to peril yer souls, in this matter, we winna quarrel wi' ye at a' for that. Gang e'en yer ways to some other quarter o' the land: draw up yer forces, and fecht yer ain fecht! We formed oor armie here: we were the other day, a' o' ae mind; we hae sent oot oor Rutherglen Declaration. If ye dinna like it, in the name o' heaven, leave us. We winna, and we shanna cram it doon yer throats. You, you cam intil this camp; you found us in peace; you began this vile brulzie. Oh! but, my certes! yer worthy faither, and that divine auld man, yer grandfaither, John Welsh, wadna hae dune sic deeds! Wad yer grandfaither hae thwarted and bamboozeled gude godly JOHN KNOX o' glorious memory? Wad he hae thrown ane apple o' dis-cord intil the camp o' the Reformers, and the Lords o' the congregation? Let the men o' the godly toon o' Ayr, tell what he and his were amang them. Wad they hae been Achans? Wad they hae been troublers in Israel? Ye hae been preachin' and prayin', that's weel eneuch:

preachin' and prayin' are gude things in their places. But ye wad preach and pray, when ye ocht to be fechting. Wot ye, that ye can stop the roarin' fiery mouth o' Monmouth's big guns, by yer windy argument and lang prayers?"

Young Blachan and master Hume here muttered something about lukewarmness, and called the speaker an '*old Laodicean.*"

"Youngster!" said the Bailey, after pausing a moment, "I had read my Bible, ay! and my Homer too, when ye were girnin' and greetin' in yer nurse's airms. And for *Laodicean* Sir, I am ane honest Glasgowegian, and ken gude mainners. But no to be enlarged on thae cobwebs o' young speeders, which entangle flees only, I shall pursue my argument. I said that you are oor assailants. Ye found us in perfect peace amang oorsels; and ye hae set the army by the lugs! And, allowing that wisdom is wi' you, and that we are a' feuls, in the name o' Heaven, why dinna ye let matters and things alone, in yer wisdom, until the battle be foucht. It's time to red mairches, and to weed oot the weeds, when the balmy sunshine o' peace sleeps on oor green fields. Oh! the times! Oh! the manners! Ye hae kindled the war in oor camp; and still ye blaw the flames! and the enemy is at haun. His red cross streams frae the heights o' the Shotts: and we sit here in oor soul distracting debates, lik a pack o' deils, wranglin' in pandemonium: or else we drive aboot the kintry side, lik a wheen daunderd deemons, cast oot o' their warm nests, and wanderin' ower wet places, and dry places, seekin' rest, and findin' nane! And, och my kintry! ruin, wi' her bludy wings, hovers ower us. And Welsh, and Hume, and Shagertou, are the *avant couriers* o' the craiken ravens whilk wull devoor oor flesh, and pick oor banes!"

Master Welsh started up in burning wrath to reply, but the tumult of the assembly drowned his voice. Master Hume rose next; he also could not find a hearing.

The Bailey once more rose amid the cheers, and the hisses of foes and friends tumultuously mingled. But his enemies were speedily reduced to silence.

"Ye men o' the *indulgence* and o' *erastianism*, I hae said it, and I'll mak it gude, ye're not only not richt hearted men, but ye're some o' ye, e'en spies and traitors to the good auld cause."

"Your proof, your proof, Bailey Wardlaw. It is the blackest slander."

"My prufe is e'en forthcomin', my masters, if ye wad e'en just haud yer gabs a wee giffy. My prufe! did ye e'er hear o' a Glasgow man, no to say a Glasgow Bailey, advance oucht in the way o' a charge, afore he was cocksure o't; and had ane host o' prufe and arguments, sharp as gun shot. Haud ye there! my youngsters! Ye maun eat a bow o' yett meal afore ye can tye up my hauns, and possess meikle more gumpshion, ere ye catch a canny auld Bailey trippin.

"I say, then there are Achans in the camp, men o' blude. I dinna mean you, just yet, Burly, that ye should cock up at me, thae skellyin e'en, at that gaite. I leave the settlin o' that maitter to my gallant frien' there," and he pointed to Torfoot; "I mean thae men wha distract us wi' their abominable wranglings: and I mean certain men, at least the leader o' a troop o' horse; wha was at Pentland fecht, but on the wrang side o' the text, that day; and wha shed the blude o' the saunts. Why is it that the honest Whigs canna hae their ain camp, and their ain grund, in their ain quarrel free, and allenarly to themsels?"

"Name it oot, Bailey, name him oot whilk ye allude to!"

"There stands he," cried the resolute Bailey, his zeal getting the better of his prudence for a moment, "there is he, wi' een lowin' lik twa farthing candles aneath his cloudy eye brows; that's he by the side o' my gallant frien', Ure o'Shargartin, and young Blachan; you I mean, *Tam Weir*, o' the Greenrigg, who foucht, that waefu' day, under the banner o' the incarnate de'el, Dalziel, wi' the blouzin' mane at his chin! It was Tam, there, wha hashed and hacked doon the brave Galloway men, wha were weary and faint afore they entered the battle ground." Ye ken, Tam, wham ye murdered, that day? Hae na the angry spirits o' thae murdered men, mair than aince, leuked oot frae the clud o' nicht, on yer sleepless hoors, and troubled yer conscience?"

Before this sentence was finished, Weir was rushing with his toledo on the Bailey, but his friends threw themselves in before the raging traitor. The Honest party now demanded, clamorously, that Weir should be driven from

the camp, with all his blackguard troops. The Erastian party was as loud and clamorous that he should be retained; and they stoutly maintained that he was, to say the least, as honest a man as BURLY!

Scarcely had these words reached the air, when Burly threw off his horseman's cloak, drew out his broadsword, and challenged "every soul and mother's son o' them, wha had oucht against him, to fair argument, or honorable personal combat. I did the deed ye allude to, ye fause hearted loons! and I'll mak gude the defence o't, against ilka tory, wi' cauld steel, or pistol bullet."

A hundred began to vociferate all at once, and to brandish their swords and their fists.

While this was going on, Burleigh Stewart, with Master James, and a party of our young Glasgow Bridge heroes, arrived in the camp. They had been rendering a solemn duty to the memory of some of the martyrs. They had taken down the heads, the hands, and limbs of some of them, which had for years, been bleaching in the sun and rain, on the gates of the cities; and had laid them with honours, in the grave. They had also buried those who had been killed in the skirmish before the barrier, at the cross of Glasgow; and whose bodies had, with the manners befitting a barbarous age, been exposed with indignity by the soldiers for several days, in the street where they had fallen. Having seen what was going on, Burleigh, and Master James, seized Bailey Wardlaw by the hand, and beckoning to Cargill, Douglas, and Cleland, and some of the officers, they led them out to a little knoll, in great anguish of mind.

"We are lost: we are utterly ruined!" This was all that Burleigh could utter in the bitterness of his soul.

"It is e'en sae," cried Torfoot; "oor fierce debates occupy all oor attention; oor men are deserting us, in great numbers, ilka day. All is lost: did I for ane, follow the inclinations o' my ain breast, I should retire also; but I shall remain, and let my bones bleach in thae wilds. Oh! my kintry! I hear in thae heartless debates, thy moaning voice, and help and relief we can bring none; God has ta'en awa' oor courage and oor wisdom." And he sat down in deep distress. Cargill stood motionless, like one struck dumb, with confusion and horror; who

sees ruin impending over the heads of his friends, but has neither the means nor the power to bring relief.

Meanwhile the angry and clamorous debatings waxed louder and louder, and the unparalleled scene was, for a brief space, strangely and suddenly interrupted. As the eyes of our small party on the knoll, were bent on the scene of confusion with intense pains, a Carrick man inadvertently had touched the trigger ef his musquetoon, as he was slinging it round, it went off, and the ball grazed the breast of his captain. It made only a slight flesh wound. The captain, in the true style of the *genius perfervidus* of Scotchmen, who seldom stop to listen to causes and reasons in the first transports of their fury, threw himself, sword in hand, on the luckless soldier, and he was pursuing him with the looks and gestures of a madman. The soldier was galloping, in his turn, with all the eagerness of one flying from a deadly enemy; and Sir Robert, with a small party, was in full chase after the captain. He had witnessed the accident, and his humanity was pleading with the captain for the poor fellow's life.

The course of the Carrick man lay directly through the midst of the eager polemicks, who were fiercely disputing with tongue and brandished steel. They galloped *pell mell* over their heads, and upset the whole argument, und the stoutest man, to boot.

Burly lay sprawling by the side of Weir, Welsh, and Hume, and no small number of the "honest" were mixed up in a heap, with the Erastians. Burly felt more astonishment than fear: he lay, at first, for a brief space, under the horsemen's feet; and raising up his brawny arms, and his buff gauntlet, over his uncovered head, with its red hair bristling on ends, he demanded, in the name of heaven, what all this could possibly mean.

"Are Clavers aud Monmouth on us already; or is the very lift falling upon us?" cried he.

Then starting to his feet, and gathering back his long streaming hair, with looks of terror, from his face, he raised his hands over his eyes, and strained each eyeball with intense eagerness to ascertain the true state and condition of things. Having speedily satisfied himself, and seeing Sir Robert Hamilton throwing himself in between the captain and the soldier, to save the man's life, he turned

him composedly round to his disconcerted comrades, and without waiting to adjust his clothes, or to put on his steel cap, he singled out his Erastian antagonist, and fixing his eyes of fire on him, he pursued his argument, and his boisterous denunciations, as if no accident had befallen them.

"That's in prime style," cried the Bailey, as he looked on; "though Claverse wi' his troops, spurred on by the very deel himsel, were to gallop ower their heads, chop full o' fause logic and polemicks, they'll argue, and wrangle, and wag their tongue, while they hae heads to wag them in."

Meantime, Welsh and Hume withdrew, and their adherents followed them. They formed a dense circle around them, and continued their arguments and vituperations. The other party also withdrew, and went to the north side of the muir; they were the majority. They had scarcely begun to deliberate, when the Erastian party sent to them a message, requesting to be admitted to a conference. A message was returned, that they had wished to withdraw entirely from these angry debates. The messenger instantly returned, bearing a threat that they would withdraw from the field, and carry off all their horse and infantry. Sir Robert replied, "Ye caana bring us better news; withdraw, and restore us peace; we canna descend intil the battle by yer sides; yer presence, wi' thae heartless disputes, paralyses oor airms."

Hume and Welsh came in person, and offered the outlines of a plan, and proposed that a committee be appointed to draft a declaration, or manifesto, which would meet all their views. After a short consultation, the HONEST party agreed to this, and permitted the whole leading men of that party to enter the barn where they sat, and to take their places, in council, with them, with their præses and clerk.

While the officers and men were about to proceed to business, an express came to Sir Robert, stating that a party of his friends, on their way to join him, had been beset by the foemen, and were in a perilous situation. The messenger cast an expressive look on Welsh and Hume, who, in their turn, looked around on their officers. Sir Robert, whose servant was always at hand, with his horse

saddled, was in a moment on horseback, with his attendants, and prepared to follow the messenger. Not one of the Erastians stirred; they muttered something about hazard and unequal numbers. Sir Robert called on the men, who had attached themselves to that party, to follow him. None of them stirred from the places where they stood. "Then stay ye here *in safety*," cried Hamilton, "we want no coward loons by oor side. Come, my gallants," said he, as he looked around on his own friends, "I will lead you to the spot where oor comrades are fighting the enemy." Upon this, a company of Teviotdale men presented themselves, and giving him a hearty cheer, as they placed themselves by the Clydesdale and Avendale men, they bade him lead them on where he chose. By degrees the Galloway men fell in, and they moved on at quick march to the Duke's park, and took thence the way to Butterburn Brigg.

But old Major Carmichael came up at full gallop, and announced to them, that "it was a *ruse de guerre* allenarly!

"I wull tell you, Sir Robert," cried he, "I heard the whole plan laid. I was takin' my yill and my tass o' brandy, in lucky Sarah Jean's inn, last evening, and I heard yer saunts, Welsh and Hume, talk the haile scheme ower. Trow, Sir Robert, but ye dinna ken the deeps and the cunning o' the Erastian bodies. But the other sabbath they sent Master King, that braw meikle gausy chiel, (it's a pity to see sic a strappin body o' a man thrown awa in a bit minister crater,) and a' the love o' the godly people along wi' him, off on a gowk's chase to Glasgow, and thence to Compsie, to fray awa' the soldiers, and the militia wha neer had assembled in that quarter; and in the saum mainer, they hae gotten you and your friends there, oot o' the way; and, my life for it, they'll hae *the Declaration* a' ready forthwith, a sweepin' Erastian ane too, it wull be, my certie! And mair than this, in your absence, they wull hae it published at the cross o' Hamilton, wi' a toot o' the trumpet."

"A' this may be e'en as ye say, my worthy auld frien; but I maun see by personal inspection, if my Westlan' comrades, amang whom I am prood to rank, my gallant and worthy relative Gordon o' Earlston, be not, in truth,

exposed to the assaults o' the foemen: and I shall hasten back. Meantime do you, Major, speedily return, and watch thae sons o' Belial."

"By the haly cause, that I wull du, e'en by steel and hemp, if need be. I hae yer orders then, to head and hang them, if I catch them in the act, and I shall gang tu work lik yer Claverse, or yer Dalziel, in the maiter anent the richts we claim. Hurra! thus does the world wag! The royal troops compel my conscience; I, in turn, compel their's. But then I am richt, and they are wrong. It's only the wrong that persecutes; it's only the richt that's persecuted."

"Have done, Major, with your string of paradoxes: old soldiers are poor blin theologians, therefore you should ne'er touch nor handle polemicks. Yet, after a' Major, you ken better. Away to your post, lest they steal a march on you."

Sir Robert soon learned that it was a false rumour. He met a division of the Galloway men, and they went forward to the council.

In the discussions which took place, Cargill and Sir Robert proposed that the Manifesto about to be issued, should be based on the Rutherglen Declaration; that, at present, it should neither disown, nor yet positively acknowledge the power of the tyrant's advisers; under whom they groaned. This healing measure was utterly disconcerted by Laird Dick the clerk of the Erastian meeting; who, in his utter thoughtlessness, let out an important secret, "that the Manifesto or Declaration *was made and penned already!*" Some of his party instantly rebuked him. Others ventured flatly to deny it. The worthy scribe waxing hot, and being indignant that his truth should be assailed, rose up, and presenting the paper, actually began to read it.

"That's fause! Master Dick," cried Weir of Greenrigg.

"Fause! sir;" replied the Laird in a voice like thunder, "By the heavens! ye ken that your soul is fause! And ye ken that I hae spoken treuth. You voted for this saam Declaration, ye saw it penned; And, mairover, for I wull tell the treuth and shame e'en the deel, no just meanin' you, Greenrigg, it was read this day at the Cross o' Hamilton by Welsh and Hume: it was sent to Glasgow: and it is actually printed; and by trusty, and swift messen-

gers it is by this time, put up in black and white, in the maist public places of the adjacent cities and toons. Shame fa' yer deception. My father's son shanna lie, nor prevaricate anent it."

Major Carmichael entered while Laird Dick was on his feet. And as soon as the Laird had done, the Major observed that he had spoken truth. "Sir Robert," continued he, raising his voice, "We hae the veriest pack o' knaves here, oot o'—oot o'—France—no to say a waur word. As soon as I left you, after the bit o' military information I gie'd you, and whilk also ye hae, by this time, found to be ower true; I hied me doon the gate, ower the break neck, crooked streets o' this toon o' Hamilton, I bethought me that a chappin o' Lucky Jean's best brandy, micht hae a salutary effect on the courage o' ane auld soldier, in this saum spiritual warfare, in whilk yer honour had airmed him. And whom, think ye, I met, at the door, but een Master Welsh, wi' Master Hume, whom ye noo see present here afore you. They had their bit paper in their haun: and their bit inkhorn at their coat button; and their bit goose feather in their hat band. They were in the very act o' committin' treason. They were in their way to the Cross to read their bit nonsense o' composition. Said I to my self cannily, I shall just let ye tak yer ain gaite for ainee. And I shall be in yer wake forthwith, if Lucky Jean be as expert as usual in handing oot her stoup o' liquor as she used to be. Weel, I had scarcely washed the stoor doon my throat; and had mustered a decent party o' honest men to *back* me, for an old soldier wull yield the *front* to nane, when I perceived by the movements at the Cross that it was time I was there. We hurried us doon. I found Masters Welsh and Hume already on the steps o' the Bilboe; and Master Hume was actually clearing his thrapple; and screwin' up his mooth, and his cheek muscles to the screaming pitch. He uttered ae sentence, for the damage o' whilk, I manna be accountable. I wanted to hae just the prufe o' the fact, as weel as his mintin." I then seized him by the collar sae tichtly that the sentence in his thrapple died awa into a kind o' a gollar. Stop, man, said I, nane o' this hypocrisy; ye're caught in the very act, *in ipso facto, crimine flagrante*, o' vile Erastianism; the nature o'whilk it's no the exact province o' ane auld soldier o' Gustavus Adolphus,

to tak on him to define. It's enouch to me that I ken it to be deadlie treason against sound Whiggism, and the gude common sense o' a' mankind. Come on to yer betters, gentlemen, to the Coort-martial. And if ye escape wi' ae hunner o' weel laid on clauts ower yer hurdies, I'll cry ye godly and lucky men! And here they are, general." And the old Major turned him to his party, and seizing each of them, without much ceremony, he dragged them into the circle of the Council, and delivered them to his officers.

The whole assembly was thrown into the utmost confusion. The Preses had no longer any power, and all his attempts to reduce the obstreperous members to order, or to still the fierce outcry, were utterly unavailing. He instantly left the chair, and the Council dispersed.

Late on Saturday, the twenty-first of June; when the two parties had now been debating, on the best plan of a public manifesto, without fixing the full command in the hands of Sir Robert, or investing him with the necessary powers and authority over all the divisions of the army; and to the unpardonable neglect of laying in a sufficiency of provisions, and ammunition for the troops; a message was brought to the tent of Sir Robert, that "a Committee of three honest men had been appointed," by the other party: and begging that "byganes micht be byganes; that thae three men Masters Ferguson of Kaitloch; Cunningham of Bedland; and Mess Andrew Morton, would meet any three whom he, or the Council should name, to draft, and determine on the public statement of the grounds of the present quarrels.

Sir Robert promptly acceded to this; being resolved to leave no means untried to redeem the past errors, and loss of time; and to make head against the approaching enemy. And he yielded the more readily to this proposition, because in appointing three of the most judicious and moderate men of their party, the Erastians had indicated a desire to be reconciled; and to turn their combined arms against the enemies of their country, instead of plunging them into the bowels of their brethren.

The Whigs appointed Sir Robert Hamilton, together with Hackston of Rathillet, and father Cargill, to meet the three gentlemen on the other side. They met; and about midnight they resolved that the whole affair, with the papers and documents, should be entrusted to Masters Cargill, and

Morton. And these ministers were charged to report their "Information," next morning. "And, remember ye, my Master," said Sir Robert to the member of his committee, Cargill; "let there be nae dastardly crouching at the Tyrant's feet; if ye mak up yer mind to communicate with Monmouth; let there be nae acknowledgment o' usurped power; nae compromising o' the cause o' oor Kintry, and the Kirk."

CHAPTER XII.

"The bands are ranked, the chosen van,
The full of hope, misnamed 'forlorn;'
Who hold the thought of death in scorn,
And win their way with falchion's force,
Or pave the field with many a corse,
O'er which the following brave may rise,
Their stepping stone the last who dies."—BYRON.

AT the gray dawn of morning, June 22, 1679, the enemy put his whole forces in motion. They were, at least, ten thousand strong. The infantry moved forward in fourteen divisions: the cavalry in five detachments, besides the troop of the Life Guard. Their flags floated proudly in air. The trumpets and bugles of the cavalry sounded the long and fierce note, and the kettle drum sent its hollow doublings on the breeze like the distant thunder of a calm summer's morning. At three o'clock A. M. the dragoons approached toward Bothwell Bridge, from the west side of Bothwell Kirk. The Life Guards marched forward in grand and imposing style. It was a splendid troop. Four companies followed far in the rear; and considerably on their left, marched the troop called Duke William's. The infantry, meantime, appeared at first faintly, but more and more plainly as the morning dawned, about one mile East of the cavalry, and they moved slowly North-West: the Clyde being close on their left flank.

Sir Robert, on whom the chief command now devolved, though, indeed, it was too late to do any thing efficiently, his hands having been tied up, at the time when he could

have acted with effect, had his men drawn up in eleven divisions; the centre of the front line being opposite the East end of Bothwell Bridge, and about twenty-four yards distant from it. The lines were drawn up parallel to the banks of the Clyde. The front line of his army consisted of six grand divisions, a considerable distance intervening between each other's right and left flanks. The second line of the army consisted of five great divisions; each of which was arranged opposite the space intervening between the divisions of the first line; so that, by the marching up of the rear line, the whole army would have been made to consist of one long solid column.

Sir Robert had taken care that the barrier, in the centre of Bothwell Bridge, should be well secured. He had placed, for this purpose, a strong guard over night, at the Bridge. And at midnight, perceiving by the watch lights, that the enemy was in motion, he sent down three troops, in addition to the former guard, under the command of his bravest and most experienced officers, Hackston, Hall of Haughhead, and Turnbull. The gallant Fowler, and also Torfoot were with Hackston. Ure of Shargarton, at the head of his courageous and well equiped men from Kippen, took his station, close on Clyde, by the west side of the Bridge. And, though he favoured the Erastian party, there was not, perhaps, another man in all the Whig army, who fought more gallantly, or did more that day, to turn the tide of battle. These brave men were under arms all night. Captain Paton, an accomplished officer of the school of Gustavus Adolphus, and one who had fought under Charles I., took his station on "the bell of the brae," above these troops, at the head of his brave and hardy men from Fenwick, Galston, and Newmilns. The enemy had planted his cannon near the West end of the Bridge. The Whigs had only one cannon in complete order. That was placed to sweep the Bridge. They had a few muskets of a large construction, designed to be played from a frame. B[illegible] their frames being out of order, they were rendered u[nfit] useless at this time.

After a few hours of troubled sleep, fo[r] been, for several days, in a state of dist[ress] bert was mounted; and was galloping fr[om] exhorting, and entreating them, individu[ally]

glorious struggle to retrieve their honour, and to redeem what they had so ingloriously lost. He reminded them that all was, that day, at stake; their wives, their bairnes, their kintry, and the haly cause of God: that the eyes of the world were on them; that the doings of that day would live in history; that generations, yet unborn, would name their names, and laud their memory, and bless the men who fought for Scottish liberty, and the Kirk of God! But, all this had no impression on many regiments. The fiery spirits of the Erastian party still held on, tumultuously, their protracted, and most scandalous debatings. And they were encountered, with equal fierceness on the part of the *ultra* Whigs.

Burly alone, the head of *the ultras*, had abandoned them. And he was, in the meantime, galloping over the field from Cadzow Burn, to Yernock Burn, in search of his troop. They had, by the order of the war council, most unfortunately, been encamped *four* miles from the rest of the army. And, in true character, being more bent on the debatings, than the prudent preparations for battle, he had left them, that morning, in order to exercise himself in polemicks. He had, indeed given instructions to them to follow him, in a few hours. But they had not been attended to: and his troop was not to be found. He placed himself, at last, beside Hackston: and waited the result.

Monmouth moved slowly on: this humane nobleman, whose heart had a strong inclination to favour the cause of liberty, had permitted, or perhaps had, it is supposed, instructed Lord Melvill, who was in his camp, te send a message to the camp of the Whigs, secretly urging them to submit, and come in his power, on favourable terms. It is evident from his movement, at any rate, that he expected a message from the Whigs, which might avert the blood shed and the miseries of a battle. But there was no evidence that he would certainly listen to them: and still less evidence that he would, or even could redress a single grievance. Besides, this secret message, it is said, was sent to the factious party, and the minority, in the camp. Nothing came fairly before the Council of officers. Whatever, therefore, may have been the intentions of Monmouth, this proposition, if it actually came from him, as Lady Melvill did, indeed, show, afterwards, in a document signed by Mon-

mouth, it had all the effect of fomenting the divisions in the Whig camp, and of embarrassing their movements on the eve of the battle. It had, of course, all the effects of the mission of a spy, sent into the camp of the Whigs to induce disaffection, and troubles, and ruin.

On the right of Monmouth, as he halted on Bothwell Muir, was Claverse at the head of his strong squadron of the Life Guards, breathing fury, and uttering vows of deepest vengeance. Young Lord Livingston led on the van.

General Hackston had placed a strong detachment on the banks of the Clyde, above the bridge, as the enemy had indicated a disposition to ford the river there. And he strengthened his guard behind the barrier on the bridge. He also had a large brass cannon placed so as to rake the other end of the bridge. The enemy directed a strong force to carry the barrier, and clear the way across the river. But the fire of Hackston's men drove them back. Livingston attempted to throw a detachment over, by fording the Clyde. But a deadly fire maintained against them by the Whigs, on the opposite back defeated the enterprise. Again the enemy made the attempt, under a discharge of their cannon, which were planted a little above the bridge. But again they were repelled. Livingston brought a party with a few howitzers near the end of the bridge. Hackstone directed the attention of the old gunner, (belonging to the Glasgow footmen,) to this battery. One well directed fire dismounted these guns: and the soldiers fled from the spot with precipitation.

Whilst affairs were being thus far, successfully carried on, Major Learmont and Hackston sent an express to Sir Robert, to come to their assistance in person, if possible, with three troops of horse, or of infantry. And while the general was busied in issuing his orders to that effect, and urging them forward with all diligence, and was in the act of delivering his instructions to Captain Paton to advance with his gallant troops, a messenger from the Erastian party pressed forward to him, and drawing him aside, presented to him an open paper, purporting to be the Report of the Committee of Cargill and Morton. It was a foul deception. It was no other than the Erastians' humble supplication, to be presented to the Duke of Monmouth, in compliance, with his message through Lord Melville, proposing

submission on any terms, even on the ruin of their liberties, and the independence of the Kirk. In the tumult and clamorous demand for his presence at the Bridge, before the enemy should force it; the messenger pressed him to lose no time in signing the paper. Relying on the tried fidelity of Cargill, and taking the word of Blackadder, who stood by, and who undoubtedly believed, at the time, what he uttered, that it was written by Cargill; that it was a patriotic testimony, and a faithful one, against the errors, and ruinous measures of the times; that it was the special desire and request of that tried man that he should sign it; and believing, moreover, that his compliance would be a healing measure, Sir Robert instantly subscribed the paper, and hurried into the midst of his men.

As soon as he perceived from the rising ground where he stood, that the cannon of the enemy were dismounted, and the party who had brought them up, flying; he despatched M'Lelland of Barscob, and Major Carmichael, with two troops of horse, to unite themselves with Captain Paton's troop, to pass the bridge, and charge the enemy. But just as these gallant men had advanced to the bridge, and were about to pass it, Master Hume, and Laird Murdock galloped up, and stated to Barscob, and his associates, that it was the will of the General, that they should not cross the bridge, nor fire on the enemy, until they should see the result of the "*Supplication*," which they were bearing to Monmouth. And unfortunately, notwithstanding the orders which they had, a few moments before, received from the lips of their commander, they listened to them.

The soldiers who had retreated from the guns, finding that the Whigs did not follow up the advantage they had gained, returned to the guns. And as the drum beat a parley, Hume and Murdock, (together with Welsh in disguise,) bearing a flag, were conducted to the presence of the Duke.

He was surrounded by his chief officers, who appeared to expect some submission of this kind. The Duke heard them with marked politeness, until they had done speaking. Then looking on them with a bitter smile, demanded whether they owned *Rutherglen Declaration*. "God forbid!" said Master Hume with an appropriate groan, and solemnity of grimace: the very idea of such a suspicion on his

Grace's part, seeming to throw him into a fit of the hysterics. The officers smiled, and nodded to each other. Not being aware of the dissentions among the Whigs, they set this down as an act of cowardly abandonment of all that they had done. They were persuaded that the whole body of the Whigs was panic struck. And Dalziel, who was present, (though not in the character and rank which he held afterwards in the royal army,) whispered to the Duke, "Ye see weel that the rascallions, are smitten wi' terror. For that is as great a lee, as e'er a psalmsinging Whigamore uttered, though it's his very trade to deal in lees. There's nae believin' a word they'll say."

The duke looking earnestly on them, demanded with an air of surprise, "What then own ye?"

"HAMILTON DECLARATION, an' it lik yer grace: here it is, may it please yer grace." And he muttered out the last sentence of that paper, which closed with "God save the King," as he glanced his eyes over it, and put it into the duke's hands.

"It's enough," said Dalziel, and he nodded with a bitter sneer to Claverhouse; "yer Grace noo sees, I houp, that thae wretches are smitten and bowed doon to the very yird, wi' deepest terror! They hae gien up their cause; they'll sing oot 'God save the King,' until they get their backsides again to a hill side, or on a moss hagg, and are aince mair fructifyin' under the godly grainins o' their hypocrite priests."

Welsh bit his lips; Hume coloured up to the very brow; and Murdoch laid his hand on his sword hilt, as he passed his eyes over Dalziel's face and Claverse's: "Meet we on the Haughs o' Hamilton, or the Muir yonder."

"Silence!" said the duke with a gruff voice, as he continued earnestly reading the paper.

"I shall give you no cessation of arms," said he, when he had finished; "nor will I listen to any terms of peace or treaty whatever, unless ye lay down your arms, every soul and mother's son of you. My terms are unconditional surrender, but you may rely on my clemency, and I shall grant you half an hour," and he looked at his watch, "and no more. You have leave to retire," he added, as he bowed with a condescending air, and a very sweet smile; "guards, reconduct these men, in safety, to the

bridge, and wait half an hour for their reply. Gentlemen, march." And each officer hastened to the head of his men, and moved on towards the bridge.

"My benison licht on yer petition and yer *humble supplication*," said Laird Murdoch, with biting sarcasm, as he rode along with his crest fallen brethren; "but e'en sae comes it o' priests intermeddlin wi' political and military affairs. I think, my masters, it wad hae dune ye baith some gude, had ye been blessed wi' this hearty welcome frae the royal deuk, afore yer fruitful debatings in oor ain council; ye noo see what kind o' men ye hae to deal wi'. But it's in true Scotchman lik style; ay wise ahint haun. Sir Robert, I say, my masters, is right, after a' oor bickerings and hard sayings against him. Ye may gang yer ways, and gather up yer bit answer in half an hour. For me, by heaven! I declare it, I will this instant hie me to the general, much abused as he is, and let him into the haile secret, e'en the breadth and length o' this deception. Had the result been oor personal ruin, it wad hae been naething; e'en as vanity, weighed against the everlasting mountains. But I see it: it wull involve Presbyterianism, and oor kintry, in longer and deeper distress. Most deplorably hae we missed it. The doings o' the misspent and abused days o' oor debatings and treachery, throws the deliverance o' oor kintry and the kirk, far, far back: oor discord has strengthened the foe, and ruined us. But for ane, if I can redeem my character and my sacred honour, by my life, this day I'll no grudge to cover the ground I shall occupy, wi' this body. I shall seek the presence o' the general, and I will exhort him to fecht, as lang as ane o' us can move an arm, and raise a stump. Troth! I hae been maist foully imposed on, ye traitorous loons and Erastians."

By this time they had reached the bridge, and the laird, unable to contain his wrath, galloped up to Sir Robert, and announced to him, and the rest of the officers, the result of their expedition: he stated the demands of Monmouth, and the whole manner of their reception, the nature of the paper presented to him, the humiliating speech of Master Hume, and the contempt poured on them.

The officers and troops, as if by one consent, waved

their hats and shouted, "We hae nae reply to sic demands and sic indignity. GOD AND OOR KINTRY! VICTORY OR DEATH! Lead us on: and may God stand by the richt."

The enemy had not lost a moment of the half hour's truce: he had been viewing the ground, planting his guns, and arranging his troops; and before the half hour was expired, Hackstone commenced a brisk fire. It was promptly returned. Again the old gunner, by a well directed shot of his brass gun, dismounted a large gun of the enemy; and a shower of bullets, from the whole line of the Covenanters, drove the soldiers from the bridge. Barscob and Carmichael were again ordered to cross the bridge, if possible, and charge the enemy thus thrown into confusion. The two troops of horse advanced; two troops of infantry took the lead under Hackston; Sharger-ton and his brave men joined them; but a tremendous fire from the enemy's battery of long guns, made them reel, and presently the enemy pushed his troops up again, with a view to carry the bridge. They had advanced near to the barrier: again the brass cannon, and the musquetry of Hackstone and Cleland's men, broke their column and drove them back. For one hour they kept the enemy in check: every attempt to cross the river, above the bridge was also defeated. The younger Lord Livingston pushed for-ward another column to storm the bridge. The line of the former advanced in all the military glory of brave and beautiful men; the horses pranced, the armour gleamed, the trumpet rung the war note on the soldier's ear, the martial music roused the fierce spirit in their bosoms, and strung each nerve for venturous daring. "Revenge for our comrades, at Drumclog," was the watch word. The Whigs had, the while, dragged their brass cannon close to the barrier. They reserved their fire till the enemy was near, and at the signal, the gunner, and the whole line of mus-quetry, fired: in one moment that imposing spectacle was annihilated. Nothing was seen, when the heavy dun cloud of smoke rolled away, but a shocking mass of mortality; human limbs, and the limbs and bodies of horses, were mingled in a heap, or blown to some distance.

Meantime, while the advanced guard of the Whigs were thus engaged, Hamilton was labouring to bring down the

different divisions of the main body into action. But in vain he called on Cleland's troop; in vain he ordered Henderson's to fall in; in vain he called on Fleming's. Hackston, and Cleland, and Henderson, and Fleming, like gallant men, flew from troop to troop; Balfour was again galloping over the field, seeking his men. All was confusion. Hamilton besought, and entreated, and threatened. As if delivered over to infatuation by Heaven, great numbers yet raved, and declaimed, and debated. The Whigs turned their arms, in fierce hatred, that day, against their own vitals. Sir Robert mounted his horse, and rode along the lines, once more labouring to persuade them to their duty; he described the gallantry of their comrades before them at the bridge; he assured them that yet they could redeem their error; the enemy were reeling; the bridge is covered with their slain. The chaplains interposed to check the debates and treason of the Erastians. Douglas, and King, and Kid, spoke. Cargill mounted the platform; he preached peace and mutual forbearance. "Behold," cried he, "the banners of the enemy; hear ye not the firing of the foemen, and of oor brethren; will you permit them to fall? Will you permit the enemy to march over the dead bodies of your fathers, and brothers? hasten to their aid. Behold the waving flag of the covenant, see it's letters o' gowd. "CHRIST'S CROWN AND COVENANT." Hear ye not the wailings o' yer kintry, and the kirk o' God? My ain bairns hae forsaken me! my ain bairns hae turned their steel on my bowels! who wull go? For ane, I go to offer up my life in the fore front o' the battle. Sir Robert lead us on."

All the ministers and officers followed, amid a flourish of trumpets. But the great body remained to listen to the haranges of the factions. The brave Whigs, who had all this time stood the brunt of the battle, among whom, though of the Erastian faction, was the gallant Shargerton, began to feel the want of ammunition. They had sent again and again for a supply. Treachery, or a fatal error, had sent them, from a merchant in Hamilton, *a barrel of raisins*, instead of powder. The hearts of the officers sunk within them, as the head of the barrel was struck out.

Hackstone called his officers around him: "What must be done, my gallants!" cried he. "Conquer or die," was the reply, "we hae our swords yet." "Lead forward the

men, then, my brave comrades, to their places, and let the ensigns bear doon the *white* and the *scarlet* colours. "GOD AND OOR KINTRY," is the rallying word; and let us die, or redeem oor past errors."

The gallant Hackston rushed forward. The officers ran to their respective corps. They cheered their men. But they were languid, and dispirited. Their ammunition was nearly expended, and they seemed anxious to husband the little they had. They fought only with their carabines. Their brass cannon they could no longer load. This the enemy soon perceived; and he promptly seized the advantage offered him. A troop of horse was seen to approach the bridge. It was that of the Life Guards. The long white plume of Claverhouse was recognized. They approached in rapid march; a solid column of infantry preceeded him; Captain Nesbit called Torfoot's and captain Paton's companies to the place where he stood. They overthrew the column of footmen, and charged the front line of the Life Guards. Their heavy swords rung on their steel caps. The troops were more skilful at the use of the sword; but the Whigs were giants in strength. Many brave men fell on each side; but the Whigs hewed down the foe with their gigantic strokes. The troops began to reel; the whole column on the bridge was left stationary. Claverse's voice was heard like the yell of the demon of the storm, amid the conflicting elements. He urged forward his men with impetuosity. Again the Whigs hewed down the fresh ranks. A third mass was urged upon them. The exhausted dragoons of the Whigs fled. Unsupported, the gallant officers found themselves alone. They looked for a moments' space on each other in silence: then galloped in front of their retreating men: they succeeded in rallying them: they pointed to the general bringing up a reserve: they pointed to the scarlet and blue standard floating near him: they uttered the watch word, "GOD AND OOR KINTRY!" It operated as a charm on their souls. They faced about. They directed their column on Claverse once more. "Torfoot, we can but die," cried the brave Nesbitt; "I challenge you, and Paton to the fore front of the battle." They rushed forward at full gallop. Their men seeing this, followed, also at full speed. They bore down on the enemy's line: and at the first shock overthrew

the files which they encountered. They cut their way through their ranks. And fought their way, sword in hand, back again. But by this time the enemy had gained the entire possession of the bridge; and were pouring their troops across it. They had lengthened their front line. Superior numbers soon drove our gallant friends in. Livingston and Dalziel were actually taking them on the flank: and a company had thrown themselves between them, and the infantry which Burly commanded. Ure of Shargarten and his gallant Kippen men came up to them. No men could have behaved more bravely. "Comrades!" cried Hackstone, "We are the last on the field, I think. We can du nae mair. We canna stand against ane haile army. We maun retreat to the main body. Let us see whether we cannot tempt the deluded men to battle by the sicht o' blude; and the steels o' their enemies. Ruin, ruin they hae brought on us and themsels. Not Monmouth, my gallant comrades; but oor bitter divisions hae ruined us!"

As Hackstone spoke these words with great agitation, a Life Guard's man aimed a blow at his head. Torfoot's sword received it: and a stroke from Nesbit laid the foeman's hand, and sword in the dust. He fainted, and tumbled from his saddle. They reined their horses and galloped up the "bell of the brae," to the main body.

CHAPTER XIII.

—— "At weapon point they close,
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air!
And as they left the darkening heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death!"

SIR W. SCOTT.

They found them drawn up in tolerable order, by the persevering exertions of Sir Robert, and captain Paton. "Huzza!" Rathillet shouted, "oor cause is na hopeless

yet, my gallants! oor powder is expended. We hae na fired a shot since we left the Bridge. But what o' that, my brave associates, there are those who can bear witness what we hae dune wi' oor swords. Onward! let ilka ane o' us a' try the virtue, the redeeming virtue o' oor hand-strokes." The gallant Shagerton drew his men, by way of ambush, into the hollow of a burn. Their ammunition was not expended, and they waited their opportunity to attack the enemy's flank. But as Hackstone and his officers were approaching the main body, and thus calling aloud to them, a sudden cry was raised from all the regiments and companies, that "*they were deserted by their officers*," that "*they were sold to the enemy.*" It was even so; the officers of the Erastian party had deserted their posts, and had put themselves into flight.

"*No, my brave men, you are not deserted,*" cried Hackston, with great presence of mind, as he galloped up, and placed himself at the head of one line; and waved his sword to his comrades, and pointed to each of them to take their place at the head of the other lines. This was promptly, and gallantly done.

Colonel Henderson, Major Learmont, Captain Paton, Major Carmichael, Colonel Cleland, Colonel Fleming, galloped along the lines, and called on their own inferior officers to take the command. Captain John Wilson, and captain Nichol, and Brownlee of Torfoot, with his Avendale men, and Tam Hamilton, with his noted greys, and James Hamilton, and John Richmond, promptly took their stations, and cheered the officers and their new companions.

"Fye! lads," cried Torfoot to his company, "let's to it. It may be hett wark. But whare nae danger is, there's nae glory to be reaped. It's ower true, it has been ane ill advised piece o' wark to let thae loons and knaves ower the Brigg on us. Ye manna blame us, hooever, my braw lads! It's puir wark, ye maun ken, to manage big guns without powder. And *raisins and feggs* are gude things eneuch in their place, but not to send yer pepperin' hail, and bullets in amang the shins o' the faeman. And wha wad propose the stappin' up o' the mouths o' their meikle guns, wi' oor swords! Come on, then, my gallants! Show us this day the mettle o' yer Scottish pasture. Show us that ye're the sons o' the brave, that whammeled the pockpuddin English-

ers in the days o' the Edwards! Let this again be the field o' Bannockburn: and let us, like the Wallaces and Bruces o' the day, gie them anither Bannockburn's skelpin. Here's for Scotland and Liberty, or death!" and the Laird waved his helmet high in air, as he shouted the spirit-stirring watch word.

The men replied in high spirits, with a loud cheer: the trumpet sounded the charge all along the line; they were just preparing in the finest order, to rush forward, sword in hand, on the enemy. But, alas! again the demon of treachery was abroad, consummating the mischief which the recent divisions had begun. Scarcely had the evils arising from the desertion of the officers, been thus nobly repaired, when another disaster befel them. *Weir of Greenrigg*, and another officer, whom Bailey Wardlaw had called spies and traitors; and who had been stationed in a fine position, near the centre of the army, marched forward without orders, then wheeled off to the left, and took up a position in front of the left wing. Sir Robert, with General Hackston, rode up to him and ordered him back to his former position. "For the Lord's sake," cried Sir Robert, "draw aboot, and gather up yer troops, or we shall a' be thrown into confusion, and lost.

"No, no!" cried the traitor, "we winna return. We were stationed yonder, wi' a view to be cut off."

"The traitorous knave," cried Hackston, "permit me, general, to cut him doon!"

"Just at this instant, the enemy commenced their firing. And without waiting to return the fire, Weir wheeled about his horsemen, drew off, four men in rank and file; then facing about to the army, and the foremost of his horsemen going out, and opening to the right hand thereof, on a sudden, the whole of the two troops, four men deep, and at their full length, wheeled toward the Whig footmen, on the left of the army, and rode through them at full gallop, and trod them down, or put the whole of them to confusion and flight."* These unfortunately pushed their confused masses on the reserved corps in the rear. And thence, in an instant, the whole of the left wing was lost irretrievably.

* See Hackston's and Sir Robert Hamilton's Letters, &c. in faithful contendings, p. 199, edition of A.D. 1780.

"By the haly cause! There go the haile triumviri," cried Hackstone, "Greenrigg, an old soldier of Dalziel, and Haddow, and Master Barclay! They formed a party o' their ain. They reilled the kintry; teuk gude quarters in oor name: went and came to us, as they pleased. They're traitors, Sir Robert, and they should hae been sent aff wi' hemp and steel, before they could hae executed this treachery."

The officers of the deranged wing attempted, in vain, to rally them. The panic struck men, who had never seen service, ran off with impetuosity. They were deaf to every entreaty. The chief part of their officers drew together, on a small knoll; for the ensign had there planted his flag. The battle raged below them; they saw their general doing every thing that a brave soldier could do, with factious men, and against a well-trained, and overpowering foe. Burly, who had found his troop, was in close conflict, sword in hand, with Claverse's dragoons. They saw him move in the raging of the battle, like the demon of a winter's storm. He dismounted three troopers in succession, with his own hand. He could not turn the tide of battle; but he and Shargarton were, with giant efforts, covering the retreat of the misguided men, who, too late, were bewailing their folly. Our party left the knoll to rejoin their comrades. A party of Claverse's dragoons threw themselves across their way; they formed, and received them. Kennoway, one of Claverhouse's officers, led them on. "Would to Heaven that this were our old friend again, to whom we paid our respects at Drumclog," cried some of them. "Wha e'er he be, he fa's to my share," replied the Laird of Torfoot, who happened to be opposite to him. They two advanced and met. They continued for sometime to parry each other's thrusts. Each of them, it was evident, was already exhausted by the vigorous duties of the day. The trooper received a slight cut on the left arm; and the sword glancing off the arm, cut off, by the same stroke, one of the horses ears. It plunged and reared. The combatants closed again. The Laird received a severe blow on his left shoulder; and at the same instant he struck the soldier on his sword arm. The trooper reined his horse around, retreated a few steps, wheeled about, and made a dash at his antagonist in an oblique line.

The Laird received the steel of his assailant on the back of his ferrara; and with a sudden back stroke, he made a deep cut on the soldier's cheek; and before he could recover a position of defence, the Laird's sword fell with a terrible blow on his steel cap. Stunned by the blow, he bent himself forward, and grasping the mane, he tumbled from his saddle, and his steed galloped over the field. The blow was not repeated; his left hand presented his sword; his right was disabled. His life was given to him. The Laird's companions had, ere this, also disposed of their antagonists; and some of them in a gallant style, had disposed of two a piece, rather by their muscular strength, than adroitness at the sword. Having rallied again, they paused to see the fate of the battle. Dalziel, and near him, Lord Livingston were riding over the field in great fury, cutting down all in their way. It was by this time a general rout; and now the carnage commenced. The miserable Whigs ran in all directions: and parties of the soldiers pursued them, without giving quarters. Monmouth was galloping from rank to rank, and sending his aids in all directions, and calling on his officers and men, and commanding them to spare their countrymen. Claverhouse resolved to wipe off the disgrace of Drumclog; and, actuated by the horrid spirit of revenge, was committing frightful havoc. As our party stood viewing this afflicting scene in silence, for a few moments, Haughhead inquired if it were not possible to bring the colonel of the Life Guards to a rencontre.

"The gallant colonel," replied Captain Paton, "takes care to have a solid guard of his rogues about him. I hae sought him, ower the field, but I found him, as I now see him, wi' a mass o' his invincibles about him." And he pointed to him, conspicuous by his long white plume. At that moment, they beheld their general, Sir Robert, at some distance on the field of battle, disentangling himself from a party of the enemy, and of his own men who had tumbled over him in the melé. They rushed forward to the spot to relieve him. His face, and hands, and clothes were covered with blood. He had been dismounted, and was fighting on foot. Our party cheered him, and drove
a scattered bands of Livingston.
"ave comrades" said Sir Robert, as they placed

him on a stray horse; "The day is lost. But you, gallant Paton, take wi' you Haughhead and Torfoot, and as many as you can number in this extremity, and let not that flag fall in the hands o' the incarnate deils! We *hae* lost the battle. But, by the grace o' God, no ane o' either Claverse, or Livingston's men shall hae it to say that they took oor Colours. My ensign has dune his duty. He is doon. This sword has saved the standard twice. I leave it to you, you see its perilous condition."

He pointed with his sword to the spot. Our party collected some of their scattered troops; and flew to the place. The standard bearer was down. But he still fearlessly grasped the flag staff, while it was borne upright by the mass of men who had thrown themselves in the fierce contest, around it. It was the scarlet and blue flag: its letters of gold flamed before us, "CHRIST'S CROWN, AND COVENANT." They were inspired with enthusiastic courage to redeem it. They gave a loud cheer to the wounded Ensign; and threw themselves upon the enemy. The flag was redeemed, and its redemption cost the foe many a gallant man. They fell beneath the heavy swords of the Covenanters: and with horrible execrations and blasphemies on their lips, they yielded up their souls into the hands of their Judge. In this conflict the Laird of Torfoot met the noted master spirit of Claverse's troop, Tam Halliday. He had in his raids, in Avendale, more than once plundered the Laird's house, and carried violence even to his fireside. Tam had just seized the white staff of the flag, with a tremendous oath of exultation. But the oath had scarcely passed the threshold of his lips, when the Laird's andro-ferrara fell on the guard of his steel, and shivered it to pieces.

"Recreant loon!" cried the Laird, "This day shalt thou remember thy evil deeds! thy hour is come!" and another blow fell on him as swiftly as did these words on his ears: and laid him at his huge length, gnashing his teeth, and biting the dust.

His comrade, Wattie Hepburn, saw him fall, and rushed with a loud shout to his aid. Ludleigh Stewart caught a glance of [illegible] across his [illegible] before Torfoot [illegible] sudden [illegible]

but the instant recognition evidently gave him a malicious pleasure. His countenance was kindled into fury, and his eyes flashed livid fire. "Then heaven is just for once!" cried he, with a ferocious smile, as he adjusted his steel cap, his buff gauntlets, and grasped his sword more firmly. "This is my crowning victory! If there be a power in heaven, he has given thee to my steel, and I shall drink revenge, sweet revenge, even to satiety!"

Burleigh was ready to receive him. "Ay! Soldado," cried he, "we are both equally pleased then; heaven has sent me a meeting with thee, where my soul has longed for it, in the tug o' battle against the enemies o' Scotland; Now may God stand by the right!" And he closed with him in the mortal combat. He was master of the small sword. With a coolness and adroitness peculiar to himself, he parried the strokes and thrusts of the soldier for some time, and contrived to turn his ungovernable fury to his own advantage. He made him spend his strength on the air in unavailing blows and thrusts. Wounds not a few were both given and received, but they were slight. Wattie cared nothing about these; nothing short of a mortal blow was of any consequence, in his view. What he aimed at, was death by a stroke which needed not a repetition. Every failure chafed him, he became frantic with fury. Burleigh watched his opportunity, and threw him off his guard. His eye and the whirl of his sword, drew his attention to his head, and in a moment, before Hepburn recovered his guard, Burleigh's sword cut through his buff jerkin, and pierced his heart. He threw up both his arms, high in air with a convulsive scream, and fell dead above his lifeless comrade!

Our party meantime were fighting with the courage of lions, and while they turned the tide of battle, the Whigs standard, rent in tatters, fell across Torfoot's breast. He tore it from the flagstaff, and wrapt it round his body. Tho whole party now wheeled round, and cut their way through the enemy, and carried the general off the field.

In their retreat our party of officers and men, having crossed Cadzowburn, and Butterburn, directed their course on Kates-knowe. They halted a moment and looked around them from that knoll. Small parties of the routed, and pursued Whigs were seen here and there, drag-

ging their weary and wounded limbs along. And many of them were, in cold blood, butchered before their eyes. Sometimes a number of them collecting round a spring to quench their burning thirst, and to gather some water cresses to stay the cravings of hunger, would turn with fury on their ferocious pursuers, and repel their assaults, or sell their lives dearly to the exulting victors. Our party beheld in a meadow below them, in the direction of Eddlewood, a skirmish between a party of the Whigs, and their pursuers, who had turned off from the Strathaven road, and had dogged them to this place. Presently a larger party of troops, was attracted by the shoutings and firing of the combatants. They galloped down upon the wretched remnant of the Whig army. Already they fought at great disadvantage, and the skirmish was soon like to become a massacre. In the struggle of feelings in the breasts of our party—for they saw their dear comrades and neighbors butchered before their sight—they turned their eyes in anguish on each other. There was in the face of the General, and of Capt. Paton, an indescribable conflict of passions. His long and bushy eye-brows were drawn down over his eyes. His hand grasped his sword. "We cannot permit these brave fellows to perish thus," cried he. "With the General's permission, I will try to save some of them, beset as they are by these insatiable hell-hounds."

"I wull be yer leader, my gallants!" cried Sir Robert, as his eyes were intensely fixed on the second party of troops galloping down on his friends. They formed, and moved down, at full gallop. The second party had reached the field before them, and had commenced the work of blood. "Yonder is Claverhouse!" cried Paton; and he plunged his rowels into his horse's flanks, and directed his course upon him. The bloody man had not yet been satiated with the havoc of the day. He was at that moment, nearly alone, hacking to pieces some poor fellows already on their knees, and disarmed; imploring him, by the common feelings of humanity, to spare their lives. He had just finished his usual tremendous oath against their "*feelings of humanity*," when his eye caught Paton rushing upon him. He instantly dropped his prey, like the assailed tiger; and reining his horse, shrunk back, into the midst of his guards.

Having formed them, he advanced. The Whig officers drew together, and made a furious onset. At their first charge, the troops reeled. Paton pressed on Claverse. He was his superior in skill, and in vigour: Claverse was best mounted. At the onset, the horses of the two combatants reared, Claverse's steed went down. The officers of the Life Guards sprung to his feet. Paton's horse plunged: and before he could bring him once more on his antagonist, Claverse was on his courser, and within a circle of his troopers. Meantime a party of Livingstone's men, and Dalziel threw themselves on the flank, and rear of our party. The brave Whigs fell around their officers like grass before the mower's scythe. Their trumpeter sounded the retreat. Once more in the frightful confusion, Torfoot fell in with Captain Paton and the General. They set off together. Three fierce dragoons assailed them in an oblique line, on the flank. They fell on Torfoot; five more rushed upon them. He called to his friend Paton; in a moment he was by his side. Torfoot threw the standard, which he still had about him, unto the General; and they attacked their assailants, sword in hand. But the gallant steed which had hitherto carried the Laird through all his dangers, was here mortally wounded. He fell; the Laird was thrown in among the enemy; he fainted. When he opened his eyes, the fighting was over, and the field in the possession of the troops; and he was a prisoner. While he was being sent back to Bothwell field, where the rest of the prisoners were compelled to lie; his associates and men were retreating towards Strathaven. A body of them halted on the south of that town; but soon after they took the line of march, and proceeded to Cumloch. The General, in company with Rathillet, Balfour, Paton, Nesbit, and nearly thirty other leading men of the army, reached Loudon Castle, where they enjoyed the hospitality of Lord Loudon, and spent the night.

We return to Cargill. At an early hour of the day, after he had seen the enemy cross the bridge, he placed himself in the right wing of the army. He was in the ranks, and cheering on the men. In the hottest of the assault, and just before the general rout, he had seized a sword, and was urging a party of the Galloway men to proceed to the assistance of the General. But a party of

the Life Guards came furiously down upon the hesitating men. They fled all of them, to a man. Cargill to his utter confusion, found himself alone. He received several deep cuts on his head, from the swords of the troopers. He was struck down to the ground. He saw nothing but immediate death before him; and he quietly yielded himself to his fate. The prayer which the venerable old pastor uttered aloud, it is probable, made the young soldier stay the second blow of his upraised steel; and also to intercede with his comrades to spare him.

"Are you a priest, sir?"

"Yes, my friend, I am a minister." "What is thy name, pray?"

"I am *Donald Cargill*," said the fallen and bleeding minister.

The soldier was evidently a fresh Englishman, one of Monmouth's troops. He did not know him by name. He did not know that a high price was set on the head of the prisoner before him. Cargill's hat was off; and his face, and white beard were stained and clotted with the blood which streamed from his head. The soldier made a momentary pause; another trooper came up; he was one of Claverse's troop; and to them Donald Cargill would have been a rich prize. His head was valued by the proclamation of Council, at three thousand mercks. The trooper paused, looked on the fallen man with intense earnestness: the other soldier pronounced his name. Instantly he leapt from his bloody saddle, for he too was sorely wounded; "For God's sake, Jack, touch him not. My father Cargill, in Heaven's name is it you? and dying too, and nane o' yer friens to minister to you, in this hoor o' yer need."

He threw the reins of his horse to his comrade, and raising Cargill in his arms, he bore him to a place of safety on the right, near Yernock Burn. It was the father of *Wee Davie*, that carried him; and he told him to be of good cheer, "for nae man should touch a hair o' his white head, mair than they had dune, shame fa' them."

As they reached a small knoll, they were perceived by Burleigh, Bailey Wardlaw, and Master James, who came running to his rescue, having supposed him to be a prisoner.

"For Gud's sake, my braw lads!" cried the honest hearted soldier, "catch some o' thae stray horses, whase

masters hae fa'en, and betake yersels, wi' this man o' God, awa' frae this horrid murderous field. Noo, faither Cargill, we're aboot evens; save yersel, farewell; I hasten back to save some mair o' yer friens frae the paws o' yon deils."

The binding up of Cargill's head, and the throwing themselves upon their horses, was the work of a few moments. They hastened over Yernock Burn, and down through Blantyre, and thence to the fording place, in the Clyde, opposite Cambuslang. Having crossed the river, they threw themselves down on the banks, under the shade of the beautiful copse wood; and having bathed their faces, and washed away the blood of their wounds in the clear limpid stream; they refreshed themselves from the bandalier and flask, which had been opportunely brought them by Burleigh's attendant.

CHAPTER XIV.

"——— And tortured innocence
Received the seal of martyrdom in blood.
These holy men, so full of truth and grace,
Seemed to reflection, of a different race;
Meek, modest, venerable, wise, sincere.
In such a cause they could not dare to fear:
They could not purchase earth with such a prize,
Or spare a life, too short to reach the skies!"

COWPER.

TOWARD the gloamin' our party proceeded toward Bailey Wardlaw's lodge, which stood some half mile above them, on the banks of the Clyde, embosomed in a wood. This was Helen Wardlaw's favourite retreat in the summer; and well did Burleigh Stewart know each walk, and sparkling fount, and shady retreat in this charming spot. It was here that our hero had first met the Bailey's fair daughter: here had he drunk in love from her eyes, as they roamed on the flowery banks, beneath the stately oaks; and here had he woed her, in all the ardour of his first and only love; though he never could draw from the young maiden, one word to confirm his hopes. Yet not

utterly without hope had he woed her; for the melting glance of her beautiful eyes, and the witchery of her smiles failed not to contradict every severe word which the maiden uttered; and they told every one but Burleigh, that she loved him.

Sanders Sanderson, after a diligent inspection from an upper window, hastened to receive them at the door. The inmates had been in the most painful suspense, all that day. They were within hearing of the heavy firing; they heard the cannon cease; and then a scattering fire of platoons; and finally that died away in the distance. Their feelings were wrought up to an agony of suspense at that moment; and the thundering knock at the door, made them start from their distressing silence.

Wee Davie was the first to run with the tidings from the hall. He saw them, under the torch light, covered with blood, their clothes cut and rent to tatters; he rushed back to his mistress, and exclaimed, "Losh keep us! Miss Wardlaw, the battle's foucht, and a's lost; they're a' bloody and killed, ilka soul o' them, dear lady!"

Helen stood pale, and like a statue, fixed to the spot, leaning on her attendants. She breathed not a word of inquiry: she trembled to hear the first word. Her father approached her, and, waving his hand in mournful silence, as he forced a smile into his countenance, but uttered no salutation; he led in father Cargill, supported by Sanders; while the whole of the domestics mingled their clamerous condolence with many tears.

Helen sprang forward and grasping the hand of her father, and that of Cargill, she exclaimed, "But, father, where is dear Burleigh?"

That moment Burleigh forgetting his wounds, was at her feet, pressing her hand and kissing it with emotions, which defied utterance.

The beautiful maiden shrunk back, as she sighed out, "Ah! you take one so, by surprise, Burleigh!" and fainting, she sunk down on his bosom. She never had known before this moment, how much she loved Burleigh. She had been sitting the live long day, beneath the "Trysting Oak," close on the banks of the chrystal str[illegible] on the spot where he had first breathed his love t[illegible] And as her eyes wandered up the vale of the smo[illegible]

ling Clyde, she had listened in all the tortures of suspense, which seemed unindurable, to the heavy booming of the cannon, the irregular fire of the musquetry, and the maddening war shout, and tumultuous roaring which came fitfully on the gentle breeze, like the noise of the agitated wave heard from afar, on the ear of night. She strove to catch every sound, and when the irregular firing died away, she laboured to ascertain which course the vanquished were retreating to; if perchance, to the left, on Edinburgh, she was then sure the foemen had given away. She knew that the gallantry of her lover would hurry him into the hottest of the battle. Her busy imaginaions anticipated the worst: she had formed the desperate resolution to hurry to the battle ground, and seek out his mangled remains. Now finding herself by the side of her lover, alive, she was utterly overpowered. As her pale cheek met his, she moaned out in his ears, "And kind Heaven has preserved thee, and restored thee to us, my love!" and she fainted away.

The mind of our young hero had been bent to its utmost stretch during the whole of this disastrous day, amid the proud exultation of the foemen, and the cruel fall of so many of his associates, on the battle field. And now, receiving, at a moment the least expected, and from the lips of the beloved being herself, a confession of her love, and in a manner which showed so strongly its sincerity, his feelings were suddenly raised from the deepest depressions, and thrown into the opposite extreme. He was for a moment overpowered, and transported with joy: he clapsed her in his bosom, kissed her pale cheeks, and lips, then burst into a flood of tears, while his whole frame quivered and shook.

In a short space, Helen Wardlaw awoke from her swoon. She had a constitution of unusual vigour, and a mind of the firmest texture. Joy succeeded to deep and intense sorrow; they seemed to be the happiest of beings. Helen's face shone with matchless lustre, and the delicious joy of our young couple seemed to be infectious. It stole in upon the minds of the other Whigs, fresh from the battle though they were, and they seemed for a season, to forget their miseries, in the felicity of those who were so dear to each one of them. The unwelcome truth did, indeed steal in upon their busy memories, that the battle was lost,

and their friends lay bleeding in the field. But then, it was instantly remembered, and it was uttered aloud, that "the God of Scotland, and of the Kirk, wad neither leave nor forsake! And their dear departed friends had received the martyr, and patriot's crown! They were crowned victors, while themselves, returned for farther trials, were yet in the midst of the tumult, and blood of the battle!"

To a late hour, individuals, and small parties of the Whigs, wounded and faint, were constantly arriving; for every Whig knew where to find Helen Wardlaw's cottage. She and Burleigh bestowed their attention on every one of them, binding up their wounds, cheering their spirits, and ministering to them the necessary refreshments.

It was now near midnight; the sufferers were seated in the large saloon; at one time, conversing on the calamities of the day, narrating their own personal adventures with the foe, and the fate of their companions who had fallen by their sides; at another, uniting their earnest supplications to Heaven in behalf of their bleeding country, and the Kirk of Scotland; while the notes of Bangor and Old Martyrs, were breathed in deep and solemn pathos, by turns, in the intervals of prayer. The trampling of a horse was heard; it approached at full gallop, it halted, and the next moment a tall blooming youth, stood in the midst of them. It was young Torfoot, who had come in obedience to the charge laid on him by Helen Wardlaw, to announce to her, at the earliest hour he could, the result of the battle. But the disaster which had befallen his father, and his anxiety to see the closing events of the day had thrown him long behind the rest.

Helen placed him by her side, over against the Bailey, and father Cargill; And after he had answered the general inquiries, he went on with his narrative, in which he naturally enough mixed much of his own private and family feelings. He was young and ardent, and to his mind his father was lost. "The setting sun," said the youth, "was noo sending his last beams over the dun cloud o' battle smoke and dust, whilk hung in the air undisturbed by a breath o' wind. I had sought my dear father hitherto in vain. The retreat was noo made in a' directions. And the soldiers yelling wi' fury, pursued the stragglin' parties along the neighboring banks o' the Aven, and in

the woods, and cut them doon without pity. Some of them threw themselves into the waves o' the Clyde. And the soldiers rushing in after them—they closed, and foucht, and plunged, and sunk together to the bottom. Others in the deadly pursuit tumbled, wi' their pursuers ower the precipitous banks, headlong intil the Aven. Some maintained a desperate defence amang the rocks, and behind the aiks o' Cadzow, and Auchingreymont, others in the neighbouring barns and dwelling houses. And they fell in bludy heaps, maist waefu' to behold, father Cargill, by the deserted fire sides o' the farmers and cottagers. The battle had commenced at ane early hour. And it was a long summer's day! The puir bleedin' Whigs, in their agonies, thoucht the day wad neer come till ane end. And draggin' their weary and wounded limbs heavily alang, before the cruel soldiery, they leuked up aften to the slow moving sun, as if it wad nee'r set. While the shrill bugle note, far in their rear, or the fierce trumpet's clangor, or the wild and savage hurra of the soldiers, and the heart rending shriek o' the dying victims, raised on ilka fa' o' a Whig, came on the scarcely stirring air, and stimulated their jaded limbs, to the exertions o' despair. At last after this wearisome and bludy day, the evening gun was heard, the signal recalling the pursuers. And then came frae bank and brae the welcome bugle note of *retreat*, and maist sweet was that note to the ear o' the sair wounded, and forfouchten men!

The number o' the slain at Bothwell Brigg fecht, my venerable fathers, I hae na yet exectly ascertained. They hae been reckoned at 400; by ithers mair justly at 1000. The gallant Hackston, and Paton, wi' their dragoons, amang whilk was my father, whom I yet canna discover, were the last on the field, and for miles they covered the retreat, the best way they dowed. A' the chaplains escaped, except Master Kid. He was captured after a chase o' twa miles. And a' oor principal officers escaped the sword. And my father is na numbered wi' the dead. For I hae searched maist diligently, a' the heaps o' the slain; and ane o' the soldiers pitying my feckless youth, aided me in finding, if they could be found, my father's pitiful remains."

He wiped a pious tear, looked up in Cargill's paternal face, and went on.

"Fifteen hundred o' oor gallant friens, captured on the

battle field. They were not only disarmed, but stript almost naked, and made, on pain of instant death, to lie flat on the cauld bludy grund. If any ane ventured to raise his head, or seek relief by a change o' posture, he was forthwith shot. One who was in the extremity o' pain, and dying of thirst, implored a cup o' cauld water; and to enforce his earnest pleadings wi' the sentinel, he raised his head: he was instantly shot by the blude thirsty soldier!

"Sune after the evening gun had recalled the troops, a cooncil o' war was held, whare the royal standard was planted for the nicht. It was at Hungry Hill, hard by Strathaven. It was called at the urgent entreaty o' Claverse and Dalziel; men wha thirst after the blude o' revenge, cood hae nae mercifu' intention on haun. They had na e'en waited supper. Graham, it is evident, was bent on some decisive project. And judgin', it's likely, frae his ain heart and feelins, that he wad staun a better chance o' success in the deep project, if the officers caum to the cooncil, het as they were, frae the excitement o' victory, and fresh frae scenes o' blude and slaughter; he urged forward the meetin', wi' maist indecent haste. Monmouth also was urgent that the cooncil should meet, e'en before refreshments were broucht up; for he judged also, frae his ain feelins, which were all tempered by humanity, and the maist placid amiableness, that the officers already satiated wi' slauchter; and disgusted wi' the shocking carnage, wad promptly yield themsels to healing, and salutary measures, towards their trodden doon, and bleeding kintrymen.

The cooncil met: I hung aboot them in the disguise of a camp boy. There was a lang seelance around the extended circle. Monmouth was the only man who leuked grave. Within his manly bosom beat the only humane heart i' the Cooncil. The officers smiled, and winked, and nodded, in a sarcastic way to each ither, as they leuked on each ither's cuts, and hacks, and rents, whilk they had sustained under the weel laid on blows o' their antagonists. And they made merry at the figure which ilka ane o' them made, wi' the deep spots o' blude on their clothes and faces. Some held up and shook their buff gauntlets, which were horribly besmeared wi' blude, up to their elbows! Hech! my friens, they were like butchers frae a slauchter hoose! Some o' them, not much less stained than their neighbour,

stept aside from him, as they beheld his coat and shoulders besmeared wi' human brains, and small fragments o' banes, and shreds o' skin and hair. Others in the depths o' a reverie, seemed, wi' eager looks, intent on following the course o' the clotted blude, whilk rolled sluggishly doon, and fell, drop by drop, frae the end o' their scabbards; or hung in congealed globules at the point o' their cauld steels. While each o' them, wiping, frae time to time, the heavy sweat drops frae their burning brows, wi' their buff gauntlets, drew a stream o' fresh blude across their faces, already covered wi' crusted gore! And not a few o' them in the outer extremities o' the meeting, were busied in draining off swimming bickers o' yill, and caups o' brandy; regardless, soldier like, o' the sweat and blude, whilk fell heavily, drop by drop, into the liquid they were swallowing. Others were drawing off their drenched buff gloves, and were pouring a quantity o' the fluid they were drinking in their palms, to wash aff the moist blude frae their hauns. Dalziel was bathing his hauns in a bason, held by his flonkey, and washing aff the stains o' blude and gore frae his shaggy cheeks; and his lang tousy beard, whilk hung doon afront o' him, lik the bludy wool around the cut thrapple o' a mountain ram.

"'That's the blude o' yer verriest Whig, that e'er bellowed psalms on a hill side,' cried the old Muscovegian bear, as he cast his blude-shot, leerin' een on Monmouth and Claverhouse, and as his bristles reared up at the extremeties o' his mooth, like those o' a tyger aboot to spring on his prey: "the blude, by my faith! that ran in the sluggish veins o' yer cursed whigamore, lik the black ditch water o' a seggy moss hagg! The psalm singin' rascal, ye see, fell prostrate under my horse's feet, hard by the Cadzow Burn; and as he leaped up, my toledo passed through his very heart, and the torrent o' blude and treason, streamed oot lik yer cataract o' a mountain torrent, covering my face and beard." And as he uttered thae words, that auld minister o' Sathan shook his lang iron sides wi' lauchter, and nodded to Claverse. Monmouth knit his brows, and shuddered involuntarily, as he passed his 'kerchief ower his brow and een. Claverse the while, stood leaning on his bludy sword, alone regardless o' a' the stains o' gore and pollution, wi' whilk this worthie o' modern tyranny was

literally covered, frae his steel cap, adoon to the rowels on his giant boots. He was very impatient; and at last, he broke seelence:

'May it pleasure yer grace, we do exceedin' damage to the king's service, by thus wasting awa oor precious moments, lik idle scule boys; or liker the old Roman, wi' his hopefu' soldiers, fillin' their helmets wi' *cockle shells*, alang the shore! Let us, my lord Duke, *instanter* follow up oor glorious victory. One decisive blow, now struck timeously, and the South and the West o' Scotland, the hot bed o' Whiggery and treason, are at oor feet. Burn we the rook's nest, and the very tree on whilk he nestles.'

"He paused: his small sunken een shootin' forth frae under his knit eye brows, dark flames o' ane unsubduable fire; a smile o' fretful and gathering wrath played ower his lank, furrowed cheeks; and around his wide mooth, and lips, ower sma' as they are, to cover his projecting front teeth. He watched wi' earnestness the effect o' his proposition on the Duke's mind. 'We sall do effectual service to his sacred majesty's cause, and save in the result, nae sma' blude and treasure; and crush the foe at once, if we burn doon, and raze to their foundations, thae rebel toons around us, noo in oor power. Sir, I move the Cooncil then, *that we forthwith burn Strathaven, and Hamilton, and Lanerk, and Glasgow!* Better cut aff the rotten limb, than lose the haile life, my troth!'

"Ilka officer present started to his feet, and leuked earnestly on Monmouth. A deep groan issued frae the captive Whigs, hard by where Claverse stood. 'And for these infernal loons granin' there,' continued the wretch, 'As also them in the battle ground, under guard, a wudy's ower gude for them. We canna spare guards to escort them to Embro. The Cooncil wull thank ye for sparin' them the trouble o' hangin' them, I dare say. And the zeal o' thae saunts wad mak them as wullin' to ascend to their heaven, by ae fire o' oor cannon shot, I dare say, as by a hempen rope, in the Grass Market. Ane weel directed fire or twa, o' oor lang cannon, wad send them to ——.'*

* This is no fiction, touching Sir Walter Scott's favourite hero. The following sentiment is admitted by the author of his Memoirs. —"*If Claverse and Oglethorp had been left to their own discretion, they had put an end to that rebellious crowd, and purged the nation of much superfluous and rebellious blood.*"—Memoirs of Dundee, p. 12

The tumult here became tremendous. Virtue and humanity war' na extinct e'en in this Cooncil yet. Monmouth started to his feet, and clapt his hand, all quivering, on the hilt o' his sword. Claverse raised his voice, 'I am serious, my lord Duke: I am not poetizing: No ane o' thae dogs should be left to tell the rest o' them the news. His most sacred majesty, my and your maist gracious master's mind is weel kenned on this point. I am, mairover, intil the secret o' the heir apparent. Ye a' ken his weel known saying, anent *making the South and West a hunting field!* If we anticipate the royal wull, we shall do the royal brothers a pleasure, and the crown the best service! And the boon, I dare say, wull be richly rewarded, my lord Duke, at your hauns. The *divine richts* of monarchy, and the *divine richts* of prelacy wull be established and secured.' And he added wi' a horrible grin, 'it wull ultimately save meikle blude, and prevent a protracted war!'

Dalziel shouted, 'Bravo! bravo!' Monmouth waved his sword, and commanded silence. Ilka ane listened wi' breathless attention, soldier and prisoner, as he spoke. 'For shame, Colonel Graham; for shame, gentlemen! Can Englishmen, can Scotchmen permit such murderous purposes to enter their hearts! Can I believe that a subject o' his majesty's government, should bring himself to give utterance to such damnable cruelty, ay! and treason!'

Dalziel and Claverhouse exchanged looks, and smiled.

"Who commands here? "Cried Monmouth fiercely,—as he looked sternly on Dalziel, and then on Claverse.

"Your royal highness, commands my sword and my life,"—replied Dalziel, wi' a low bow,—and then raised himself up wi a haughty and insolent air,—as he cast his eyes with mortified pride, over the convention of officers. Claverse bowed in silence: while he hastily placed his sword under his arm, and folded his arms across his breast:—a dark cloud, the while, passing over his long wrinkled face.

Monmouth turned him round to his offisers, and requested young Lord Livingston, and Captains Douglas and Bruce, to make arrangements forthwith to carry all the prisoners to Embro. "And by the heavens!" added he, as he threw his eyes indignantly on Dalziel and Claverse "if one of you shall use any unnecessary act of cruelty,

or take the life of one of these men, ye shall answer it with bullet and halter!" And he thrust his sword wi' a clash, back into its sheath, mounted his gallant steed and galloped off, in the midst of his aids.

Claverhouse remained in silence, as his wee fiery twinklin' een, amaist closed up wi' his overwhelmin' eyebrows, and puckered cheeks, followed the Duke over the lea rigs, till he had reached his tent. Then with a malignant leer, he observed to Dalziel, "While we be the servants o' servants ——"

——"O' bastards ye mean Jamie," cried Dalziel. Clavers continued, "there comes a nippin' frost over our loyalty, and our zeal in the cause. It canna blossom. Our chicken-hearted general, curses light on his weakness, as he ca's his clemency, if it binna want o' loyalty in his father's cause," he spoke this low; and looked suspiciously around him. "Twice has he put awa' frae my tongue, and lips, the sweet cup o' revenge. Weel had I reason, this noon, to think that I should be allowed to drink it deep, and lang, and slake my thirst, e'en to my ain satiety! And I e'en wished that, like Joshua,—I heard my grandmither read it aine,—wha led the *Sodomites* against the *Egyptians* in a battle day o' miraculous length, I could hae lengthened out this day, by a few degrees o' King Charles's dial. But afore I could hack, and hash ye doon some four or five score wi' this haun, and my lazy blackguards, as mainy o' the perjured dogs, yer fause hearted cuckoldly general, recalled us frae the royal hairst o' war: e'en while there was yet twilight to reap the gleanings. And noo, again, he has snatched frae oor weel won victory the spoilins o' thae Whig toons! Ten thousan' friends gang wi' him!"

But the indulgence o' the King, my master, will place a regiment at my disposal soon: then, hey! for braw times! Nae coward loon shall then hae it in his power to turn me frae my purpose. And I swear I will turn the plains o' Avendale, and the Clyde, the Annan, and all Galloway, into a hunting field! And wae to the Whigs, when I drive in upon them at bay!"

The crater Dalziel graned and laughed at this predictin splore o' Clavers. Then throwin' themselves intil their saddles they slowly followed after Monmouth."

his iron hammer, when they were approaching the gloomy walls: and the distant hum of the city came softly on the charming summer evening. As they were now approaching the Port, Burleigh was felicitating his associates on having made such a journey without a single interruption from the military parties roving over the land. "A thing almost without a parallel, my love," cried he, as he looked into the face of his Helen, a bright moon beam, the while falling on her beautiful face. She smiled sweetly, and was just replying, when suddenly laying her hand on his arm, she called his attention to some figures in the middle of the road, and the stopping of the whole party. A noble looking person stood near them, gorgeously equipt, and mounted on a white horse. The moon beams shone clearly on him. He was at the head of a strong party of armed men.

"Are Bailey Wardlaw and Burleigh Stewart of this party?" cried he, as he ordered the company to stop, and waved his drawn sword.

"Wha speers for them? answer me that first. I maun hae the prufe o' the richt ye hae to speer sic a question, afore we yield ye obedience. Are honest travellers to be interrupted, in this gaite? I'll hae ye convened, ane and a'.—"

"Weel answered, Bailey," cried the same lofty figure, with a gruff voice, "I hae learned ere noo, to understand a Scotchman's answer to a plain question. He answers it by asking another. Nae parlance, Bailey! I hae orders to conduct ye, ane and a', incontinent, to my lord Rothes, the Chancellor's villa, over the fields there. Follow me to Roseglyn."

The whole party was overwhelmed with consternation. The ladies were screaming; and the young men leaped from their seats, and were ready in an instant, to charge the foemen with their drawn swords.

"Pu, pu!" exclaimed the gallant man, who headed the opposing party, "we could, my hearties, cut ye up, in a giffy, and scatter ye a' like peelins o' ingens, to borrow ane o' yer ain proverbs. Surrender incontinent, and a' o' ye, gallants, and ladies. We ken a' aboot ye; and whaur ye're gawn; and if that dinna satisfy ye, here's for it; ken ye not the motto and watchword, *God and oor kintry!* And if that wunna du yet, take the watchword *Reformation!* Noo, ken ye no yer ain graith, Burleigh, my

gallant friend, and you, Bailey Wardlaw? What say you to treat wi' Lady Rothes, my bonny Helen Wardlaw?" And a loud huzza of merriment burst from the whole opposing band, as he said this.

"Lead us on!" cried Burleigh, recognizing the altered and friendly voice, "Lads, resume yer places; we're a' in safe hauns. Lead on, Kardross."

"But, verily, it was na very handsomely dune o' ye, my gallant young frien, Kardross; to tak us on this trial o' oor metal, But, aiblins, I'm thinkin', ye kenned we had ladies wi' us, or ye wad hae been more carefull hoo ye risked the trial o' a Glasgow Bailey, and his Clydesdale blades, my certie!"

My lord Kardross led the way, laughing heartily at this reply of the Bailey, who continued still to explain. "Dinna be fleyed, my bonny sweet Helen! We were to meet my lady Rothes at her hoose in toon; but something maun hae fa'en oot, in thae kittle times. My lady Rothes canna deceive us. She's a tried friend' to liberty, and the gude auld cause. And she's bonnie, as weel as gude. Ye sall see in a wee giffy, my sweet Helen."

The guard were indeed, all Whigs, in the assumed dress of the military; and they were headed by Burleigh's bosom friend, the young lord of Kardross. Lady Rothes, the accomplished wife of the Lord Chancellor Rothes, had secretly attached herself to the Presbyterian church. She was a humane and christian lady: and the unwearied protector of the Scottish Whigs. Chancellor Rothes was well aware of her favouring and protecting them, even while he lent his power and influence in persecuting them to the death. But he tenderly loved her; and would, in no case, disoblige her. He affected to see nothing, to hear nothing of her movements, in these affairs. But he would occasionally whisper in her ear, "*I would advise you, my lady, to keep your chickens in about you, or I may pick up some of them.*"

It had been her design to receive the present party at her town residence; but his Lordship's presence had been unexpectedly required in town, on State matters, and therefore, she had sent away Kardross and his friends, to bring them directly to her summer retreat at Roseglyn.

Lady Rothes received our party with great kindness, in

her withdrawing room. She took Helen Wardlaw in her arms, and kissed her: "And thou art, indeed, as bonny as thou art good, sweet Helen Wardlaw," cried lady Rothes, "good I knew thee to be, and maist worthy o' the Gordon; I ne'er yet met the Whig, nor the friend o' Scottish rights and honour, wha did na pronounce thy name wi' enviable benison, my sweet lady; but such beauty I was na prepared to expect. But come thy ways, here thou shalt find ane, at least, wha may match thee, my love!—Wha waits there," added the countess, as she elevated her sweet silvery voice.

On the instant she spoke, the wide folding doors were thrown open by the attendants; and in splendid attire appeared Anna Burleigh Stewart. Young lord Kardross led her forward, and presented her to the company as his bride.

In a few moments after the rapturous congratulations had passed round, the necessary arrangements were made for the marriage ceremony. Burleigh Stewart leading up Helen Wardlaw, placed his party on the right hand side of Kardross' party; and on the left of lady Rothes, who stood in front of them, and at the extremity of the hall.

On the left of each of the grooms, and their blooming brides, there was ranged a constellation of beautiful and noble young maidens. On the right of Kardross, stood young Lords Mauchlin, Semple, and Annandale, with sir William Hamilton; got together by her ladyship, for the occasion. On the left of Burleigh, there stood General Hackston, with Colonels Cleland and Paton, who had just arrived from the west. Father Cargill was stationed on the right of Lady Rothes, ready to perform the ceremony. Sir James Stewart of Carlsness, stood on her left, supported by sir Robert Hamilton, who also had just arrived, and Bailey Wardlaw, with a cluster of officers who had survived the disaster of Bothwell.

There are moments in the lot of humanity, when the extremes of happiness and of sorrow are brought into contact. It was so at this instant, with our party. The young bridal pairs were now standing up before the holy man, to pledge their mutual troth. That moment is the sweetest one in a man's existence. They felt it to be so: and the holy sympathy spread itself around. The bright lustres ranged along the walls, shed a rich light over the tall and majestic form of lady Rothes, and upon the rest of the company.

And the centre lustre, close by which the bridal party was stationed, poured a flood of light over their heads and shoulders, revealing to the delighted spectator, the perfection of manly elegance and female beauty in its overpowering witchery; while the profusion of precious stones and jewels in the head gear, and splendid robes of the brides, gleaming and sparkling on the ravished eye, lent an enchantment to the fairy scene.

But there was, withal, many a sore heart within this joyous circle. The patriot could not forget that Scotland was still in bondage. The exile, already on his way to a foreign shore, lingered over the fond remembrance of home, and his country; the bereaved could not forget those sweet beings, who had mingled with them in the joyous communion of life's happy scenes; the soldier could not forget the bloody scenes of Bothwell's field; the pastor could not close his ears against the wailings of Christ's afflicted Kirk, nor look forward to the future, without shuddering at the fury of the gathering storm.

In particular, Sir Robert was unusually agitated. As he looked on the beautiful beings before him, his busy memory held up the dear image of his sainted Mary Stewart. 'Had it not been for Claverhouse's steel, she too would have been a blooming bride within that happy circle, by his side, her soft hand reposing in his. But the murderer's steel has laid her low, to wither in the grave.' And in spite of every effort to compose himself, so as not to disturb the holy joy of this evening, the big tear drops rolled over his manly cheek. The venerable knight of Carlsness also wept. His thoughts lingered over his lost children, with overpowering sorrow; and they glanced at the future, with fear and anguish.

"My Lady Rothes," said he, with an effort to compose his feelings, "to-morrow I conduct to the ship the remains of my suffering family, and friends. Holland, the asylum of oor oppressed countrymen, is to receive them. And unseasonable as it may appear, I could not deny my desolate heart the joy of seeing these, my younger children united to the objects of their choice, before I die, and before they be called to suffer some mair o' the ills, o' oor times."

The pastor was about to proceed when, at the signal of Lady Rothes, who loved to give a joyful surprise, James

Stewart, the heir of the Knight of Carlsness, was suddenly ushered in, with his beautiful and charming bride Euphemia Maxwell, whom none of our party had seen since their singular escape from the steel of Claverse at the haughs of Carlsness. A sudden burst of joy and gratulation escaped from every lip; and the tear of joy, as they passed round the circle to return the cordial embrace, told the beloved pair, how welcome they were within the happy ring at Roseglyn.

At this instant, also, while the doors were thrown open to the domestics, and all the inmates, that they might enjoy the happy scene, a beautiful little boy dressed in scarlent and lace, with a profusion of yellow curly locks, and blue laughing eyes, forced his way into the very centre of the ring; and, giving his respectful bow of smiling recognition to Lady Rothes, he ran first to Cargill, and seizing him by the knees, he hugged him cordially; then singling out Kardross' blooming bride, he clung to her hand, and kissed it again and again, and then exclaimed with a roar of merriment—"Noo, sweet Helen Wardlaw, is na Donald Cargill the boniest auld man ye ever saw? Did I no tell you sae, that day!"

This extraordinary sally made every one smile: while the ladies, and every one present acquainted with his story, exclaimed, "Its Wee Davie, sure enough!" Cargill lifted him in his arms, and kissed him with tenderness; while past scenes rushing on his memory, brought tears into his eyes.

All this was the contrivance of Lady Rothes, who loved to do good by stealth, and to chase away sorrow by a joyful surprise: and whose generous soul, as she looked on the scenes of her own creating, glowed with gratitude to heaven for the opportunity afforded her, of ministering to the pleasure and happiness of others!

The marriage ceremony was now performed by father Cargill. He united the youthful pairs "for gude, for better, and for waur; for life, and to death; by the soft and silken bands o' matrimony." His voice, the while, was interrupted and broken, by strong emotions of joy, and sorrow alternately, as he stood before the blushing and trembling brides. Having finished the ceremony and breathed a short and ardent prayer to the Most High, for long life,

ıealth and all manner of happiness, to the wedded pairs, he took the brides by the hand, first the beautiful Helen Wardlaw, then the no less beautiful Anna Burleigh, and calling them by their husbands name respectively, he kissed the one cheek, and then the other of each of them, and pronounced the holy benison of Heaven on them, and their blooming husbands.

Time rolled on in earnest and affectionate communings of soul with those whom they never should see again. The sumptuous banquet was served up; wine was handed round in silver flagons; the health of the newly wedded pairs was drunk; and vows of love and friendship given and pledged: father Cargill pronounced the evening prayer; the family clock tolled a late hour; the happy parties were conducted with the usual ceremonies of the age, to their chambers; and the whole company retired to rest.

CHAPTER XVI.

Heaven! send us a loof-fu' o' thy gude wind to fill our sails; and bear us frae the bludy land: come o' us what wull!

PEDEN.

Next morning, the sun rose in a cloudless sky, and poured his mellow beams over all nature, rejoicing in the fragrance and glory of her loveliest summer month.

Our party were seated, at an early hour, around the breakfast table, which was garnished with all the characteristic richness, and solidity of those days of the giants. There were no warm teas, nor coffees, nor the jalaps of the degenerate men, of degenerate times. There was at the head of the table, the royal vension pye, the standing dish of a nobleman's table: the lordly sirloin occupied the centre, flanked by gausy hams: delicious mutton, and dishes of fish of various kinds, and cookings, were plentifully distributed along the sides, and at the foot of the table. And these substantial viands were washed down with

flagons of beer, and yill of the best browst, and choice old wines from under the key of my Lord Rothes' butler.

But it was the day of Scotland's heavy visitation, a day of the *Killing Times*. And they who had mingled in the communion of joys, and of dangers, were on the eve of parting; some hastening into exile; others rushing onward into renewed perils, in their country's redemption. Hence the sumptuous banquet was neglected, and a slight repast hurried through.

This despatched, the aged pastor gathered his friends in a circle around him in the saloon. Then putting himself at the head of the table whereon were placed the sacred symbols of the Eucharist, by special request; he bowed to Lady Rothes, as he said "Are we not here, the followers o' the common Saviour, what hinders that we should not, before we part, ne'er to meet a' again in this world, commemorate the passion and love of our Lord?"

"Nothing hinders," said her ladyship in a sweet soft tone of affection, "venerable father, we are all here of one accord to unite, are we not?" And she bowed with tenderness to her friends and proteges around her.

"We are a' ready for the holy service," said each one with a soft and melting tone of diffidence.

Cargill lifted the bread, and breathed an earnest prayer to Heaven, he then brake it, and said, "Our Lord Jesus Christ in the night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and he brake it, and gave it to the disciples, as I thus give it to you, sweet friens, beloved friens: And said, do this in memory o' me, until I come again. At thy command, and after thy example, take we this bread, the emblem o' thy immaculate nature, and thy broken body: and this cup take we also, O holy lamb o' God, the symbol o' thy shed blood, even thy perfect atonement. And thee, O holy and liege Lord, do we remember, in this the hoor o' oor sorrowfu' parting; in this the day o' thy children's sufferings in the furnace; in this the hoor and power o' darkness, ower oor bleeding Kintry; and thy afflicted Kirk. Thy children here, O holy and compassionate Saviour, baptized in their blude, may ne'er meet again, until we meet within the bright circle o' glory, around thy throne on high!"

He then put the sacred elements into the hands of the sufferers, saying, "Take them and eat; take and drink;

du this in remembrance o' Him wha rules above, and ceases never to remember you!"

He partook lastly, himself; and sat down in the midst of them, and in deep silence, mingled his tears of joy and sorrow, with theirs.

"And, noo, my friens maist tenderly loved and longed for, the hoor o' oor parting has come." The whole company at this moment stood up, and pressed nearer him, as he gave vent to his feelings. "And we pairt ne'er to meet again on earth. And noo gang we ilka ane o' us to oor posts. We sit na doon, as if the battle was foucht, and the laurels won. No, oor native land and the Kirk is in the furnace. Oor swords—they are drawn; oor bosoms—they are bared for the closing conflict. Scotland and the Kirk *shall be free*. The treacherous, and tyrannous race o' the Stuarts, shall be swept awa wi' the besom o' ruins! By HIM wha sets on his throne on high; by HIM wha rules as King o' saunts, and King o' nations; by HIM wha has recorded oor national aith on high; We *shall*—we SHALL BE FREE! We retire a wee bit, and a wee while. Sae does the ocean's ebbin' flood. But lik the ocean's roaring, sweeping, and irresistible spring tide, the Whigs o' Scotland shall, ere long, return, and sweep ilka mound and bank, awa'! Come, O breath o' the Lord, breathe on auld Scotland! Raise the mountain wave o' her spirit, irresistible and terrible to her enemies and thine, Oh Lord God!

"And, noo, fare ye weel, sweet friens. Helen Wardlaw Stewart, fare thee weel! Anna Burleigh Kardross fare thee weel! and a' ye fast and tried friens o' Scotland's cause, fare ye a' weel. God has said that they wha gie a cup o' cauld water to a disciple, shanna lose a disciple's reward. As there is faithfulness in heaven, ye canna miss the disciple's benison!" And he kissed the brides on each cheek; and also their blooming husbands. He turned him to Sir Robert, and proceeded:—

"And you, Sir Robert, as sune as ye hae seen thae beloved beings pruvin' the hospitality o' Holland, lose nae time I pray thee, in takin counsel wi' oor exiled patriots and pastors. Tell Mr. Ward and Brown o' Wamphry; and the sons of gude auld John Livingston o' Ancrum now no more, to plead wi' the Kirk o' Holland. To her alane, noo does oor bleedin' Kirk, leuk, for sympathy and help. Let

her ordain and send us ministers wha sall haud up the fallen standard. Tell ye Richard Comeron that Donald Cargill is almost alane, biding the bitter blast, and pitiless peltin' o' the storm: I lang to see him. And you Sir James Stewart destined, one day, to staun high in yer Kintry's service,—ye sall coonsel wi' oor exiled nobles, and military. Exhort them to peace and unity amang themsels. And oh! tell them, that oor division, here, hae broucht on us a' oor latter calamities! But for the divisions among the Whigs o' Scotland, liberty and religion had, lang ere noo, spread happiness and glory over oor laun: and ilka mountain and valley had been vocal wi' praise!

And you gallant nobles, oor young hopes in future times, the strong rods o' yer Kintry, retire frae oor ranks, and conventicles, ane and a' Mair can ye du, noo, for us, and the gude auld cause in yer ain families, and the noble circles in whilk ye muve. Keep ye the Whig's meal girnel ay fu'; and their kail pat ay boilin.' And we sall hunt the game; and bide the bitter blasts on the mountains o' Scotland: fare ye a' weel!

"Noo, gallant Hackston, Cleland, and Patton, and the haile o' ye, the remanant associates o' Bothwel Field,—let s gie a stout heart to a steep brae. Rally ye oor friens frae Galloway to Fife's Blue mountains; and frae the Merse to the Ayre. The enemy is abroad; and his battle blade is drawn. But wo—wo to the coward loon wha faints in the hour o' his Kintry's sorrows! We wunna—no, never, we wunna gie up! We are doon, and in the dust; But oor spirit is unsubdued, and unbroken, even as it used to be, when the candle o' the Lord shined on us, in Scotland's halcyon days. The biggin has been brunt aboot oor lugs; and lies smoulderin' in ruins: but the biggin shall be reared, and the walls shall arise e'en in troublous times! And it shall be cemented, if needs be, wi' oor best blude! Fare ye weel, my gallants.

And you Lady Rothes, dear to ilka ane o' the sufferers, accept oor salutations. Blessings on the lady, the pride o' Scotland's auncient nobles, wha has near turned awa frae the bleeding whig, nor permitted us to despair amid the gloomest hour o' oor Kintry's sorrows! Fareweel, maist noble Lady!

"And, master James, draw thee near, to my side."—

And he laid his arms around his neck, and kissed him, while his long white locks fell down on the red bloomin cheek, and bosom of the youth.

"Noo, gang thy ways, master James; lay aside thy scarlet and lace; ply thee intensely, nicht and day, to thy graver studies. Mak ready, against the hoor of our need; and the call o' the Kirk o' God.—Mark me; and let my words rest in thy memory: Richard Cameron will sune be wi' us: but Richard Cameron will sune fa'. Like the bright beamin' meteor, wull he pass over the dark laun; but lik the meteor extinguished in the midst o' its bright coorse, he wull sink in theheavy nicht o' death. And sune, after him, wull auld Donald Cargill fa', lik the sere leaf lingering in brown autumn; and his white pow wull leuk doon frae yon black walls, where in cruel mockery, and the wantonness o a barbarous age, the foemen hae suspended the piteous re mains o' the Scottish Covenanters! And thy haun, my bonnie Jamie, wull fearlessly raise the fallen standard o' the Covenant. And fearlessly too, by the grace o' heaven, wull they sustain it. In the day o' my extremity, and the hour o' my mental sorrows, sall I lean my auld head, on thy young bosom."

He made a long pause, and uttered a deep sigh: and looking up to heaven, he breathed out in a suppressed tone the words of the dying Patriarch,—"*I hae waited for thy Salvation, Oh Lord!*" Yes! on thy young airms, my sweet Jamie, wull auld Donald Cargill stay his totterin' steps, upward to the Gallow's tree! And when the fullness o' the time has come—Oh! roll on, ye dark and heavy waves o' time—roll on, ye dark and stormy billows; necessity is laid on ye—and ye maun come; then, Master James, *where I die, thou shalt die: and where I sleep thou shalt sleep.* Then wull come the day o' Scotland's glory and the Kirk o' God. Thy young eyes wunna see it, Master James. In the arms o' victory shalt thou fa'! And in thy victory, my sweet bairne, my people, and thy people wull reap a harvest o' gladness, and national joy. After thee no ane mair shall fa': no ane mair shall see a bludy rope around the necks o' the Whigs o' Scotland!"

He uttered these words in a deep tone of voice, and earnest pathos: as the tears streamed over his cheeks, and fell in heavy drops from his long white beard on his girdle

Every one present was bathed in tears; many of them sobbed aloud.

Cargill clasped Master James in his arms; and hung, for a few moments, on his neck, and then added, as he raised his hands over the youth's head,—"Till we meet in the extremity o' oor mortal sorrows, MASTER JAMES RENWICK, fare thee weel!

Sir James Stewart and Bailey Wardlaw now conducted the party to their carriages: and in a few hours they were on board of the vessel which carried them, in safety, to Holland.

The rest of the Coventaners having witnessed their departure, hastened, each of them, to their horses, threw themselves into their saddles; and plunging their rowels into their horses flanks, they set off at full gallop, and disappeared in an instant.

THE CONCLUSION.

"The tyrant too, who sat
In grisly council, like a spider couched,
With ministers of locust countenance,
And made alliances to rob mankind,—
Trembled, and owned oppression was of hell!"

Time rolled away, and the events of each year indicated a fast approaching crisis. The tyrant Charles II. fell a victim to his habits of intemperance and proffligacy. And he died, as had lived, a man of pleasure, without happiness; a wretched being, without hope, and apparently without fear.

His successor walked in his steps. In his reign, the demons of tyranny, and of persecution, vied with each other, in the desperate experiment, how far the patience of Scotsmen will permit themselves to be insulted and abused.

The South and West of Scotland were turned into a hunting field, by the Nimrods of that day. The property, lives, and liberty of the subjects, were placed in the hands, and at the mercy of the military bandits, sent out to scour the country. These were led on by such men as Claverse, and Lagg. They were constituted the judges, the assizers, the executioners: and to stimulate their zeal they re-

ceived a large share of plunder from the property, which they seized and confiscated. The whigs were hunted down; and shot, in cold blood, like the deer of the forest!

The managers themselves were not insensible to these lawless proceedings; and well did they forsee a day of reckoning coming, when the spirit of the Scottish nation should at length be awakened. Hence in the consciousness of their guilt, an "*Act of indemnity*" was asked by them, and granted, (in June 4th, 1685,) by a weak and shuffling parliament; who undertook to throw their own shield, and the shield of royalty around them, to secure them against all attempts of the oppressed, who might one day pursue them for their lawless deeds and atrocities. The deepest distress, and a universal horror pervaded the land for many a year.

At length, under God's grace, the courage and noble perseverance of the Whigs of Scotland triumphed. They had gained over the Prince of Orange to their cause: they had roused their slumbering country. The nation rose, at last, as one man. The Stuart dynasty, too foolish, and too wicked to receive warning and instruction from the past, were hurled from the throne which they had not ceased to disgrace; and the Prince of Orange was called by the voice of Britain to assume the sceptre.

The day of William and Mary's arrival was a proud day to the British Whigs; and a blessed day to Scotland. It sent liberty to the captive: and a joyful return to the exile. Scotland and the Kirk of Scotland arose from the dust, and put on their robes of triumph. There was a universal burst of holy joy over the nation. Young and old wept for joy; and poured their benisons, with a thousand voices, over the head of the Deliverer, and over the gallant, and persevering Whigs, to whom under providence, Scotland was indebted for the civil and religious liberties which she enjoys: the rich fruit of the glorious revolution.

* * * * * * * *

It was a beautiful summer morning when the incidents, which close our narrative, took place; and every thing in nature seemed to participate in a nation's joy. And there was no spot which seemed to smile so sweetly as the Castle of Carlsness. It looked forth from its rich deep green forests, in its glory; and it seemed all alive with the multitudes of its visitants crowding into it.

It had frequently changed proprietors of late. The venerable old knight had died in peace, in a good old age. Sir David Stewart, his son, had died, and shortly after him Sir Thomas, another son. Now, one of our heroes, Sir James Stewart, was lord of the barony. The estate of Akenhart had fallen to Burleigh Stewart; and in right, as husband of Helen Wardlaw, the only heiress of Sir Charles Gordon, he possessed the castle and domains of Auchingowrie.

It was the day fixed by Sir James and his lady, for meeting their surviving associates of the *Whigs of Scotland*, in order to commemorate the deliverance of their happy country from the *Last of the Stuarts*.

The great saloon was fast filling; and with characters the most diversified. There were seen some of the happiest of beings; and mingling with them, some whose minds could not even be ruffled by the breath of joy. Justice requires of us, however, to say that the number of the happy, was, by far the greatest. And there was not present a single individual overwhelmed with sorrow, with whom my reader would not have sincerely sympathised, had he seen into his soul.

At the head of the saloon stood an interesting gronp, receiving the salutations of the company as they arrived. Immediately under the spacious mirror, stood a tall and graceful lady, of exquisite features, and fair complexion; and dressed in the richest manner: her robe and head gear sparkling with diamonds and jewelry. On her left stood a man of lofty carriage, pale, and of a thoughtful cast of features: and close by them, there sat a venerable knight, his hair as white as snow; having on his knee two sweet children, and two more hung on his arms, and were laughing merrily in his face. These were the beautiful Euphemia Maxwell; her husband, Sir James Stewart, now Lord Advocate of Scotland; her father, the knight of Pollockshows, and her children.

On the right of this group, stood Burleigh Stewart. Years had passed over him, in his exile, but had taken nothing from his elegant and commanding figure. He was the same erect, noble, and dignified figure: but somewhat more corpulent. By his side stood Helen Wardlaw, in all the pride of her exquisite beauty; tempered only by a

moderate degree of matronly dignity and softness; but with all the witchery of her smiles, and winning condescension unabated.

Immediately on their right, at a little distance, was a group of four lovely beings, of a regular gradation in age, and in size; decked off in their gala day dress, of red and lace, two boys, and two girls, with their laughing blue eyes, and curly silken locks. And in the midst of them, making his roar of merriment, sat a round, corpulent man, in a stately white wig, set off with a superabundance of curls, floating down on his bosom and shoulders; in his neat suit of brown, small clothes, and white silk stockings. It was our excellent friend, Bailey Wardlaw, and the children of Burleigh, and his Helen.

On the left of Sir James, there sat a noble looking dame, of dazzling beauty, and in the rich dress of a Scottish noble, not showy, but magnificient. Her hand lay within the hand of a man, of the most noble and dignified appearance, both as it regarded figure and manners, with a glittering star on his breast. He was drawing her attention to some pretty narrative, while her sparkling eyes, notwithstanding all the witchery of his smile and voice, wandered to a group of merry youngsters, on the left side of the saloon. This group consisted of four children, two of them girls, the very image of their mother. These were Anna Burleigh, her husband lord Kardross, and their children, on a visit from their castle, to Carlsness, on this day of Jubilee.

These youthful pairs had seen the bitter days of Scotland's sorrow; and weeping and wailing had been in their own families, during the *Killing Times*. But now the cup of their earthly bliss was running over. The only source of anxiety was for their friends, the gallant remnant of the sufferers,-their wives and bairns. Many they expected that day, of those who had shared with them in their country's toil and deliverance. But many came not that day, whom they had expected to see. They had not known the extent of their loss. Many of their gallant friends were withering in the grave, of whose death no report had reached their ears, in exile.

Among the first company which entered, was a tall masculine figure, leaning on a blooming young man. The moment that the Bailey's eyes fell on him, he hastened

forward from the group of his little prattling grandchildren, to embrace him.

"Is it you, though, Torfoot, or yer ghaist, my gallant frien'? Was yer craig no raxed in gude earnest? Is Claverse, or the old Muscovegian dead? Did the managers gat the bowels o' mercy? Then, ye may depend ou't, they did na live lang after that. Come tell us a' that has befa'en ye, frae the moment ye went doon wi' yer whammeled horse, lik a shot star! I canna fin' words to express hoo glad my auld heart's to meet ye."

After the joyful congratulations had gone round, the Laird went over, in a few hurried words, the outlines of his own sufferings, and those of the banished. After incredible miseries on their way to Edinburgh; and in the place of confinement, sentence of banishment had been pronounced on him, and two hundred and forty-nine other victims; 'they dared na to hang us a'. We were placed on boord o' a vessel, which was to carry us into exile. It struck on the Mule Head of Darness, near the Orkneys. Two hundred of the Bothwell warriors were drowned, through the barbarity of the captain, who kept them under the hatches. Fifty of the banished escaped, by the humanity and courage of a sailor, who, after the captain and crew had deserted the ship, cut a hole through her side, as she lay on her beam ends, and drew out as many as he possibly could, before she bilged, and went down. These fifty sufferers, with their gallant deliverer, were thrown on the waves. They all reached the shore. The laird was carried, among the rest, by a heavy surge over a lofty peak, and laid on a rock. He was washed back again; another billow threw him, and the humane sailor their deliverer, side by side, battered and bruised, upon a lofty rock, where they were found, and carried to a place of shelter."

The next who entered the saloon, were a small company of the officers and worthies of Drumclog and Bothwell. The last of them who entered, was Sir Robert Hamilton, who, by the death of his brother, Sir William, possessed the title and estate of Preston. The moment he appeared, the ladies sprang forward, and hung around him, and uttered in the sweet tones of female sympathy, their love and their blessings on him. He kissed each of them, in a most

tender and respectful manner: then hastened to embrace his old comrades, who also crowded around him. His spirit was utterly unmanned. He sat down in the midst of them, and wept like a little child. He had just arrived on his native shores: worn down in body, and the prey of a morbid melancholy. In all his dangers, since the affair at Carlsness; and in all his wanderings abroad, in different nations on the continent, to excite sympathy, and implore aid from Protestant Europe, in behalf of the bleeding Kirk of Scotland, the image of his *first* and *last* love, Mary Stewart, seemed never to leave his mind; by day it was ever before him; by night it mingled itself with every dream, and every resolution of his soul. And future years brought no cure to him. The only moments of abstraction from this overpowering *ennui*, were those in which he was drawn away from the all-absorbing object of his soul, by the soothing, and spirit-stirring notes of Helen Wardlaw, who touched the harp with an enchantress's hand. Next to her martial music, nothing roused his mind from its torper, so much as the unsubduable roar of merriment of the children. Led on by Bailey Wardlaw, in the moments of his relaxation, (to which he could condescend, with the easiest grace imaginable,) or mounted on his back; or by a deep laid conspiracy, or open force robbing him of his huge white wig; and burying their young heads, and shining faces under its waving load of curls, streaming down to the little urchin's heels; and raising a merry peal, when acting the old man in the wig, with the feeble steps of four or five years, the mirth of our little heroes and heroines, was irresistible to his mind.

But, alas! this was only momentary. Melancholy had fastened itself, beyond the reach of mortal remedy, on his once noble mind. To him the silence of the splendid halls of Preston were unindurable. Even the enchantment of its charming groves, and its scenery of hill and dale, could not tempt him to roam in quest of happiness among them. Without Mary Stewart to wear its honours, and to share its joys, his title, his equipage, and estates, and castle, were 'as a world without a sun!' He survived many years, uniform in his principles; uncompromising and stern in his devotion to the Covenant of Scotland: ever shunning the haunts of busy and light hearted men. And

he descended to the grave at last, to meet his 'Mary in Heaven;' a touching example of the purest, and tenderest love that ever glowed in a noble bosom. "Who can tell," Helen Wardlaw used to say, when bemoaning her gallant friend; "Who can tell how much pure happiness and bliss were marred: and how much overwhelming misery was inflicted, by that one blow of Graham of Claverse's steel, which laid our sweet Mary Stewart in her grave!"

Of the surviving ministers, the most prominent in the group were Principal Dunlop, Principal Carstares, Dickson, Veitch, Shields, Linning and Boyd; of the nobles there were Loudon and Semple. Drummnod and Annandale were no longer named by the Whigs. Perth had bought the favour of James II. at the expense of honour, and the protestant faith; and his son *must not herd with heretics!* And so devoted was Annandale to his cups and his boisterous fox hunting company, that his country was utterly forgotten by him. In their places, however, there had stood up men, with whom their names were not even to be coupled, in a single instance; names dear to Scotland, and high in the roll of fame. There was my lord Cranston; John lord Bargenny, nephew of the Duke of Hamilton; the "great and gude Earl of Crawford;" young Torwoodlee; Douglass of Caverse; the gallant and patriotic Fletcher of Salton; and Sir Patrick Hume, who now sported his new star and plume, as the Earl of Marchmont.

But some were not there, who used to be the life and soul of the party. Donald Cargill and Master James were no longer in the land of the living. This led to many inquiries, and to long and mournful details, touching their fallen comrades. Some one narrated the battle of Ayres-moss; and the last hours of Richard Cameron, who fell there at the head of his company fighting gallantly in the holy cause. Another rehearsed the mournful tale of the gallant General Hackston's death, who was unjustly charged "wi' the slaughter o' the bi- p;" and whose death was the most revolting to hum ords of British history.

"I pray you, my good laird," sai Torfo- -ail to us the last mom

tood, my l-

Torfoot, "and in a manner befitting a maist pious martyr, and gallant man did he fall. His sun set as large and as bright as it had gleamed through the clouds o' the darkest day!

The last sabbath of his career he spent at Dunsyre Common; and in the gloamin he retired with the lady of St. John's Kirk. At Covington mill, he was seized next morning, by Irvine o' Bonshaw, and dragged incontiently to Embro. OnJuly 15, 1681, he was put on his trial.

As our venerable father entered the court and uncovered his head, every eye from the bench, the bar, and the immense crowd, was earnestly bent on him, to catch the figure and countenance o' the far famed man. There was ane awe thrown over the minds o' the bludiest o' the Managers and Judges. They fixed their eager leuks on him, in a lang and deep silence. He stude erect before them, pale, yet unshrinking; his white beard falling doon on his black doublet, and his hair as white as snow, in clustering ringlets on his shoulders. Of the men in power whom he had excommunicated in Torwood forest, there were four present, bending their keen and inquisitive look on him, to wit: Lord Rothes, McKenzie, Dalziel, and the Duke of Lauderdale; the last not now of the council, but present as a spectator. These half rose up, and reached forward, to catch an eager glimpse o' him. And as their eyes met the keen glance o' his dark searching eye, which, however, set forth nae wrath, nae prood defiance, but on the contrary much meekness, and benevolence, tempered by pity and sorrow; they gradually stole away their half averted leuks; and sat doon evidently disconcerted.

The trial went on. As these words of the indictment were uttered, "*having cast off all fear of God before his eyes,*" Cargill raised his hand, and bade the clerk stop for a moment. "The man," said he, with the mildest tone, but firmly, "wha drew up that paper, has done violence thereby to the light o' his ain conscience. He hath known that I hae been a fearer o' God frae my youth up." Then fixing his eyes wi' the keenest expression of pity and disgust on McKenzie, the Lord Advocate, he added in deep and solemn tones, "*But that man, my Lords, wha teuk the Haly Bible in his hand, and declared that it wad ne'er be weel wi' the laun, until that book be destroyed,*

that man, my Lords, is he wha has cast off all fear o' God frae before his eyes!"

Cargill poured forth the whole force of his energy into the closing expression, as he bent on the advocate a look of unutterable contempt, mingled with sorrow. Then bowing respectfully to the Lords on the bench, he whispered "May it pleasure you that the clerk go on."

During this extraordinary speech, the greatest stilness reigned throughout the court and assembly; you might have heard a pin fall. It was interrupted for a moment, only by the muttering and grumbling of the Advocate, like a chafed tiger in his den. And when Cargill had done, his paroxysms of rage vented itself in a torrent of imprecations and blasphemy; and not even the presence of the Lords of Session could prevent him from threatening the venerable old man, with the thumbscrews and bodkins, and all the instruments of inquisitorial cruelty!

The judiciary found him guilty of what they called *High Treason;* and afterwards a majority of the Assizers, under the improper influence of the unrelenting Mc Kenzie, re-echoed the same; the presiding officer then put on his hat and pronounced him *guilty*, accordingly; and beckoning to the Doomster,* that officer rose up, and pronounced the sentence of death, by hanging and heading, and closed the awful ceremony with a long and loud blast of the trumpet, as he added "*And this I pronounce as thy doom!*"

Our venerable father, the while, stood leaning on the shoulder of Master James. And as the blast of the trumpet ceased, he exclaimed, "Hech Sirs! that's a waesome blast! But the sound o' the last trumpet will be a joyful sound to me, and all who love His cause!"

His last hour came. He was full o' courage and holy joy. He leaned on Renwick as he walked wi' a firm step and undaunted countenance, to the gallows tree. Three times the drums beat, to drown his voice as he made his last speech in defence of the cause for which he suffered; a ispun last appeal to his country and posterity. The martyr smiled and lifted his eyes to heaven, and sighed out "Alas! we hae nae liberty even to utter our minds to the

* This is an officer not known, saving in the Scottish Courts.

people! But let that pass." His last words were these; "Now, I am near the getting o' my crown o' glory! And hark thee, James, charge the sufferers frae me, to be carefu' and guard against errors in the duty they owe to God and their Kintry. Noo fare thee weel, my ain sweet faithfu' bairne, James; gang thy ways and prosper, we meet in heaven!" And he turned round frae him, and closed his eyes, as he breathed out in a holy and impressive manner; "Noo, fare weel, relations and friends in Christ; fareweel a' earthly comforts; fareweel reading and preaching; praying and believing; and wanderings; and reproaches; and sufferings! Welcome FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST! Into THY hands I commend my spirit!"

And he was turned over the ladder, as he was uttering the maist fervent prayer for the Kirk, and the Whigs o' Scotland!

A touching circumstance happened, as he died. There were four who suffered along with him; among these were Boig, and Smith, his pupils, and candidates for the holy ministry. Smith was the next to Father Cargill, on the gallows-tree. In the agonies of death he swung gently round, and died with his head bending down on the bosom of Cargill!" Here the Laird paused, and the deep silence which had reigned throughout his narrative, continued for some minutes. No one uttered a word of condolence, or of admiration. The closing scene was just what they had anticipated from such a leader. And every soul present thought only of his triumph, and his glory, and his throne, and the robe, and the crown of the Martyr! And the tears that were shed, were the delicious tears of joy!

"And the last hours o' our gallant young Renwick," said Lady Helen, in tones of unaffected sorrow. "Master Shields, you were with him in his last sufferings, how did he die; various were the rumours in Holland; though a' o' them uttered his praise without stint or measure."

"Dear Lady, he fell in a manner, befitting the character he sustained in the eyes of Scotland, and the Kirk o' God. And this bloomin' youth, the last o' the Scottish Martyrs, wull be embalmed in his Kintry's gratefu' remembrance.

I need na tell ye, hoo faithfuily and fearlessly he sustained the standard which fell frae the hauns o' Cameron

and Cargill. The spirit o' the ascended Martyrs, seemed to rest on him in a double portion.

His course was brilliant, though brief, yet not too brief, if we look at the services he rendered, and the persevering activity o' Claverse, and his dragoons, wha spread snares for his feet ower a' the Sooth and Wast. For the maist active soldiery were put in requisition: and a host o' weel paid informers, *and e'en blude hounds, to track oot oor gallant young friend!* Faithful, indeed, was Scotland to him and his compatriots; so that, for years, he defied the vigilence of his deadliest persecutors! And langer might he, humanly speakin' hae run his course; But he became ower venturesome.

Public duty called him to Embro; he wadna jeopard a life when his ain might be risked. An important document was to be delivered in person; he accomplished the service; and had retired into Fife. An imperative service again required his presence in the Capitol. He was betrayed, the place of his retreat discovered, and after a gallant defence against a multitude, he fell into the hands of the foemen.

The rest of his history is soon told. The Scottish council, like the inquisition, preserved a perfect uniformity in the mode of its proceedings. Tyrants have done so in all generations. They fixed the mode of execution, condemned him, and then tried him. The refractory members of the jury were given to understand, in language conveying the most insolent threatenings, from McKenzie, that if theydared to acquit the pannel, at the bar, they should be subjected to a process of error.* And as the law of Scotland requires a bare majority of its fifteen assizers, and not an unanimous voice, the gowd, or the cheaper threatenings of the Scottish Loyola, seldom failed to compass his bludy schemes against the martyrs.

And let the world render strict justice to oor gallant Renwick. He stands forward, before ilka leal Scotchman,

* This was not a mere idle threat; the Advocate had made it good before this. On August 3, 1681, a *process of error* was commenced against the assizers, or jurymen, who had ventured, in the process against the Heritors of Lanerkshire, to beard McKenzie in his den, and acquit them. Three of them were fined heavily and imprisoned *one year*.

as truly a patriotic, as a Christian Martyr. He sealed, with his blude, those fundamental truths adhered to by all the martyrs o' the last two reigns, and he died for opposing the usurpation of James II., who had reigned withuot takin' the Coronation Oath, and had overthrown the constitution and fundamental laws o' Scotland. He died for opposing the payment of cess, and sic like unlawfu' taxes, exacted without parliamentary authority, and appropriated to the support of tyranny, the oppression of the subject, and the bearing doon o' the gospel ministry by the military. He died for maintaining the doctrine of resistance to tyrants, and of self-defence against the roving banditti sent ower the laun by the Stuart!

Does England embalm the memory of her Hampden, and her Russel, and her Sidney? And will Scotland refuse her homage to the memory o' the Whigs wha died for her?

They went a nobler length in the haly cause, than even Hampden, or Russel or Sidney. In the common cause o' the laws and liberty, they all stude side by side. But oor Scottish Whigs nobly sustained Christ's cause and crown likewise. They drove the ferociou styranny o' the Stuart frae the Kirk, as weel as frae their Kintry! And it is to the immortal honour o' their labours and sufferings, that the official declaration of the Prince of Orange, and the Scottish Parliament's *Claim of Rights*, and the haile voice o' Scotland, at the Revolution, ratified ilka item o' their public testimony!

On the 17th of February, 1688, Renwick suffered. The morning of that day he spent with his widowed Mother and sisters. He was full of holy joy. '*O how can I contain this, to be within two horus o' eternity, and my crown o' glory!*' said he mair than aince. Perceiving his afflicted mother weep, he took her hand and kissing it said, "*Mother weep not: remember oor Lord's words that they wha love any thing better than him, are not worthy o' him. If you love me, rejoice; I am going home to my Father!*" He then kneeled doon and offered up a solemn prayer for them, for himself, for the Whigs o' Scotland, and for the bleedin' Kirk, and for his persecutors.

As he rose from his knees, the drums beat for the guard, He leaped up, and exclaimed, "*Yonder, is the welcome call!*

Noo I hae dune wi' time. My Lord is coming, and I am ready!"

The parting scene with his mother and sisters was impressibly tender, and affecting. "Noo I go, dear mother, yield me up. I go to the presence of God, oor Saviour, and the holy army o' the martyrs! fare ye weel!" He bowed on her neck, and kissed her, and his sisters, who were in an agony of grief.

"My dear James, my sweet, my only boy! now fare thee weel! I do gie thee up, to thy Father in heaven!" This was all his widowed Mother could breath out. And she raised her feeble arms frae his neck, and retired a step, as she raised them up to heaven: "Noo, Oh my God, to thee I gie him up, sustain him, Oh God! sustain my dear sweet bairne in his last agony on the tree! Oh! Thou who diedst on the cross for us!"

They retired to their chamber, and throwing themselves on the floor, they spent the remaining moments of his time, in fervent intercessions for him.

He walked with a steady step, and unfaltering looks, to the gibbet. He seemed to be in a holy transport of joy, and his eyes and cheeks glowed with animation!

The crowd which was immense, welcomed him with a sorrowful moan, and a gush of sorrow. Every eye was on his young blooming face; he approached the edge of the scaffold, to speak. But instantly the drums commenced one continued roll of deafening sound. Yet he went on for a few minutes, he was heard by those who stood close to him, to enumerate the items, religious and political, for which our predecessors suffered, and to own them as the principles which he was willing to seal with his blood; he disowned James II, as no King of Scotland; because that Prince had not only not taken the Coronation Oath of our ancient kingdom, but had refused to take it; and because he made war upon religion, and overturned the fundamental laws, and liberty of the kingdom.

Having closed his address, he read, out of his pocket Bible, a passage from the Revelation, which pourtrays the glories of immortality; he sung the One hundredth and third Psalm, with a sweet melodious air; then throwing himself on his knees, he poured out his soul unto God

in his last solemn prayer. All this time, the drums kept up an incessant noise. As he rose from his knees he turned him round to his companion, as he leaned on his arms, and observed, "I am disturbed in my devotions by this tumultuous noise. But, Oh my God! I shall soon be above these clouds, and within the circle o' the redeemed, and then shall I serve thee without distraction, for ever more!" Then clasping his hands and darting his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed in a deep and solemn tone—*Into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, Lord God of truth!* And he was launched into eternity, in the twenty-sixth year of his age. One word mair. He charged me wi' just ae commission to ye a', and it was uttered by the martyr under the gibbet: "Tell the Whigs o' the Covenant, that the watchward is ONWARD! that word father Cargill repeated on my ears beneath the gallows-tree, sae du I say to ye a'—ONWARD! and the hoor o' Scotland's deliverance is nigh!"

The whole assembly utterred a burst of sorrow, as Shields closed his narrative, and delivered the last message of the martyr, Helen Wardlaw and Anna Burleigh wept aloud. And all of them bemoaned their young heroic friend; while they rehearsed, to each other, many incidents in his brief life, which had fallen under their eyes, and had filled them with admiration of his piety, stability, and courage.

From a paper which was handed round the meeting by Sir James Stewart, it was shown that during the *twenty-eight* years' persecution about 20,000 Whigs had suffered, either death, or the utmost hardships and extremities: 600 had suffered death, under *form* of law; 500 had been assassinated in the field, and on the mountains, by military bands. "Fearfu' has been the sacrifice offered up," cried Burleigh, "but the weary and worn oot Whig grudges not the price paid doon! The holy purpose is accomplished. The redemption o' oor Kintry and the Kirk is achieved. Thae wha hae fa'en rest in their glory, and drink the cup o' heaven's joy, Scotland ever gratefu' to her bairnes, wull embalm their memories in her recollection. Their names wull be on the lips o' Scotlands' leal children frae generation to generation. And their glory wull blossom ever fresh and fair, as lang as her blue mountains shall rear their

summits to heaven, and her rivers roll their dark blue waves to the Ocean!"

During these discoursings many vetran covenanters had been arriving; and now there entered a few direct from the North.

"What news frae the Heelans?" cried a dozen at once. "Mackay's driven back a wee hittock," cried a stout old soldier,—"and Claverhoose has."—

"What o' him, Saunders, speak oot at aince." "The bludy man is nae mair—he has fa'en on the field o' battle!"

"Is he gane then?" cried Bailey Wardlaw, in a low tone after a deep silence in the saloon, "Alack! alack! puir man, we houp he gat time to repent him o' his misdoings? Hoo fell he, Saunders?"

"When the Prince teuk the throne, as a' o' ye ken,"—said Sanders Allison, "Clavers, and Balcarras, traitor loons! fled to the North to raise the wild Heelanders. Mackay met them on the braes o' Killicrankie. He was a match for Grahame; but he pat mair trust in his pock puddin English dragoons, than any prudent man wad hae dune. The Heelanders, like wild deils run loose, came doon through the Pass; wi' skirlin pipes, and lood yellochins fired ae roon; then till't wi' their braid swords, like men haggin doon trees! The English fled, and threw the brave Scots lads into confusion; they were a' sune, rinnin' helter skelter, over the braes o' Killicrankie. Meantime, twa three canny ladds o' oor regiment, watched oor opportunity ahint a Celtic cairne. We saw a piper on a projecting rock, wi' a face like a Nor-Wast moon, blowin' his pipes as if he wad hae blawn the bottom oot o' his bag. He was playin' yer terrible march o' the terrible Mc Donalds. A wee bittock on the left, we saw Grahame o' Clavers at the head o' the Mc Donalds, cursin', and sweerin', and blasphemin' lik a hell hound bouncin' frae the budomless gulph, because he cood na get them up sune eneuch to complete the route. We just teuk our canny aizzy; and doon cam the piper, in the ae haun, wumplin', and rowin' doon, like a pair o' auld boots, intil the very waves o' the Trumble; and on the ither doon cam Cleverse. Ane o' oor lads bullets teuk him atween the joints o' his steel armour, just as a tremendous aith fell in a scream, frae his lips; he threw

his airms up heigh in air; the reins o' his steed fell frae his haun; he sprung up convulsively in his saddle; and wi' annither loud scream, he fell, wi' a clash, on the hill side, and neer spak mair!"

"And in his fa'," cried Sir James, "popery, and the usurper's power hae their fall in Scotland. And let the Tory embalm his memory. But let them first show Scotland ae gallant trait, ae virtue in his character; let them name ae victory, or ae military exploit he eer achieved—let them name ae political, or military benefit he eer did to his Kintry. Wi' ilka Whig, and ilka leal hearted Scot, who loves oor illustrious Prince, the Sovereign o' the people, he's doomed to everlasting infamy."

"And General Dalziel," said young Torfoot, "has nae been lang ahint his mess mate. The auld man, lik auld Anacreon was guzzlin' wine in nae stented measure, not lang ago, and while granin' and laughin' we a perfect gust and roar o' merriment, the liquor teuk the wrang hauss, and wi' a terrible outcry, and a goller i' his trapple, he was choked, and fell clean dead!"

"And does *Sir George Mc Kenzie* yet live? said the Bailey to Sir James who now held his office by the favor of the prince of Orange.

"He lately closed his career," replied Sir James, "in London, whither he had gone to avoid the hatred and scorn of his country. Fame says that the ex-advocate died miserably, and I partly believe it. Neither he nor Judge Jeffries were like to hae unto quiet consciences. Common fame says that Sir George died like Charles IX. of France, blude issuing frae a' the pores o' his body!

And as the wits o' England, and some Scottish Tories hae canonized him, I wad venture this as the epitaph for his marble whom a' Scotland ca's by the sirname o' "The Bludy" *'Here lies he, wha prostituted talents, and office in the warst o' causes: and wha committed, without remorse, the lowest and vilest o' assassinations, judicial murder! He was the flatterer and tool of a government, without ae parallel, except in the worst reign, o' the worst o' the Cæsars!*

"Bravo!" shouted the Bailey, but instantly added, "Yet pardon me, Sir James, he's doon, and we ne'er yet struck

a fallen foe. The Jacobites are in the dust, and on the brade o' their backs: and the Kirk, and auld Scotland are free! God bless oor deliverer King William! God bless Scotland! But come, Sir James, I lang to pruve yer hospitality; and to see whether ye keep up the honour o' the Hoose o' Carlesnes. Lead we the way Lady Euphemia!" And humming the butt end of an old Whig song, made on the victory of Drumclog, he led in Lady Stewart: and all the rest followed to the rich and splendid banquet.

All our surviving heroes lived long and begat sons and daughters. And even *Bailey Wardlaw* was not without some prospects, this same way, to the happiness of his lot. For finding his fireside, and halls, mournfully desolate, and solitary, since Burleigh had robbed him, as he used to say, of his bonnie Helen; and since there was nae langer e'en the puir relief o' a collision, and brush wi' the Tories to keep ane's mind and talents frae stagnation, he "seriously threatened," to use his own terms, "to lead the Dowager Dame Agnes Campbell, of Cesnock, to the altar, and make her his wife. And it wull be seen, my hearties!" cried the Bailey, "by the niest anniversary, whether I be na blude earnest in this saam business!"

The father of Wee Davie converted his sword into the plough-share; and was the factor in one of "*his bonnie Helen Wardlaw's*" estates. And the soldier's wife prided herself on having one of the neatest and most productive daires on the hanghs o' the Clyde.

Wee Davil lived, and grew up to be a man. He passed through college: embraced the office of the ministry, was patronized by Burleigh Stewart; and became one of the bright ornaments of the Kirk of Scotland. And a lang line o' his bairnes' are alive, at this day.

Balfour of Burley had retired to Holland after Bothwell; he attached himself to the Prince, and was received into his service. But his fiery spirit could not rest unemployed. He had heard, by rumour, of the raids of Claverse, in the South and West of Scotland; and he pined away with anxiety, once more more, "to measure swords" as he said, "with that ferocious bandit." Burley was on his way, breathing death and destruction to the foemen. But

he died on board of the ship; and found a grave in the sea!

Dame Margaret Craig, like every other sensible woman, discovered, in process of time, that it was not good for her to be alone. She threw aside her weeds, when Scotlands' braw days shone oot, and took for her second husband the strappin gausy Laird Brownlee of Cauldstream. And she used to boast, with great good humour, in his presence, to Lady Burleigh Stewart, that "by this *coup de main*, she had thinned the ranks o' the foemen o' ae gausy man. For of a fiery red wud Tory, she had made the Laird as douce, and steady a Whig, as was in a' the West! And, madam," she would add, "they only want ane eloquent wife, and gude common sense to make a' o' them douce honest Whigs thegither!"

And when she removed from the vicinity of Balornock she prevailed on the *auld Beddrel*, and his *Gude wife*, who had ministered so long, and so faithfully to Donald Cargill, to accompany her, and occupy a pretty cottage close by the mansion house; with every thing necessary to their ease and comfort. And to induce the Beddrel the more willingly to gratify her, by residing with her, she gave him the assurance that "no one should invade his rights and privileges, of holding, as toughly as he pleased, to his testimony for ghaists, witches, and warlocks, as long as he lived!"

Tam Hamilton survived the wars: retired to cultivate the acres of his paternal lairdship; and married, in process of time, the Chamberlain's daughter, "bonnie Annie Young, the lily of Avendale;" as gude as she was bonnie; and she had acres o' charms; and a gausy gowden tocher, foreby. And his descendants are nae mean men, on the old homesteading o' Drumclog, at this day.

The Laird of Torfoot died at a good old age, after having spent his latter days in ease and literary pursuits. And a goodly race o' men hae sprung frae him, wha hae been fast friends to their Kintry. His grandson's grandson held the paternal inheritance: and it was a pretty sight to see Laird James, his braw strappin' wife, and twelve blooming sons and daughters, a' aroond their fireside. And ae thing they can say, what every body canna say, that no ane o' a' the lang line o' that name has yet been left o' his God,

to be a disgrace to the name, or the hoose, or to the Gude Auld Cause o' the Whigs o' Scotland.

And there was ae joyfu' day, in ilka returning year, when the auld Laird's hoose rang wi' merriment, baith butt and ben. That was the anniversary of the Prince of Orange's arrival, and the flight of the *Last of the Stuarts*. And the Laird had his two standing toasts; litterally standing, for, such was his wull, ilka guest at his table drank them standing. The first was, "*King William and Mary! God bless them!*" The second, which the youngest of the bairns knew full well when it was forthcoming, was ushered in by a heavy thump on the oaken table, "*The flitting o' the Last o' the Stuarts! A lang march to them aroond Europe, and short allowance!*"

THE END.

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NOTES.

NOTE A.

See Chapters V. and VI. pp. 37, *and* 44, *Vol.* i.

It is confidently believed that no intelligent friend of the British revolution of 1688, and of the American revolution of 1776, can dissent from the sound politicks and doctrines of the Whigs of 1678, and 1679.

NOTE B.

See Chapters VIII. and IX. pp. 72, *and* 81, *Vol.* i.

Those who are acquainted with the traditions, and also the authentic history of Scotland are aware that the rencountre of the students with the military; and particularly their affair with the Highland host, at the auld Brigg o' Glasgow, are not founded in fiction. —See Cruikshank, vol i. ch. 12, and Wodrow History of the Church of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 413, new edition.

NOTE C.

See Chapter XVII. Vol. i.

James Graham, of Claverhouse.—This conspicuous man has been lauded by Hume as a *gallant and enterprising officer.* But all partialities apart, his character has been drawn much more correctly by later historians; and I have endeavoured to make that true portraiture on my pages. Colonel Graham neither conceived nor executed any one great military or political achievment in the whole of his career. This is evident, from even the writers of his own party. He gained the battle of Killiecrankie, the only one he ever gained. But he gained that, and fell, fighting against the liberties of his country, and against the glorious revolution of 1688. And from this victory, he and his party gained no benefit whatever. He was "an active and enterprising officer," only as the head of the roving banditti, whom tyranny let loose upon his oppressed and trodden down country. Here he was perfectly at home, and always great. This was precisely in unison with the narrowness of his conceptions, and the whole form of his military education. The authentic history of his actions, from the year 1679, to his fall,

—especially of those of 1685; such as his dastardly and cruel murder of *John Brown, of Priesthill*, an humble and unoffending man: his ferocious raids in the south of Scotland, in Galloway; his nameless outrages inflicted on helpless females, are evidences most sufficient to establish this, in the judgment of every candid man.

So late as 1822, an ardent partizan of Scottish Tory principles, wrote thus: "*Colonel Graham was a soldier in a barbarous age; and employed to hunt down men, who had been declared rebels, &c. But these were not the doings of Colonel Graham; who, as a soldier, was bound to obey his orders.*"

This is a frank avowal; and a lame apology. The writer must have adopted Dean Swift's satirical defination of a *soldier;* who, according to the Dean, is one, who for money, is employed to kill as many as he can, of his own species, who never did him any injury, merely because his superiors command him.

According to this apology for Claverse, a soldier owes allegiance, simply to his commander; but none to his country; or to Almighty God! He is a soul-less, heart-less being; a mere *automaton;* an animal who speaks, acts, and rules his conscience *by proxy!* A greater slave than this exists not in the West Indies, or in the south.

This apology, however, cannot be offered for Colonel Graham. He could have resigned his commission at any moment, if the services required of him, were revolting to his feelings. That he did not resign, but did on the contrary, cheerfully and merrily pass through all these bloody scenes of robbing, plundering, and assassinating; and did even enjoy them, as ever did any pirate or bandit, his roving crusades against the property and lives of men, is assuredly evidence enough that his character was in all respects, as we have here detailed it.

The picture I have drawn of him, physical, as well as moral, differs *toto coelo*, from that drawn by Sir Walter Scott. I possess a plate of him, from which Sir Walter Scott drew the false picture. It exhibits the face and appearance of a *boy of seventeen*, dressed in *Dundee's lordly robes!* Dr. McCrie, the celebrated historian, caused a plate of the true Claverse to be published. From that, and from my stock of family traditions, I have drawn my picture, in the text. Let the public judge which is most consonant with reason and facts. If there be any truth in the language which the God of nature visibly writes on the human countenance; and in the evidence of the great historian, that his plate exhibits the genuine features of this noted man, then am I correct in my delineation; though opposed by Sir Walter. Besides, Sir Walter observed to a friend of mine, as they were inspecting the picture of Claverhouse, which hung in the study of Sir Walter, "I have been greatly deceived in the appearance of Claverse." This was after he had seen Dr. McCrie's plate; and known his character better.

NOTE D.

The reader who has a taste for Roman literature, may not be displeased to see the remaining verses of this original Latin poem. And it is not unseasonable at this time, when the cause of the enslaved Africans is justly exciting the most intense interest.

"Quis Maurus prædans vim vestris attulit oris?
Quis Nomadum vestros deripuêre focos?
Omnia dura ferat, quicunque cupidine pravâ,
Fas, et jura ultra, saevus ad arma ruit!
At quos læsi? Crudelis queis bella ciebam?
Quis timuit prædas, insidias ve meas?
Non justi reus unquam criminis actus, ut essem,
Heu! procul a patriis eripiendus agris!
Quemve dedit leto, noxæ mihi conscia dextra?
Fortè levis, cupidus; non reus ipse fui.
Criminibus vacuus (testor vos numina siquis
Insontis verbis vellet adesse DEUS!)
Criminibus vacuus culpis, vagabar,—amores
Innocui valles personuere mei.
Sellida! Te cecini, formam, vultusque venustos.
Unde mihi fervens ossibus hæsit amor.
Advolvent nobis felicia tempora vitæ,
Pro castis, Superis si favor ullus inest.
Oh! Tu terrarum, coeli Sator omnia vides,
Aspice eas lacrymas, accipe vota mei?—
Talia'dum meditor, sævâ comitante catervâ,
En! animo flagrans insidiator adest.
Atque ut nautæ, quos iniquus distulit Auster
Fluctibus in mediis, et mora lenta maris,
Cum læto clamore potiti littore, mensis
Appositis festas explicuere dapes.
In prædam tigris vigilans prorepit ab antro,
Horrenda et mugit, adtremuere poli,
Et subito saltû, et crudelibus unguibus atrox
Luctantem juvenem sustulit ore trahens.
Sic frustra luctantem infensus me tulit hostis!
Sic subito miserum me tulit atra dies!
Iniquo fato patriis abreptus ab oris
Auferor incertus, sors mihi qualis erit.
Nec mihi tunc licuit moesto, dare tunc tibi moestæ
Oscula, nec moestæ dicere '*Sponsa vale!*'
Perfero, sed tibi quam crudelia fata manebunt,
Ni vano augurio pectora carpit amor!
Non juxta præbens conjux solamina—nulla.
Quis te soletur—te quatiente metû?—
At venit aut conjux, aut mentem insania ludit.
Et faciles gressus molliter unda gerit.—
Ecce! venit,—ludit nec ulla insania mentem.
Sed qualis? Tristis sed dolor ore sedit!
Ut nubes ventis actæ per mari currunt,
Advenit, haud aliter corpus inane fugit.
Prævides,—et mens præsagit crudelia de te.
Infausti reditûs quæ tibi causa fuit?
Nuncia venisti, cum durus me abstulit hostis,
Pressam te subitis succubuisse malis.
Aufugis, et veloces tendis ad sidera cursus.

Umbra licet tenuis te sequor usque comes—
Te squor, et tecum liceat feliciter ævum
Degam, criminibus insidiisque procul.
Fata tibi certa: ac mea cerno!" Dixit ac altâ
A puppi in rapidas præcipitavit aquas.

NOTE E.

See Chapter XX. &c. Vol. i.

Sir George McKenzie was king's Advocate from the year 1674 to 1686; and was, of course, the prime mover in the inquisitorial, tyranical, and sanguinary proceedings of the Supreme Criminal Courts, during the worst period of the persecution, which Charles II, and James VII. carried on against religion, and the liberties of Scotland.

"The picture which Hume has drawn of these times, has a *likeness*. But it is a profile portrait of one who squints. The principal deformity cannot be discerned.

"Mr. Laing, in treating of the tyranny which preceeded the Revolution of 1688, has dismissed that squeamish delicacy, so often at variance with the frank and unaffected dignity of historical truth; and has described the royal brothers in terms of suitable reprobation. His character of the *Second* Charles, is a spirited painting. I cannot, however, help thinking, that the principal actor in the judicial tortures, and murders of that reign, deserved a full length portrait, as well as his master."—GRAHAME.

In the following lines, Grahame (in his Birds of Scotland,) has drawn a sketch of the Advocate's character.

"McKenzie's purpled hands!
Perfidious minion of a sceptered priest!
The huge enormity of crime on crime
Accumulated high, but ill conceals
The reptile meanness of thy dastard soul;
Whose favourite art was *lying* with address:
Whose hollow promise helped the Prince's hand
To screw confessions from the tortured lips.
Base hypocrite! Thy character, pourtrayed
By modern history's too lenient touch,
Truth loves to blazon with her real tints;
To limn, of new, thy half forgotten name,
Inscribe with infamy, thy time worn tomb;
And make the memory hated as the man!"

That the inquisitors of that day repeatedly fixed the mode of execution, and then put the pannel (defendant) on his trial, is well known. That was done in the case of Cargill, Rathillet, &c.

McKenzie also could carry his point at any time with the assizers, (a few honourable exceptions being allowed; and these *rebel jurors* he failed not to ruin by a process of error.) A bare majority of the 15 jurors, by the law of Scotland, can present the true verdict.

This bloody advocate also pursued a vexatious and odious system of exaggeration and aggravation, which he himself first introduced into criminal prosecutions.

He would, for instance, charge the pannel with divers murders of men; no names, no time, no place, being specified! And each of these crimes would he aggravate, by repeating several specifications of it; while he neither led, nor did intend to lead, any proof on any one of these charges, or specifications.

Dr. McCrie, in his Life of Laird Ure of Shargarton, has given specimens of this revolting iniquity, p. 439—445: and in his Appendix, No. 1.

NOTE F.

See Chapter XIX, Vol. ii. *p.* 184.

Archbishop Sharp; and his death.—On our pages are exhibited the sentiments of both sides on this painful subject.

It has been the sin of the Tory, to charge on the Whig the horrid sin of wilful murder and assassination. He has charged on the whole body of Presbyterians, the sin of the bishop's murder! Of late, however, a greater liberality has prevailed. Every body knows that the murder of the bishop, was not a national, or concerted deed. Even the party itself, who slew him, was not looking out for Sharp, but for a man who had been pillaging, and robbing the country.

But to the Tory we say, *the least said, the better, on either side, touching the sanguinary maxims, and deeds of the age of Charles I. and Charles II.*

Let the Tory who shall in a single instance, again feel inclined to allude invidiously to the murder of the bishop, by Burly and his faction, remember that history reveals *equal stains, of equally bloody deeds lying on the garments of their forebears!*

And lest they may have forgotten, we shall refresh their memories.

Sir Charles Lucas, a Cavalier officer put several soldiers, Whigs, his prisoners, to death, in cold murder. And he did it with his own hand!

The parliamentary officers having, in their turn of success, taken this *English Burly*, 'ordered him to be shot, *because he had murdered in cold blood, certain men, his prisoners.* Clarendon makes no record of this man's assassinations, but declares these officers of the parliament, murderers, because they shot their prisoner.'—*Clar. vol. V.* 239.

Colonel Rainsborough was certainly, to say the least, as good a man as bishop Sharp; and one who was much dearer to the best friends of his country.

The cavaliers failed in one attempt to assassinate him. In the second, they were too successful. They murdered him in a manner as horribly revolting, as did the men who slew bishop Sharp

And if many of the Whigs have applauded the deed of Magus Muir, as praise worthy, and patriotic; then, what will the Tory say of his own leading historian, who has bepraised this deed of horrid murder: even the noble historian, who is so *ultra* in his Toryism, that he has branded the virtuous struggles of a great nation, to redeem its rights and liberties from the iron grasp of tyranny, with the name of *the Grand Rebellion!* Yes, this same Clarendon has applauded this foul and most unmanly deed, this assassination of Col. Raisborough!—*See Clar. Hist.* V. 245, 256.

Lisle was one of Cromwell's keepers, who sat on the trial of Charles I. He also was murdered by the Cavaliers, with circumstances of the most shocking barbarity. And no humble Tory,—but even lord Arlington, distinguished for his rank and influence among the Tories, has applauded the deed, and exulted in it, "as a signal instance of God Almighty's justice!"—*See Dr. McCrie's Edition of the Memoirs of Veitch and Bryson*, p. 106, note.

Captain Manning was deliberately murdered, by one of the king's servants. They admit this themselves; "He was pistolled contrary to orders."

In describing this act of assassination, the author of "*England's Triumph*," p. 52; uses this disgusting style, "though it came far short of his deserts, yet it was not so well done, by sending the devil his due before his time; and wronging the hangman of his labour!"—*McCrie ut supra.*

Had any of our Whigs been so intemperate as to have used this language touching Sharp and his death, how much horror would it have justly excited among those who embalm his memory!

Too many more, of such cases, might be presented to the Tory writers, were it necessary.

But we earnestly whisper in their ear, *the less said on this subject the better*, on the part of both of the parties in "*the Grand Persecution*," under the first, and second Charles.

NOTE G.

The ontrè speech of Lord Rothes, in p. 195, of Vol. i., details, though in sarcasm, some of the real incidents in the life of James Sharp, the Primate.—*See the Scot's Worthies, Appendix, article Sharp.*

NOTE H.

See Vol. i. p. 197, 198.

Old general Dalziel wore his white bushy beard of an inordinate length; even down to his girdle.

In early life he was trained up in the savage warfare of the Muscovegians. He paid his annual visit to king Charles II. And when in his walk in Hyde Park, his singular dress, and enormous beard, attracted greater crowds about him, than even the king him-

self. Charles used to say to this eccentric and savage favourite, "Dalziel why the deuce do you not dress in a christian way, and like the rest of civilized men; you gather such crowds about us that, odds fish! we are a' lik to get oor guts squeezed oot o' us!"

The incidents in the preceeding Tale, occupy the space of about sixteen months.

The history of the Covenanters, or the Scottish Whigs, will embrace a period of nearly one hundred years.

A genuine and succinct History of them is already in a state of forwardness; and is designed to make a part of the *Family Library of the Harpers*. The preceeding tale is offered simply as a specimen of the characters and incidents, in a small portion, of that very interesting period of Scottish History. The history is understood to be in the hands of one, fully competent to execute it.

A GLOSSARY,

Explaining the most of the Scottish words and phrases.

Ahint, behind.
Aith, oath.
Allenarly, altogether, entirely.
Auld, old.
Aumbry, a cupboard, a larder.
Baikey, a wooden server, or tray.
Bailey, an Alderman.
Bannocks, thich round cakes of oatmeal.
Bausoned, spotted on the face or brow, as a cow.
Beadle, a constable.
Ben, within.
Benison, a blessing.
Bettle, a heavy wooden mallet, to beat wet flax.
Biel, a sheltering place.
Biggin, a building.
Bilbow, a jail; sometimes a sword.
Bittock, a small bit.
Blauds, heavy blows, also broken fragments.
Bow, a boll, or six bushels; bow o' yett meal, a boll of oat meal.
Brae, a hill side; bell o' the brae, the steep part of the knoll, or bank.
Braide, breadth, braide o' the back, flat on the back.
Breeks, breeches.
Brock, the badger.
Brue, rich juice of meat; brue o' a moss hagg, the dark thick water of a bitumous morass.
Brulzie, a broil, a quarrel.
Bumbee, the large wild bee.
Bunker, the circular seat around the Scottish pulpit, in which the elders are seated,
Butt, without: Butt and ben, out in the Kitchen, and in the parlour.

Cairne, heap of stones on a hill top, of Gallic origin.
Caller Water, fresh cool water.
Canachs, the soft white down growing on a marsh shrub.
Cap, a cup, or a wooden dish.
Carratches, the catechism.
Chowks, the cheeks: particularly the prominent part beneath the chin, the second chin.
Clairshach, a small Highland harp.
Clauts, strokes of a rod, sometimes claws.
Cleek, to hook, to catch.
Cogs, and bickars, small neat hooped wooden vessels, used to contain milk: the bickar has two small handles.
Coif, part of the ancient female head gear.
Collie, a shepherd's dog.
Coof, a silly, contemptible man; an oaf.
Coomy, stained, and black with soot.
Cosie, well sheltered, snug.
Couped, tumbled over.
Crane, Cranium, or head; couped the crane, tumbled heels over head.
Craters, creatures.
Creagh, a free booter's invasion to plunder.
Croft, low arrable land, bottom land, near a river.
Daffin, excessive merriment.
Daft, crazy, deranged.
Daidled, jaded out; a silly, wandering creature.
Daundered, bewildered, wandering in a melancholy mood.
Deevinin', deafening.
Ditty, an indictment; specification of crimes to be proved.
Dow, dowed, to be able, to effect, or accomplish.
Dub, a stagnant pool of water.
Duniwassel, a dependent, a Gallic word.
Durely, hardly, or stiffly.
Een, eyes.
Eldritch, terrible, appalling.
Farrel, a triangular cake of oat meal.
Feckless, sickly, feeble by disease.
Felt, bare felt; a coarse woollen hat.
Fleyed, afraid, terrified.
Flitten, removal, a moving.
Flonkey, a footman, an attendant.
Forfouchten, overwhelmed with labour and fatique.
Fraise, fawning, flattery.
Fushionless, dry, without juice, having no nourishment in it.
Fye! An Interjection, used in cheering on.
Gaberlunzie, a talkative old crone.
Gang warily, walk cautiously.
Gars, makes, compels.
Gausy, jolly.
Giffy, a rapid and brief space of time.
Gimmer, a kind of Scottish sheep.
Girnel, an immense chest for containing meal.

Girt, and sma', great and small.
Glaiket, giddy, thoughtless.
Glameroch, fascination, enchantment.
Gloamin', twilight.
Glower, to gaze wildly.
Gollar, the noise made by one when suffocating, or when choked by violence.
Gomeril, foolish, idiotic, an idiot.
Gowan, the single daisy.
Gowd, gold.
Gowk, cuckoo, so named from its double note cuk-koo! the first a sharp note, the second flat.
Gowl, to howl like a dog.
Groset, a gooseberry.
Grue, v. n. to shudder, with fear or horror.
Gruesome, horrible.
Grulshes, a species of large trout.
Grup, to grip, catch.
Guddlin', catching trout by the hand, under stones, &c.
Gude, good; gudeman, the landlord, the host.
Gumption, genius, wit, intellect.
Haffets, the temples of the head.
Hagg, to hack.
Haggis, a Scottish royal national dish, made of various ingredients, well known to every skilful Scottish cook.
Hail, small shot.
Haile, whole.
Hainch, the haunch.
Hainchman, a Highlander's valet, or waiter.
Hairum-scairum, helter-skelter: also, exceedingly wild and thoughtless.
Hauss, the gullet, the wrong hauss, the windpipe.
Haveril, silly, idiotic.
Herns, the brains,
Herried, plundered, by force and fraud.
Hirple hully, to creep along slowly, as an aged, or a lame, gouty man.
Hogs-score, a certain crooked line on the ice, used by curlers, when playing with ceuttie stones on the ice: when the stone falls short of this line, it loses its place, and is rolled aside as a failure.
Hugg, a young Scotch sheep, with very short legs, and large body.
Huggers, peasant's clothing for the legs and feet in hot weather; stockings, leaving the soles of the feet bare.
Hurchin, urchin, hedge hog.
Hurdies, the posteriors.
Ingens, onions.
Jowk, and let the jaw gae ower: stoop, and let the "jaw", the bucket of water, &c. aimed at you, go over your head, without touching you. A proverb recommending, caution and prudence in the hour of danger.
Kaibers, the joists of a house, visible, where there is no cieling.
Kebbuck, an old cheese made of goat, or sheep's milk.

Kenspeckle, very notable, conspicuous.
Kittle, ticklish, difficult.
Laer, learning.
Laverock, the merry lark, the pride of Scottish Songsters. In singing, it mounts up by degrees in a spiral circle, to a distance beyond the reach of the eye: the whole air re-echoes with their song, in the months of summer.
Leal, loyal.
Leester, a spear used in killing salmon.
Ling, a species of long grass, resembling horse hairs, growing in mosses, or turf swamps.
Lingles, thongs.
Loan, A green Loan, the Commons, in front of a house, or in the neighbourhood of a town.
Loon, a silly, cowardly person; an awkward peasant.
Looner, a thwacket, a sudden, heavy blow.
Low, a blaze.
Lugs, the ears.
Mairches, or Marches, the boundaries.
Mashlum, the meal of oats and pease, mixed up.
Maulkin, the hare; its shape is that of the rabbit; only larger; the legs longer, and usually brown-grey.
Meikle-press, large chest, or wardrobe.
Mense, good sense, mensefu', full of good sense, prudent.
Midden, the dunghill, heap of manure.
Mint, to attempt, an attempt.
Mools, the crumbling bones of the dead.
Moss-hagg, a marsh ditch.
Mutch, a woman's cap, head gear.
Neist, next.
Netherbow, a public place in Edinburgh.
Noddle, the pate, the head.
Old Noll, the Cavalier's nickname for Oliver Cromwell.
Pash, the head.
Patrick, partridge.
Pechin', puffing and blowing, parting.
Pease-wusps, ropes of pease straw.
Peelins o' ingens, thin outer covering of onions.
Pow, the brow, the skull.
Puddock, a frog; (probably from the Greek *πουδος ὠκυς*) swift of foot.
Pushion, poison.
Pyoty-coat, the coat of many fantastic colours, worn on duty, by the public hangman, in the Burghs of Scotland; particularly in the capital, Edinburgh.
Ram, to cram down; to thrust in.
Rax, to stretch.
Reamin' yill, foaming ale, &c.
Red-wat-shod, feet and shoes steeped in blood.
Red-wud-mad, stark mad; raving insane.
Redd up, to clear up; to settle; to define and fix.
Reek, smoke, probably from the Hebrew. Peat-reek, turf smoke.
Reillied, ravaged.

Reivers, robbers, men exacting black maill, in the ancient Highland style.
Rowan-tree: the mountain ash, bearing a beautiful white blossom, and small blood red berries.
Rue, to regret, repent, to change one's mind.
Saum or saam, the same.
Scadded scones, cakes of barley meal kneaded up with boiling water, soft like the buckwheat cake.
Scrimpet, pinched, scanty.
Scule, a school.
Scunner, to shiver, or shake with nausea, or disgust; to feel the flesh creep, as in ague.
Seggy, abounding with sedges, broad leafed weeds growing in marshes.
Shabble, a short sword.
Shaltie, a little poney, a donkey.
Sheelens, sheep folds. shieldings.
Siccar, cautious; siccar grun', secure ground; ground cautiously selected.
Skelly, to squint, skellyin' een, squinting eyes.
Skelpin', severe castigation by the rod.
Skeyt off, to rebound back, fly off.
Skeyle, or skile, to disperse, to scatter.
Skirl, to squeel, to shriek.
Smaistered, burned and blistered.
Soich, to sigh, a sigh.
Soldado, a hired soldier, one who fights for gain.
Sooch, or sough, a loud whizzing noise through the air: the sound of the wind in the rigging of a ship, or through the bare branches of the tree.
Sowens, a pleasant kind of mush, made out of the composition wrung from the fermented shellings of oat meal. A favourite dish of the Scottish peasants, and farmers, in summer.
Speel, to climb.
Spense, an inner chamber, or parlor.
Splore, a haughty boast; splorer, a boaster.
Sporran, the leather wallet worn in front, by a Highlander, when in full dress.
Spreagh, a robbery of cattle, by bandits.
Sprits, long tough grass out of which ropes are made.
Steeket, shut.
Stelled, fixed, Een stelled, eyes fixed in the agonies of death.
Stoor, the finest kind of flying dust.
Stramash, the confusion of a battle; a row or frolick.
Swats, a pleasant beverage for common drink, made of molasses &c. fermented.
Tee-hole, the mark aimed at by curlers on the ice with their round stones: those who by power and skill, send the stones nearest to the tee hole are winners. They play not for money, the losers pay the expenses of a social dinner.
Thacket, thatched.
Thrapples, throats, the windpipe.

Todlourie, the fox: he is often called the Todd: the Toad in Scotch, is called the Tade.
Toosy, curly, bushy, ruffled (from touse) put into confusion.
Toot, the blast of a horn, or a trumpet.
Trot-cosie, a kind of heavy great coat used to travel on horseback; to trot cosie, i. e. under good shelter.
Tuck, a long narrow sword; an English word also; *see Webster.*
Tulzie, to play, amuse, trifle: also to fight carelessly with a feeble enemy. The word tousel is used in Scotland and in New England, in neary the same sense. *See Webster.*
Tyke, a rough mastiff; or house dog; a shepherds' dog.
Vevers, or Vivers, previsions of all kinds, a living.
Vizzy, aim taken with a gun.
Wallope, to tumble, to flounder, to kick in agony.
Warslins, wrestlings.
Wauf, the glimpse of an object caught by the eye while passing.
Wauken, waken, or waking.
Waully wanghts, copious draughts, or libations.
Waur, worse.
Weans, wee-anes, little ones, children.
Weason, the passage from the mouth down into the stomach.
Wee, little. In the west of Pennsylvania, they join these words together, as a little wee man, a very little man.
Welkin, the horizon, the vault of heaven.
Whammeled, rolled over headlong, overwhelmed.
Whaup, a heron; a whaup is also used to express a flaw in a rope, when one of the plies gives way, under heavy pressure or weights; as "there is a whaup in the rope."
Whilk, or in oldest Scotch, quilk, which, who.
Whilt, or whult, the wooden instrument used to mash boiled potatoes; and it is of no small dimensions in a peasant's Kitchen where a numerous family sups on potatoes and milk!
Will ye, nill ye, a proverb corresponding to the Latin, nolens volens: be ye willing or unwilling; in spite of one's teeth.
Winnock, a small window. The Scotch form, the diminutive, by the termination oc: as bit, bittock; Jemie, Jemoc, Sauny, Saunoc.
Wizzoned, or weesoned, withered, wrinkled.
Wudy, a withe, or rope for hanging dogs, &c.
Wusps, coarse ropes of straw.
Wyse, to direct, or conduct one.
Yellochin', a loud screaming voice.
Yerd, the earth.
Yule, Christmas. Yule pasties, or pies. Minched pies for Christmas festivities. Such a firm stand did the Scottish people in ancient times take against their "royatous" oppressors, who seemed to live merely to eat and drink to excess; and such was their aversion to all that seemed papistical, that they would not even associate with them in the eating of their most dainty dishes, on these festival occasions.
Yett, a gate: it differs from a Slap; the former is closed up with a door; the latter being wider, is closed with cross bars laid carelessly on; or with a hurdle, as in sheep folds.

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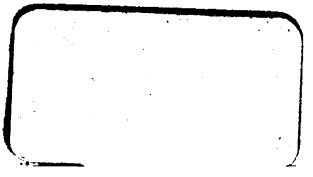
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